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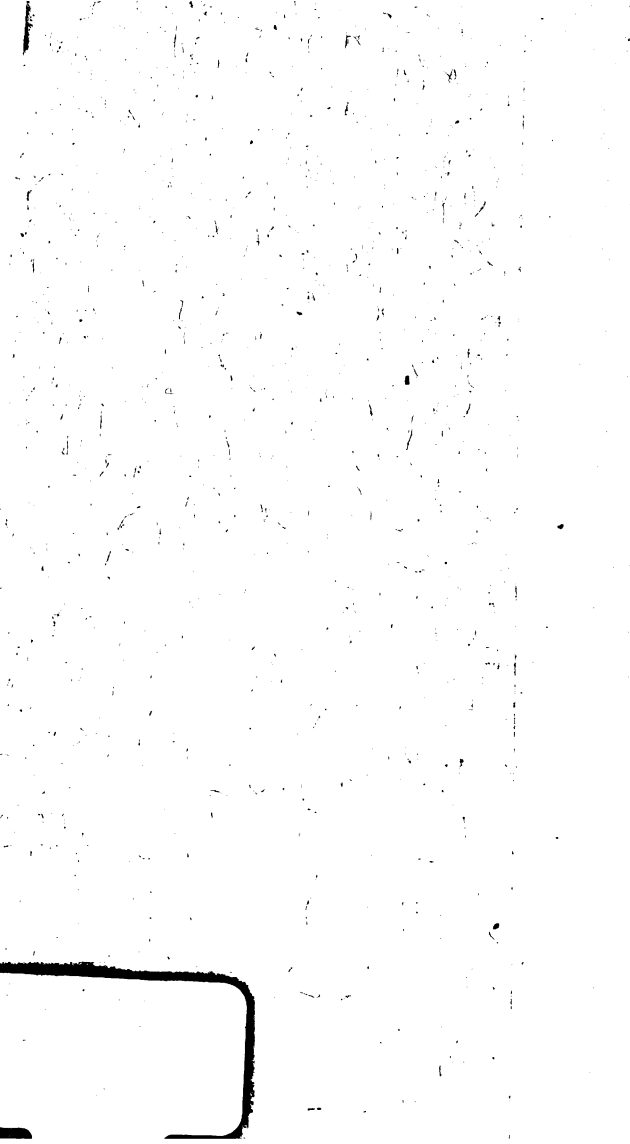
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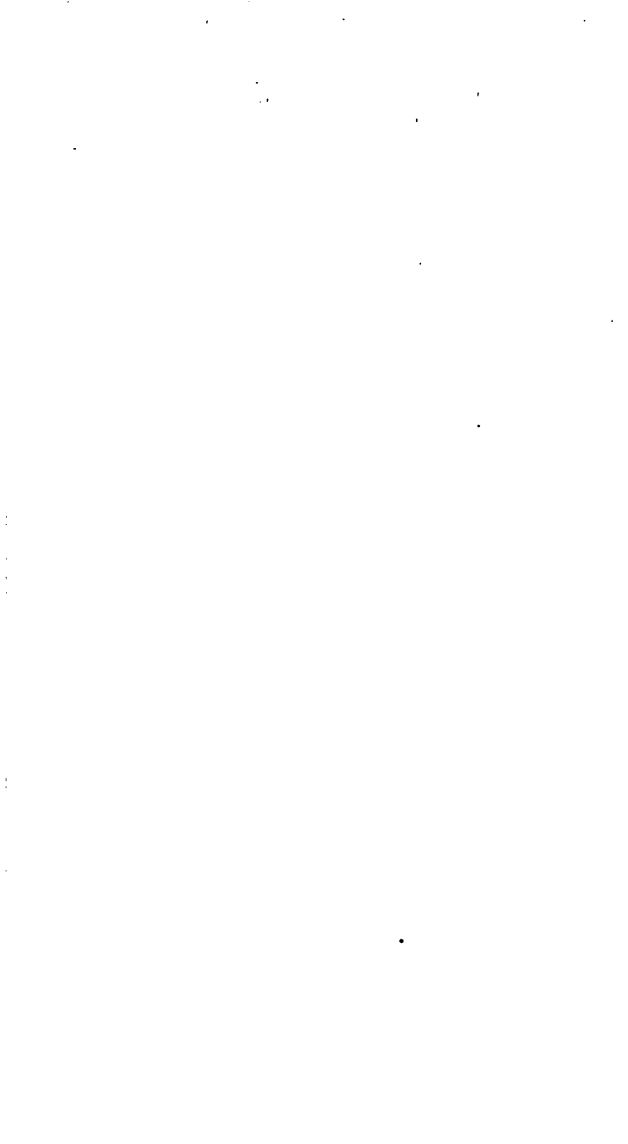
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SAMUEL PEARCE, A.M.



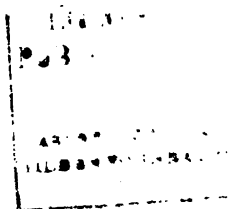
JOHN JANEWAY.



SAMUEL PEARCE, A.M.



JOHN JANEWAY.



MEMOIRS

OF

MR. JOHN JANEWAY;

BY

MR. JAMES JANEWAY;

AND

MEMOIRS

OF

THE REV. S. PEARCE,

BY THE

REV. A. FULLER.

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INVISIBLES, REALITIES;

DEMONSTRATED IN

THE HOLY LIFE AND TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

OF

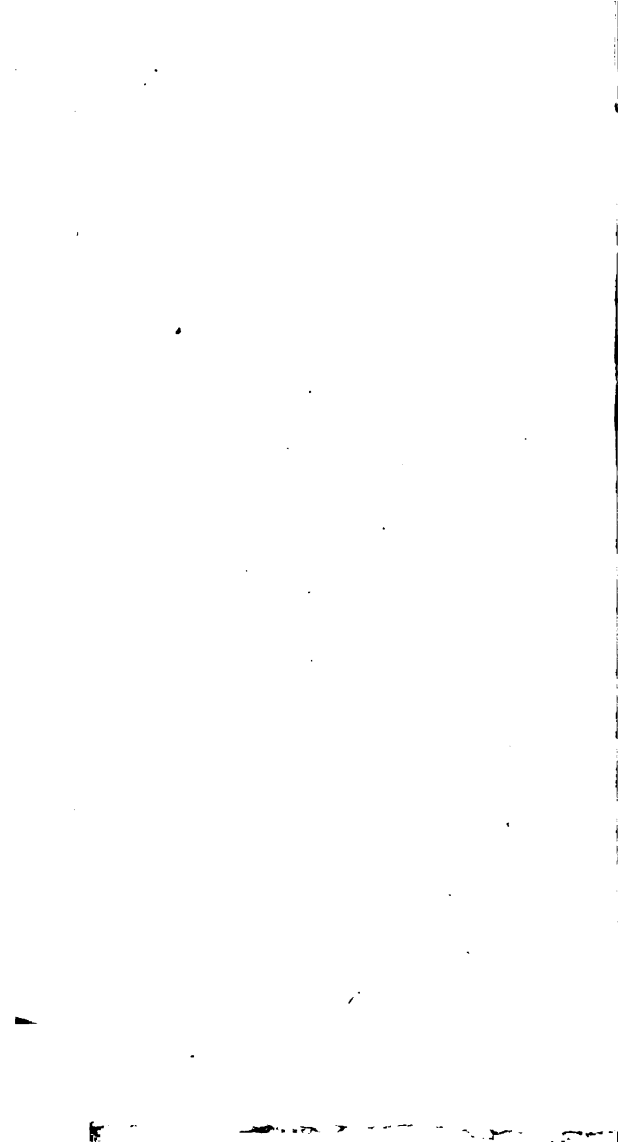
MR. JOHN JANEWAY,

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

BY JAMES JANEWAY,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE REV. ROBERT HALL, M.A.



PREFACE.

(By the Rev. Robert Hall.)

At the request of a highly esteemed friend, I feel no hesitation in recommending the remarkable narrative, now republished, to the serious attention of the reader. It exhibits a life eminently formed on the example of Christ, and a death-bed scene of extraordinary elevation and triumph. It is next to impossible to contemplate either, as they are exhibited in the following memorial, without feeling an increasing conviction of the reality and dignity of true religion. I am aware that some will object to the strain of devout ecstasy which characterises the sentiments and language of Mr. Janeway in his dying moments; but I am persuaded they will meet with nothing, however ecstatic and elevated, but what corresponds to the dictates of Scripture, and the analogy of faith. He, who recollects, that the Scriptures speak of a peace which passeth all understanding, and of a joy unspeakable and full of glory, will not be offended at the lively expressions of these contained in this narrative; he will be more disposed to lament the low state of his own religious feeling, than to suspect the propriety of senti-

ments the most rational and scriptural, merely because they rise to a pitch that he has never reached. The sacred oracles afford no countenance to the supposition, that devotional feelings are to be condemned as visionary and enthusiastic, merely on account of their intenseness and elevation : provided they be of a right kind, and spring from legitimate sources, they never teach us to suspect they can be carried too far. David danced before the Lord with all his might, and when he was reproached for degrading himself in the eyes of his people by indulging these transports, he replied, " If this be to be vile, I will yet make myself more vile." That the objects which interest the heart in religion are infinitely more durable and important than all others, will not be disputed ; and why should it be deemed irrational to be affected by them in a degree somewhat suitable to their value, especially in the near prospect of their full and perfect possession ? Why should it be deemed strange or irrational for a dying saint, who has spent his life in the pursuit of immortal good, to feel an unspeakable ecstasy at finding he has just touched the goal, finished his course, and in a few moments is to be crowned with life everlasting ? While he dwells on the inconceivably glorious prospect before him, and feels himself lost in wonder and gratitude, and almost oppressed with a sense of his unutterable obligations to the love of his Creator and Redeemer, nothing can be more natural and proper than his sentiments and conduct. While the Scriptures retain their rank as the only rule of faith and practice, while there are those who feel the power of true religion,

such death-bed scenes as Mr. Janeway's will be contemplated with veneration and delight. It affords no inconsiderable confirmation of the truth of Christianity, that the most celebrated sages of pagan antiquity, whose last moments have been exhibited with inimitable propriety and beauty, present nothing equal nor similar, nothing of that singular combination of humility and elevation, that self-renouncing greatness, in which the creature appears annihilated, and God all in all. I am much mistaken if the serious reader will not find, in the closing scenes of Mr. Janeway's life, the most perfect form of Christianity ; he will find it, not as it is too often, clouded with doubts and oppressed with sorrows ; he will behold it ascend the mount, transfigured, glorified, and encircled with the beams of celestial majesty.

Let me be permitted, however, to observe, that the experience of Mr. Janeway in his last moments, while it develops the native tendency of Christianity, is not to be considered as a standard to ordinary Christians. He affords a great example of what is attainable in religion, and not of what is indispensably necessary to salvation. Thousands die in the Lord, who are not indulged with the privilege of dying in triumph. His extraordinary diligence in the whole of his Christian career, his tenderness of conscience, his constant vigilance, his vehement hunger and thirst after righteousness, met with a signal reward, intended, probably, not more for his own personal advantage than as a persuasive to others to walk in his steps. As he was incessantly soli-

citous to improve his graces, purify his principles, and perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord, no wonder he was favoured with an abundant entrance into the joy of his Lord. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

R. H.

MR. BAXTER'S ADDRESS.

CHRISTIAN READER;

THE love of Christ in his holy ones, and the great usefulness of such history, command me to take it as a pleasing office to commend this real description of a saint to thy serious perusal and imitation. The good acceptance and success of the late published life and death of Mr. Joseph Alleine, the more encourageth me to serve in this. As to the credit of the narrative, let it be enough to tell thee, that his worthy brother Mr. James Janeway (intimately acquainted with his most secret life) is the writer of it (I have no hand in it myself). And if thou live in or near London, where he is now well known, I will not be beholden to thee to believe it; especially, if thou also know the other most credible attestors. I know that many such histories show more what the writer could say, than what the person was or did. But here both he and his relations, and those whom he lived with, were also so near us, and are many of them yet so intimately known to me, and others, that there is no place for doubting left us.

I confess such instances are very sad to my thoughts, while I am desiring the welfare of mankind on earth. To hear of the death of an infant, who might have proved we know not what; or of an useless person, or of any aged Christian, who hath profitably run out the course of nature, is nothing so sad to me as to hear of the removal of such excellent young men, when they are prepared for their work, and just beginning it! But God is infinitely wise, and just, and more merciful too than we can be. He knoweth what he doth, and why; and is accountable to none about the measure of his benefits, nor the reasons of his various disposal. But the great judgments, which since his death have befallen these kingdoms, do partly tell us, that it is no wonder if such men were taken from the evil to come, of whom the world hath so notoriously declared itself unworthy. It is fitter for such lights to shine in heaven than to be put under a bushel here on earth.

And for himself, he hath run long enough who hath touched the prize: he hath sailed long enough who is come safe to the harbour: and he hath lived long enough who is readiest to die. Though I wonder at the lengthening of my own life, which hath been threatened by God and man these thirty-three years or more; yet, alas, how much less have I lived than this man did, who am yet far short of his heavenly preparations! I am ashamed to read, that any thing of mine was a help to his attainments; and to find, that at almost sixty years of age I am much below what he was raised to at twenty-three. Oh, that God would give my frozen age such warm reflections from these remains, that, according to my need, I may receive more from him that is dead, than ever he did from me alive! If his own reverend father received so much from him, why may not I also have quickening even by the dead, through the fruits of the Spirit left behind him, and the same Spirit's quickening influx upon me? And may I but so die, how harmless, how welcome will death be!

We think it great pity that he lived to preach but two sermons in the world; that some poor, ignorant, dull congregation had not been instructed and awakened by his doctrine; and his spiritual fervour had not, by dispersed writings, inflamed the souls of thousands with the same heavenly love and zeal. But who knoweth yet but that this one narrative of his holy, exemplary life and death, may do as much as more numerous or voluminous writings? The many volumes of holy lives, of ancient Doctors, Martyrs, and later Divines, Philosophers, and others, in Germany, England, and other lands, have done much good, and are still very useful, and pleasant, and profitable recreation. (Oh, how much better than play books and romances!) But experience tells us, that God still poureth forth as large measures of his Spirit, as heretofore he did. If holy Augustine's life, after so much pollution, and holy Hierom's life, *qui fatetur se non fuisse virginem*, were so laudable and exemplary, oh, how much praise do I owe to God, for his grace upon his servants, who am yet acquainted with so great a number of holy, laborious, faithful ministers, who I have great reason to believe, not only to have all their lives been free from all gross heinous sins, but also to have laid out their zeal, their time, their

labours, so sincerely and self-denyingly for God, and the good of souls, as that I cannot but hope, that if those, who are against their preaching of the Gospel, were but as well acquainted with them as I am, they would be their friends, and forward to promote the work.

I know not one temptation the reader is likely to meet with to hinder his profiting by this example! Even to think that Mr. Alleine and Mr. Janeway, by overdoing, did but cut short their own lives; and that their excessive labours in meditation, prayer, and other duties, did deprive the church of the benefit of much more, which they might have lived to do: and therefore that such examples are not to be imitated, but stand as warnings to us, not to overdo and destroy our bodies as they did. To which I answer, 1. I am one myself that wish both of them had done somewhat less, in that part of duty which hurt the body, and overmatched their strength. And I am not persuading you, that every man must needs preach as oft as Mr. Alleine, or study and meditate as long as Mr. Janeway and he did: men have their various capacities, and opportunities, and works. 2. But yet I dare not charge either of them with sin, because I know not their particular motives. 3. And perhaps their lives had been as short if they had done less, as are the lives of many hundred students, who favour themselves more than any wise man would wish. And it was God's mercy, that they, who had but a short life to live, should do more than many that live to the period of nature's course. And Methusalem's life and theirs is equalled now. Whom have you known, that by longer living hath got more holy readiness to die? 4. But, I beseech you, distinguish between that part of their work which was really like to overthrow their natures, and the rest which had no such tendency, and do not make the avoiding of the former a pretence against your imitating of the latter. It is not studying, meditating, praying, preaching, according to the measures of nature's strength, that much shorteneth life. I think that learned man wrote not foolishly, who maintained that studies tend to long life. For my own part, I was feeble before I became a hard student; and studies have been a constant pleasure to me. And let any man judge whether constant pleasure tend to shorten any man's life. Indeed that which destroyeth

the health of students is, 1. The sedentariness of their lives. 2. And want of temperance and due care of their diet. 3. And want of sufficient cheerfulness. 4. And taking colds. Could students but more imitate the labouring man, and take just hours and opportunities for bodily labour (not playful walks and exercises, that never warm and purge the blood); and did they eat and drink wisely, and live joyfully, and avoid colds, they might bestow the rest of their time in the hardest studies with little hurt (except here and there a melancholy or diseased man). I doubt not but such a narrative as this will tempt many a slothful, sensual scholar to indulge his sensuality as the wiser way; but at a dying hour he will find the difference. Oh, what a comfort then is the review of a holy, heavenly, well spent life!

I have oft thought what the reason is, that among the Papists, if the lives of their saints be described in the highest strain, or their books have even unreasonable pretensions of devotion, even to the laying by of our understanding, or to a kind of deification, like Barbançon's *Benedictus*, de *Benedictis*, and divers others, it doth not offend men, but the vulgar themselves do glory in the sanctity of them. Whereas, if with us a man rise higher in holiness, and in devout contemplation, yea, or action, than others, he is presently the great eye-sore and obloquy of the world—I mean of the envious and ungodly part, which is too great. But the reason, I perceive, is, that among the Papists, to be a religious man is to be a perfectist, who doth more than is commanded him, or is necessary to salvation; and so the people, being taught that they may be saved without being such themselves, their spleen is not stirred up against them, as the troubles of their consciences please, but they are interested in their honour, as being the honour of their way and church. But with us, men are taught that they must be religious themselves in sincerity, if ever they will be saved, and that without holiness none shall see God; and that they are not sincere if they desire not to be perfect. And so they, that will not be godly themselves, do think that the lives of the godly do condemn them.

I write not this to cast any disgrace on the true history of the holy man's life: nor shall it ever be my employment to reproach, or hide, God's graces in any,

nor to make men believe that they are worse than they are. Whoever revile me for it, I will magnify and love that of God which appeareth in any of his servants, of any sect or party whatsoever. When I read such writings as old Gerson, Guil. Parisiensis, and divers others, and such as Jos. Acosta, and some other Jesuits, and such lives as Neri's and Mr. de Renti's, &c., I cannot but think that they had the Spirit of God; and the more do I hate all those mischievous engines, additions, and singularities, which divide so many Christians in the world, who have the same spirit, and will not suffer us to hold the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Oh, this unhappy pretended wisdom, an orthodoxness in the holding of our several opinions, is the knowledge that puffeth up, and hath bred the pernicious tympany of the church, when it is charity that edifieth it. And the more men glory in their dogmatical knowledge, to the contempt and hurt of such as differ from them, the less they know as they ought to know. And if any man have knowledge enough to kindle in his soul the love of God, the same is known and loved of God; and then he will prove that wise man indeed at death and to eternity: 1 Corinthians viii, 1, 2, 3.

Reader, learn by this history to place thy religion in love and praise, and a heavenly life. Learn to keep such communion with God, and to find such employment with thy heart by meditation, as thy strength, and opportunity, and other duties will allow thee (for I urge thee to no more). Learn hence to thirst after the good of souls, and to fill up thy hours with fruitful duty. And, oh, that we could here learn the hardest lesson, to get above the love of life, and to overcome the fears of death, and to long to see the glory of Christ, and triumphantly to pass from joy to joy. O blessed world of holy spirits! whose nature, and work, and happiness, is love—not love of carnal-self, and interest, and parties, which here maketh those seek our destruction most who have the highest esteem of our knowledge and sincerity (as thinking our dissent will most effectually cross their partial interests); but the love of God in himself and in his saints, checked by no sin, hindered by no distance, darkness, deadness, or disaffection; diverted by no carnal, worldly baits; tempted by no persecutions or afflictions; damped by no fears of death, nor of any

decays or cessation through eternity. To teach me better how to live and die, in faith, hope, and love, is that for which I read this narrative; and that thou mayest learn the same is the end of my commending it to thee! The Lord-teach it effectually to thee and me. Amen.

RICHARD BAXTER.

August 28, 1672.

THE
TESTIMONY OF MR. SAM. BORSETT,

SOME TIME FELLOW OF KING'S, IN CAMBRIDGE,

AND A VERY INTIMATE

ACQUAINTANCE OF MR. JOHN JANEWAY'S.

BELOVED FRIENDS;

My own mean esteem of the single weight of that testimony expected from me concerning my dear brother, on the account of my intimacy with him in King's college (the known memorable passages of whose exemplary life and death are now happily compiled and published for your special perusal), moves me to call in a two-fold recommendation thereof from you, to those that knew him not; who being confirmed in the truth of this narrative, may therefore be won to believe, admire, and emulate the signal grace of God in him.

First, That remembering so much thereof yourselves, and what opportunity I had of knowing the certainty of all, you would assure those who may inquire of you, that the impartial compiler hath kept within the bounds of truth and sobriety, in prosecution of his honest aims, to advance the glory of God's rich mercy to this chosen vessel, and by reviving what remains he could collect of this burning as well as shining light (alas, how soon extinct!) to awaken and quicken the formal professors, if he may not induce the profane scoffers of this age, to a more serious study and improvement of those invisible realities, the clear evidence and powerful influence whereof our good friend did so abundantly experience. The truth is, the transcriber (though best accomplished, and most inwardly acquainted with what might conduce thereto) doth, and could not but fall short of declaring the transcendent excellences of this sublime soul and precious saint, which till towards his end, when his

heart was too full to hold in what could be uttered, were much concealed, even to those who knew him best, by reason of his great humility and modesty. These disposed him rather to receive than communicate, except where he had no expectation of the former, and either familiar intercourse engaged, or the apprehended exigency of those his heart was drawn out to in Christian love and compassion constrained to the latter. Yet many of those precious streams that did flow from him we must lament the loss of, through default of careful receivers, or faithful retainers. He was of clear intellects, and a large heart, both for craving and comprehending what was worthy his pursuit; which being happily improved by his education, and timely seasoned with a spiritual savour of Gospel mysteries (for obtaining of which he had then, with others, choice advantages), was a great help to his proficiency in acquaintance with the vital exercises and soul-satisfying enjoyments of the divine life, above not only his equals, but seniors and instructors. He was much dissatisfied with himself under any decays or abatements, till he could (if not alone, by imploring the assistance of Christian friends) recover what he some time had had such sweet experience of. And, not content with any attainments, was still pressing unto what his prospect in the promises, encouraged by his happy prelibation, assured him was attainable. He was to this end a cheerful embracer and diligent improver of spiritual opportunities; exact in his Christian watch; much wrestling, and very prevalent with God in prayer; and with himself in his solitudes, striving to disentangle his heart from what might divert his holy ambition, and to raise it to the highest activity and capacity for glorifying and enjoying God in Christ, for the excellency of the knowledge of whom he accounted all inferior attainments but loss. What he had tasted and seen, he was grieved to see others neglect; desirous to bring others to experience by earnestly commending them to God, designing with himself, contriving with his spiritual confidants what might conduce thereunto.

He had a true sympathy with those that were bound with him heaven-ward. Their pressures and conflicts were his burthens; his prayers and counsels their ready assistants; their refreshments his revivings; and their spiritual proficiency his joy.

He was a secret and compassionate mourner; as in general for the world's degeneracy, pretended Christians, unthankfulness for the Gospel, the hazard run by innumerable precious souls; so especially for the dreadful apostacies of some, the then threatening decay and growing formality of others, sometimes seemingly forward; which brought him nigher to God, and more inflamed his holy zeal. But this chiefly was carried out to advance the power of religion in the family and persons he was peculiarly related to, apprehending there to lie his best opportunities, as well as strongest obligations: and his success was very encouraging.

This is part of what I knew of him at Cambridge, who refer you for farther reviving your remembrance to the narrative. But both his spiritual receipts and expenses were much increased the two last years of his life, when I had not opportunity of personal converse with him. And by reason of our distance (and at that time ignorance of his weak condition) I was not so happy as to share in the privilege of those who had the conveniency of receiving his last and sweetest breath. Though I soon after had the account (while things were fresh in their memories and warm on their hearts) from the eye and ear witnesses, that some of them have now been induced to make more public. But next, and chiefly:

Secondly, I intreat you to recommend the truth of this narrative, by your faithful adhering to diligent promoting of what some of you learned from him, and others professed with him. That by imitating his good example, and improving his experiences with your longer opportunities, you may be such proficient in Christianity, as, shining like lights yourselves, to hold forth the word of life for convincing the incredulous: that the mysteries of regeneration, a life of faith in Christ, the fruitful improvement of union and communion with him to a propitious conformity to him, crucifixion to the world by his cross, and a conversation with him in heaven while on earth (therein proposed, herein exemplified) be no figments, but great realities; no slight matters, but of greatest consequence: not such singularities, but that others, according to their measures, taking the like course, may be experimentally acquainted with the surpassing sweetness of an interest therein. And the rather am I bold to entreat this of you, because I was privy to his soul's concern for the concernments of your souls.

How passionately he desired to see Christ formed in you, and rejoiced at any evidence thereof. How earnestly he would pray for you all, and especially for those he had more occasion to deal with, or cause to be jealous of. And what a desire he had you might outstrip himself, who could not take up his rest on this side heaven. The good Lord help every one of us to show the same diligence, to the full assurance of hope to the end, that we may not be slothful, but followers of them, who by faith and patience inherit the promises.

I have one farther request, that you would pursue, by your most earnest supplications, the design of publishing this narrative, that God would make it prosperous to the pious ends therein proposed, and for which I hope by his providence it is reserved now for public view. Especially, that it may provoke to holy emulation, not only those who were more peculiarly endeared to our precious friend by natural or spiritual bonds (and that if any of these be fallen from their first love, they may be excited to repent, and do their first works, and strengthen the things that remain; lest having begun in the spirit, they wretchedly end in the flesh, and draw back to perdition); but also, some at least of them that succeed in the chambers and studies, which sometimes were sanctified with the word and prayer, by those that singly and jointly (as chamber-fellows and colleagues) earnestly implored the divine benediction on those two royal foundations he was member of. That the God of the spirits of all flesh would make them fruitful nurseries of such as might be eminent instruments of God's glory here, and, turning many to righteousness, might shine as the stars for ever and ever. Wherein you may expect the hearty concurrence of

Your real friend,

SAMUEL BORSETT.

THE
TESTIMONY OF MR. M. TENNANT,

MINISTER OF THARFIELD, IN HERTFORDSHIRE,
AN INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE OF MR. JOHN JANEWAY'S,
A CONSTANT VISITOR OF HIM IN HIS SICKNESS,
AND AN EYE AND EAR WITNESS OF THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL THINGS IN THIS NARRATIVE.

CHRISTIAN READER ;

I CAN assure thee, from my own knowledge, that Mr. John Janeway was an excellent person, in respect of his natural parts, acquired gifts, and divine graces, wherewith his Heavenly Father adorned him (considering his age), even far above the ordinary rate of the best sort of scholars and Christians. All which he exceedingly improved for the good of others (especially in his near relations), both in health and sickness, to the last hour of his life. And when the immediate forerunners of death were upon him, he acted faith and hope so lively, judiciously, and composedly (without the least show of human frailty), as if, with bodily eyes, he saw the holy angels standing before him, ready to receive and carry his precious soul into his Father's glory. Verily he was most lovely in his life, and yet more lovely at his death ; the like I never beheld before nor since. And I doubt not but the serious consideration of this narrative of his life and death will, through God's blessing, beget a zealous imitation of this saint indeed, in every good Christian who reads the same : which that it may do, is the hearty prayer of thy friend in the Lord Jesus,

MARMADUKE TENNANT.

MR. JANEWAY'S ADDRESS.

CHRISTIAN READER ;

WHEN I seriously consider how much atheism and impiety abound ; and see how sensual delights are pursued, and religion in its power is rejected, as a dull, sad, and unpleasant thing ; when I see a zeal decried as unnecessary, and few acting in the things of God as if they were indeed matters of the highest consequence,

reality, and substance, the greatest profit and sweetest pleasure; I could not but do what in me lies to rectify these dismal mistakes, and justify wisdom from the imputation of folly: and demonstrate, even to sense, the transcendent excellency and reality of invisibles. The prosecution of which design I could not more effectually manage than by the presenting this ensuing narrative to the world. As for the truth of it, if the solemn testimony of several ministers (which were eye and ear witnesses of the most substantial things here presented) may be credited, here thou hast three of them. As for myself, I think I had as great an advantage to acquaint myself with the secret practices of this precious saint as any one could well have; besides my dearest intimacy, and special observation and perusal of his papers, I had a long account from his own mouth, upon his death-bed, of his secret and constant practice, and his experiences. And let me tell you, the half is not told you; for the treachery of my memory hath not a little injured thee and him. Had this work been done exactly, I am persuaded it might have been of singular use to the world. In some places I could not justly word it in his phrase; but I assure thee thou hast the matter and substance. The weakness of the relator is no small disadvantage to the subject; but I might a little excuse this, by telling thee, that I think that none living had the same opportunity in all things to do this work as I had. I might also tell you, that some reverend, learned, and holy men, whose authority and request I could not deny, put me upon it. And I was not altogether without some hopes of drawing some to the love and liking of religion, that had not only been strangers to the life and power of it, but, it may be, had entertained deep prejudices against it: and of quickening others that had lost their former vigour; and encouraging some that were too ready to go on heavily and desponding. If I may succeed in this, I shall adore the goodness of God, and praise him with the strength of my soul. That I may be subservient to the Lord in promoting the true interest of religion, I beg thy fervent and constant prayers; and that every one that readeth may imitate and experience all, and so be filled with grace and peace, is the prayer of yours, in his dearest Lord,

JAMES JANEWAY.

INVISIBLES, REALITIES.

CHAP. I.

An Account of Mr. Janeway from his Childhood to the Seventeenth Year of his Age.

MR. JOHN JANEWAY was born anno 1638, October 27, of religious parents, in Lylly, in the county of Hertford. He soon gave his parents the hope of much comfort, and the symptoms of something more than ordinary quickly appeared in him, so that some who saw this child much feared that his life would be but short; others hoped that God had some rare piece of work to do by or for this child before he died. He showed that neither of them were much mistaken in their conjecture concerning him. He soon outran his superiors for age in learning: and it was thought, by no incompetent judges, that for pregnancy of wit, solidity of judgment, the vastness of his intellectuals, and the greatness of his memory, he had no superiors, and few equals, considering his age and education.

He was initiated in the Latin tongue by his own father: afterwards he was brought up for some time at Paul's school, in London, where he made a considerable proficiency in Latin and Greek, under the care of Mr. Langly. When he was about eleven years old, he took a great fancy to arithmetic and the Hebrew tongue.

About this time his parents, removing into a little village called Aspoden, had the opportunity of having this their son instructed by a learned neighbour, who was pleased to count it a pleasant diversion to read mathematics to him, being about twelve years old; and he made such progress in those profound studies, that he read Oughtred, with understanding, before he was thirteen years old. A person of quality, hearing of the admirable proficiency of this boy, sent for him up to Lea-

don, and kept him with him for some time to read mathematics to him. That which made him the more to be admired was, that he did what he did with the greatest facility. He had no small skill in music, and other concomitants of the mathematics.

In the year 1646 he was chosen by that learned gentleman Mr. Rous, the Provost of Eton College, one of the foundation of that school, being examined by Provost and Posers in the Hebrew tongue, which was thought was beyond precedent: where he gave no unsuitable returns to the high expectation that was conceived of him.

After a little continuance at Eton, he obtained leave of his master to go to Oxford, to perfect himself in the study of mathematics, where, being owned by that great scholar Dr. Ward, one of the professors of the University, he attained to a great exactness in that study; nothing being within the reach of a man but he would undertake and grasp. That great doctor gave him great help and encouragement, and looked upon him as one of the wonders of his age; loved him dearly, and could for some time after his death scarce mention his name without tears. When he had spent about a quarter of a year with Dr. Ward, at Oxford, he was commanded to return again to Eton, where he soon gave proof of his great improvement of his time while he was absent, by making an almanac, and calculating of the eclipses for many years beforehand; so that by this time he had many eyes upon him as the glory of the school. That which put an accent upon his real worth was, that he did not discover the least affectation or self-conceit, neither did any discernible pride attend these excellencies. So that every one took more notice of his parts than himself.

At about seventeen years old he was chose to King's College, in Cambridge, at which time the electioners did even contend for the patronage of this scholar. He was chosen first that year, and an elder brother of his in the sixth place; but he was very willing to change places with his elder brother, letting him have the first, and thankfully accepting of the sixth place.

Besides his great learning, and many other ornaments of nature, his deportment was so sweet and lovely, his demeanour so courteous and obliging, even when he seemed unconverted, that he must be vile with a witness that did not love him. Yea, many of them, who had

little kindness for morality, much less for grace, could not but speak well of him. His great wisdom and learning did even command respect, where they did not find it. He had an excellent power over his passions, and was, in a great measure, free from the vice which usually attends such an age and place.

But all this while it is to be feared, that he understood little of the worth of Christ, and his own soul; he studied indeed the heavens, and knew the motion of the sun, moon, and stars, but that was his highest; he thought yet but little of God, who made these things; he pried but little into the motions of his own heart; he did not as yet much busy himself in the serious observation of the wandering of his spirit; the creature had not yet led him to the Creator; but he was still too ready to take up with mere speculation; but God, who from all eternity had chosen him to be one of those who should shine as the sun in the firmament for ever in glory, did, when he was about eighteen years old, shine in upon his soul with power; and did convince him what a poor thing it was to know so much of the heavens and never come there; and that the greatest knowledge in the world without Christ, was but an empty, dry business. He now thought Mr. Bolton had some reason on his side, when he said, "Give me the most magnificent, glorious worldling that ever trod upon earthly mould, richly crowned with all the ornaments and excellencies of nature, art, policy, preferment, or what art can wish besides; yet without the life of grace, to animate and ennoble them, he were to the eye of heavenly wisdom but as a rotten carcass, stuck over with flowers, magnified dung, gilded rottenness, golden damnation." He began now to be of Anaxagoras's mind, that his work upon earth was to study heaven, and to get thither; and that except a man might be admitted to greater preferment than this world can bestow upon her favourites, it were scarce worth the while to be born.

CHAP. II.

Of his Conversion, with visible Proofs thereof.

THE great work of conversion, it was not carried on upon his soul in that dreadful manner that it is upon some, that

God intends to communicate much to, and make great use of, but the Lord was pleased sweetly to unlock his heart, by the exemplary life, and heavenly and powerful discourse, of a young man in the college, whose heart God hath inflamed with love to his soul : he quickly made an attempt upon this hopeful young man, and the Spirit of God did set home his counsels with such power, that they proved effectual for his awakening ; being accompanied with the preaching of those two famous worthies, Dr. Hill, and Dr. Arrowsmith, together with the reading of several parts of Mr. Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest.

Now a mighty alteration might easily be discerned in him ; he quickly looks quite like another man. He is now so much taken up with things above the moon and stars, that he had little leisure to think of these things, only as they pointed higher. He began now not to taste so much sweetness in those kind of studies, which he did so greedily employ himself in formerly. He now began to pity them who were curious in their inquiries after every thing, but that which is most needful to be known, Christ and themselves ; and that which sometimes was his gain, he now counted loss for Christ ; yea, doubtless he esteemed all things but as dung and dross in comparison of Christ, and desired to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. Not that he looked upon human learning as useless ; but when fixed below Christ, and not improved for Christ, he looked upon wisdom as folly, and learning as madness ; and that which would make one more like the devil, more fit for his service, and put a greater accent upon their misery in another world.

Mr. Janeway now begins to cast about how he might best improve what he did already know, and to turn all his studies into the right channel ; grace did not take him off from, but made him more diligent and spiritual in his study. And now Christ was at the end and bottom of every thing. How did he plot and contrive how he might most express his love and thankfulness to him, who had brought him out of darkness into his marvellous light ! To this end he sent up and down packets of divine letters, in which he did discourse so substantially and experimentally of the great things of God, that it would not at all have unbecome some grey head to have owned what he did write.

He was not a little like young Elihu, in whose words

he used to excuse his freedom with persons of years, whose souls he did dearly pity. He said, "Days should speak; and multitude of years should teach wisdom; but there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding; I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me: behold my belly is as wine which hath no vent, it is ready to burst, like new bottles; I will speak, that I may be refreshed," &c. Oh; then how sweet was the savour of his graces! He could not but speak the things which he had seen and heard, and even invite all the world to taste and see how good the Lord was.

He began first with his relations, begging and wooing of them to think of their precious and immortal souls, and to lay in speedy provisions for a death-bed and eternity. Oh! with what compassion did he plead the cause of Christ with their souls! What pathological expressions did he use! What vehement expostulation! How frequent, how particular in his applications to them! Oh! with what gravity and majesty would he speak of the mysteries of the Gospel!

Read what his language was when he was between eighteen and nineteen years old, in a letter to an ancient minister that he stood related to, who at that time walked very heavily.

HIS LETTER.

"REVEREND SIR;

"There are two things, the want of which I have had experience of in your family, though not in every degree; yet in that intenseness of degree wherein they ought to be; which are, the real power of godliness and religion. And then, that which is the fruit of the former, that cheerfulness, delight, spiritual joy, and serenity of mind, which is to be had in religion, and nowhere else; and that not in religion in its weakest degrees, but in a real vigour, power, and life, and in a more close constant walking with God. From a tender sense of the worth of souls, especially those of your family, and knowing the duty which my relation to it doth lay upon me, and having confidence of their well acceptance of it; I have undertaken to open my thoughts unto them.

"In most families in England I fear there is neither the form nor the power of godliness, where there is no

fear of God, no regard of him, no acting under him, or in reference to him. These are, in my opinion, twice dead; nay, not so much as having the dead carcass of religion: objects of pity they are, and, oh! how few are there that spend one compassionate thought upon them!

"Others there are, who, some way or other, it may be from tradition from good parents, it may be from knowing the fashion of those in their rank, it may be from the frequent inculcation of good instructions from Christian friends or godly ministers, or some struggling eruptions of conscience, have gotten the outward husk or shell of religion, without any kernel or solidity at all. And this generation doth usually trust to this their religion, that it will bring them to a place like a sleeping place in heaven, or keep them out of hell, though they live without God in the world. These are poor creatures too, making haste to their own destruction, and know it not; yea, thinking that they are in a fair way for heaven. Oh! that there were never a family to which we are related, which gave too sad cause of fear, that it were in such a case, or near such a case as this is!

"A third sort of people there are (and but a few of these neither), which have the reality of religion, but yet in much weakness, coldness, faintness, dimness, and intermission; like Nilus's brood, above half mad still; beginning to have some life in their head, a little in their heart, but the feet of their affections and actions have little or no motion. And where shall we find a Christian that is got any higher than this, yea, that doth in good earnest strive to get any higher? Now there are higher attainments to be reached after; there is a having our conversation in heaven while we are upon earth; neither doth this consist in some weak discourses, about God, heaven and the things of religion; it consists not in the mere praying twice a day, and in keeping the sabbath in an usual manner in its order; it consists not in a few thoughts of religious objects coming into the mind in a common way, and as easily lost as got. But true religion raiseth up his soul to longings, hungerings, and thirstings, not without some enjoyments. Religion in power is to act for God with strength, vigour, earnestness, intenseness, delight, cheerfulness, serenity, and calmness of mind. The fruits of the Spirit are joy in the Holy Ghost and peace: fear, disquiet, and terrors, are usually the introduction to a better state, but they are not of the es-

entials of religion ; yea, the contrary frame of spirit is to be striven for.

“ To speak yet more plainly, and to tell you, honoured Sir, what my fears and jealousies are ; with reverence to yourself, and tender affection unto all your family, I fear that you yourself are subject to too many desponding melancholy thoughts : the causes whereof give me leave with submission to guess at. The first I think may be your reflecting on your entering upon the ministry without that reverence, care, holy zeal for God, love to Christ, and compassion to souls, which is required of every one that undertakes that holy office ; it may be there was rather a respect to your own living in the world than of living to God in the world ; be it thus, be it not as bad, or be it worse ; the remedy is the same. These have a wounding power in them, which will be felt to be grievous, when felt as they are in themselves ; but continual sorrow and sad thoughts do keep this wound open too long, and are not available to the having of it cured. Wounds indeed must be first opened that they may be cleansed ; they must be opened that their filth may be discovered in reference to purging and healing ; but no longer than the Balm of Gilead is to be applied, that they may be healed. And when Christ is made use of aright, he leaveth joy and comfort ; yea a constant humility of spirit is no way inconsistent with this peace of God.

“ A second cause of your heaviness may be a sense of the state of the people which God hath committed to you, and indeed who can but mourn over people in such a condition ; objects of pity they are, and the more because they pity not themselves. I have often wrestled with God, that he would direct you in what is your duty concerning them, which I persuade myself is your earnest request. Now if after your serious examining of yourself what your conscience doth conclude to be your duty, you do it, and see you do it ; you are then to rest upon God for his effectual working. Let not any think to be more merciful than God, for wherein he doth, he goeth beyond his bounds ; and this is no more cause of heaviness to you, than the opposition that the apostles found at any time was, who notwithstanding rejoiced in tribulation.

“ Another cause of heaviness may be what divisions are between yourself and some of your relations. Oh,

that a spirit of meekness and wisdom might remove all cause of sorrow for that ! But were the power of godliness more in hearts and families, all the causes of such trouble would soon be removed ; there would be less that would deserve reprehension, and there would be a fittedness of spirit to give and bear reproof ; to give in meekness and tenderness, and to bear in humility, patience, and thankfulness. Some cares and thoughts you may have concerning your family when you are gone : but let faith and former experience teach you to drive away all such thoughts. Your constitution and solitariness may also be some cause of melancholy ; but there is a duty, which, if it were exercised, would dispel all ; which is heavenly meditation, and contemplation of the things which true Christian religion tends to. If we did walk closely with God one hour in a day in this duty, oh ! what influence would it have into the whole day besides ; and duly performed, into the whole life. This duty, with the usefulness, manner, and directions, &c., I knew in some measure before, but had it more pressed upon me by Mr. Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest, that can scarce be overvalued, for which I have for ever to bless God. As for your dear wife, I fear the cares and troubles of the world take off her mind too much from walking with God so closely as she ought to do, and from that earnest endeavour after higher degrees of grace. I commend, therefore, to her and all, this excellent duty of meditation ; it is a bitter, sweet duty ; bitter to corrupt nature, but sweet to the regenerate part, if performed. I entreat her and yourself, yea, charge it upon you with humility and tenderness, that God have at least half an hour allowed him in a day for this exercise. Oh, this most precious soul-raising, soul-ravishing, soul-perfecting duty ! Take this from your dear friend as spoken with reverence, and real love, and faithfulness. My fear and jealousy lest I should speak in vain, maketh me say again : for God by me doth charge this upon you.

“ One more direction let me give, that none in your family satisfy themselves in family prayer : but let every one twice a day, if it may be possible, draw near to God in secret duty. Here secret wants may be laid open ; here great mercies may be begged with great earnestness ; here what wanderings and coldness were in family duty, may be repented and amended. This is the

way to get seriousness, reality, sincerity, cheerfulness in religion: and thus the joy of the Lord may be your strength. Let those who know their duty do it; if any think it not a necessary duty, let them fear lest they lose the most excellent help for a holy, useful, joyful life, under the assistance of God's Spirit, whilst they neglect that which they think unnecessary. Take some of these directions from sincere affection, some from my own experience, and all from a real and compassionate desire of your joy and comfort. The Lord teach you in this and in the rest. I entreat you never to rest, labouring still on, till after the foretastes of his comforts in this life, you have attained to true spiritual joy and peace in the Lord. The God of peace give you this direction and perfection in eternal life, in the enjoying of infinite holiness, purity, and excellency, through Christ. Thus praying, I rest ——"

In another letter to a reverend friend, that had the care of many children, he thus adviseth:—

"SIR; "Your charge is great upon a temporal account, but greater upon a spiritual; many souls being committed to your charge. Out of an earnest desire of the good of souls, and your own joy and peace, I importunately request that you should have a great care of your children, and be often dropping in some wholesome admonitions; and this I humbly, with submission to your judgment in it, commend to you; not to admonish them always altogether, but likewise privately one by one, not letting the rest know of it. Wherein you may please to press upon them their natural corruption, their necessity of regeneration, the excellency of Christ, and how unspeakable lovely it is to see young ones setting out for heaven. This way I think may do most good, having had experience of it myself in some small measure. God grant that all may work for the edifying of those who are committed to you. I leave you under the protections of him that hath loved us, and given himself for us ——"

Thus you see how he seemed swallowed up with the affairs of another world.

CHAP. III.

His Carriage when Fellow of the College, at Twenty Years of Age.

WHEN he was about twenty years old, he was made Fellow of the College, which did not a little advance those noble projects which he had in his head, for the promoting of the interest of the Lord Christ. Then how sweetly would he insinuate into the young ones, desiring to carry as many of them as possibly he could along with him to heaven. Many attempts he made upon some of the same house, that he might season them with grace, and animate and encourage those who were looking towards heaven. And as for his own relations, never was there a more compassionate and tender-hearted brother. How many pathological letters did he send to them! and how did he follow them with prayers and tears, that they might prove successful! how frequently would he address himself to them in private! and how ready to improve providences and visits, that he might set them home upon them! How excellently would he set forth the beauty of Christ! He earnestly would persuade them to inquire into the state of their souls. How would he endeavour to bring them off from sandy foundations, and resting upon their own righteousness! In a word, he was scarce content to go to heaven without, and through mercy he was very successful among his own relations; and the whole family soon savoured of his spirit. How were the children put upon getting choice Scripture and their catechisms, and engaged in secret prayer and meditation! Father, mother, brethren, sisters, boarders, were the better for his excellent example and holy exhortations. He was a good nurse, if not a spiritual father, to his natural father, as you may read afterwards; and some of his brethren have cause to bless God for ever, that ever they saw his face, and heard his words, and observed his conversation, which had so much of loveliness and beauty in it, that it could not but commend religion to any one that did take notice of it. He could speak in St. Paul's words;

"Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for you all is, that you may be saved."

Read what his heart was, in these following lines :—

"Distance of place cannot at all lessen that natural bond whereby we are conjoined in blood ; neither ought it to lessen that of love. Nay, where true love is, it cannot ; for love towards you I can only say this ; that I feel it better than I can express it ; as it is wont to be with all affections. But love felt and not expressed is little worth : I therefore desire to make my love manifest in the best way I can. Let us look upon one another, not as brethren only, but as members of the same body, whereof Christ is the head. Happy day will that be, wherein the Lord will discover that union ; let us, therefore, breathe and hunger after this, so that our closed knot may meet in Christ : if we are in Christ, and Christ in us, then we shall be one with one another. This I know, you cannot complain for want of instruction : God hath not been to us a dry wilderness or a barren heath ; you have had line upon line, and precept upon precept ; he hath planted you by the rivers of waters : it is the Lord alone, indeed, who maketh fruitful ; but yet we are not to stand still and do nothing. There is a crown worth seeking for ; seek therefore, and that earnestly. Oh ! seek by continual prayer ; keep your soul in a praying frame ; this is a great and necessary duty, nay, a high and precious privilege. If thou canst say nothing, come and lay thyself in a humble manner before the Lord. You may believe me, for I have through mercy experienced what I say. There is more sweetness to be got in one glimpse of God's love, than in all that the world can afford. Oh ! do but try ; oh ! taste and see how good the Lord is. Get into a corner, and throw yourself down before the Lord, and beg of God to make you sensible of your lost, undone state by nature, and of the excellency and necessity of Christ. Say, Lord give me a broken heart, soften and melt me. Any thing in the world, so I may be but enabled to value Christ, and be persuaded to accept of him, as he is tendered in the Gospel. Oh ! that I may be delivered from the wrath to come ! Oh ! a blessing for me, even for me. And resolve not to be content till the Lord has, in some measure answered you. Oh ! my bowels yearn towards you ; my heart works. Oh ! that you did but know with

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what affection I write now to you, and what prayers and tears have been mingled with these lines ! The Lord set these things home, and give you a heart to apply them to yourself ; the Lord bless all the means that you enjoy, for his blessing is all in all. Give me leave to deal plainly, and to come yet a little closer to you, for I love your soul so well, that I cannot bear the thoughts of the loss of it. Know this, that there is such a thing as the new birth ; and except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven : God's favour is not to be recovered without it. This new birth hath its foundation laid in a sense of sin, and a godly sorrow for it, and a heart set against it ; without this there can be no salvation. Look well about you, and see into yourself, and thou wilt see that thou art at hell's mouth without this first step, and nothing but free grace and pure mercy is between you and the state of the devils. The Lord deliver us from a secure, careless heart ! Here you see a natural man's condition. How darest thou then lie down in security ? Oh ! look about for your soul's sake. What shall I say, what shall I do to awaken your poor soul ? I say again, without repentance there is no remission ; and repentance itself may lose its labour if it be not in the right manner. Even tears, and groans, and prayers, will not do without Christ. Most, when they are convinced of sin, and are under fears of hell, run to duty and reform something, and thus the wound is healed, and by this thousands fall short of heaven. For if we be not brought off from ourselves and our righteousness, as well as our sins, we are never like to be saved. We must see an absolute need of a Christ, and give ourselves up to him, and count all but dung and dross in comparison of Christ's righteousness. Look, therefore, for mercy only in Christ ; for his sake rely upon God's mercy. The terms of the Gospel are, repent and believe. Gracious terms ! Mercy for fetching, nay, mercy for desiring, nay, for nothing but receiving. Dost thou desire mercy and grace ? I know thou dost ; even this is the gift of God to desire : hunger after Christ, let desires put you upon endeavour, the work itself is sweet ; yea, repentance and mourning itself hath more sweetness in it than all the world's comforts. Upon repentance and believing comes justification, after this sanctification, by the Spirit dwelling in us. By this we come to be the children of God, to be made partakers of the

Divine nature, to lead new lives, to have a suitableness to God. It is unworthy of a Christian to have such a narrow spirit as not to act for Christ with all one's heart, and soul, and strength, and might. Be not ashamed of Christ, be not afraid of the frowns and jeers of the wicked. Be sure to keep a conscience void of offence, and yield by no means to any known sin; be much in prayer, and in secret prayer, and in reading the Scriptures. Therein we laid up the glorious mysteries which are hid from many eyes. My greatest desire is, that God would work his own great work in you. I desire to see you not as formerly, but that the Lord would make me an instrument of your soul's good, for which I greatly long."

CHAP. IV.

His particular Addresses to his Brethren, for their Soul's good, and the Success thereof.

He wrote many letters of this nature, and desired often times to be visiting his brethren, that he might particularly address himself to them, and see what became of his letters, prayers, and tears; and he was very watchful over them, ready to reprove and convince them of sin, and ready to encourage any beginnings of a good work in them. To instance in a particular or two:—

One time perceiving one of his brothers asleep at prayer in the family, he presently took occasion to show him what a high contempt it was to God, what a little sense such a man must have of his own danger, what a dreadful hypocrisy, what a miracle of patience that he was not awakened in flames. After he had been awhile affectionately pleading with him, it pleased the Lord to strike in with some power, and to melt and soften his brother's heart when he was about eleven years old, so that it was to be hoped that then the Lord began savingly to work upon the heart of that child; for from that time forward a considerable alteration might be discerned in him: when he perceived it he was not a little pleased. This put him upon carrying on the work, that conviction might not wear off till it ended in conversion. To this end he wrote to him, "to put him in mind of what God

had done for his soul: begging of him not to rest satisfied till he knew what a thorough change and effectual calling meant. I hope, said he, that God hath a good work to do in you, for you, and by you; yea, I hope he hath already begun it. But, oh! take not up with some beginnings, faint desires, lazy seekings. Oh! remember your former tears; one may weep a little for a sin, and yet go to hell for sin; many that are under some such work, shake off the sense of it, murder their convictions, and return again to folly. Oh! take heed: if any draw back the Lord will take no pleasure in them; but I hope better things of you."

He would also observe how his brethren carried it after duty, whether they seemed to run presently to the world with greediness, as if duty were a task, or whether there seemed to be an abiding impression of God, and the things of God, upon them.

His vehement love and compassion to souls may be further judged of by these following expressions, which he used to one of his relations. After he had been speaking how infinitely it was below a Christian to pursue with greediness the things which will be but as gravel in the teeth, if we mind not the rich provision which is in our Father's house. Oh! what folly is it to trifle in the things of God! But I hope better things of you: did I not hope, why should I not mourn in secret for you as one cast out among the dead? Oh, what should I do for you but pour out my soul like water, and give my God no rest till he should graciously visit you with his salvation; till he cast you down and raise you up, till he wound you and heal you again.

Thus, what with his holy example, warm and wise exhortations, prayers, tears, and secret groans, somewhat of the beauty of religion was to be seen in the family where he lived.

CHAP. V.

His great love to, and frequency in the Duty of Prayers: with his remarkable Success.

He was mighty in prayer, and his spirit was oftentimes so transported in it, that he forgot the weakness of his

own body, and of other's spirits. Indeed, the acquaintance that he had with God was so sweet, and his converse with him so frequent, that when he was engaged in duty, he scarce knew how to leave that which was so delightful and suited to his spirit. His constant course for some years was this : he prayed at least three times a day in secret, sometimes seven times ; twice a day in the family or college : and he found the sweetness of it beyond imagination, and enjoyed wonderful communion with God, and tasted much of the pleasantness of a heavenly life. And he could say by experience, that the ways of wisdom were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace. He knew what it was to wrestle with God, and was come to that pass, that he could scarce come off his knees without his Father's blessing. He was used to converse with God with a holy familiarity as a friend, and would upon all occasions run to him for advice, and had many strange and immediate answers of prayer : one of which I think it not altogether impertinent to give the world an account of.

His honoured father, Mr. William Janeway, minister of Kelshall, in Hertfordshire, being sick, and being under somewhat dark apprehensions as to the state of his soul, he would often say to his son John, " O, John ! this passing upon eternity is a great thing ; this dying is a solemn business, and enough to make any one's heart ache, that hath not his pardon sealed, and his evidences for heaven clear. And truly, son, I am under no small fears as to my own estate for another world. Oh, that God would clear his love ! Oh, that I could say cheerfully, I can die ; and upon good grounds be able to look death in the face, and venture upon eternity with well grounded peace and comfort ! "

His sweet and dutiful son made a suitable reply at present ; but seeing his dear father continuing under despondings of spirit (though no Christians that knew him but had a high esteem of him for his uprightness), he got by himself, and spent some time in wrestling with God upon his father's account, earnestly begging of God that he would fill him with joy unspeakable in believing, and that he would speedily give him some token for good, that he might joyfully and honourably leave this world to go to a better. After he was risen from his knees, he came down to his sick father, and asked him how he felt himself. His father made no an-

swer for some time, but wept exceedingly (a passion that he was not subject to), and continued for some considerable time in extraordinary passion of weeping, so that he was not able to speak. But at last, having recovered himself, with unspeakable joy he burst out into such expressions as these: "O son! now it is come, it is come, it is come. I bless God I can die: the Spirit of God hath witnessed with my spirit that I am his child. Now I can look upon God as my dear father, and Christ as my redeemer: I can now say, this is my friend, and this is my beloved. My heart is full, it is brim full, I can hold no more. I know now what that sentence means—The peace of God which passeth understanding. I know now what that white stone is wherein a new name is written, which none know but they which have it. And that fit of weeping which you saw me in, was a fit of overpowering love and joy, so great that I could not for my heart contain myself: neither can I express what glorious discoveries God hath made of himself unto me. And had that joy been greater, I question whether I could have borne it, and whether it would not have separated soul and body. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name, that hath pardoned all my sins, and sealed the pardon! He hath healed my wounds, and caused the bones which he had broken to rejoice. O help me to bless the Lord! he hath put a new song into my mouth. O bless the Lord for his infinite goodness and mercy! Oh, now I can die! it is nothing; I bless God I can die. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ." You may well think that his son's heart was not a little refreshed to hear such words, and see such a sight, and to meet the messenger that he had sent to heaven returned back again so speedily. He counted himself a sharer with his father in his mercy, and it was upon a double account welcome, as it did so wonderfully satisfy his father; and as it was so immediate and clear in answer of his own prayers, as if God had from heaven said unto him, thy tears and prayers are heard for thy father: thou hast, like a prince, prevailed with God: thou hast got the blessing: thy fervent prayers have been effectual: go down and see else.

Upon this, this precious young man broke forth into praises, and even into another ecstasy of joy, that God should deal so familiarly with him: and the father and

son together were so full of joy, light, life, love, and praise, that there was a little heaven in the place. He could not then but express himself in this manner: Oh, blessed and for ever blessed be God for his infinite grace! Oh, who would not pray unto God! Verily he is a God that heareth prayers, and that my soul knows right well! And then he told his joyful father, how much he was affected with his former despondings, and what he had been praying for just before with all the earnestness he could, for his soul, and how the Lord had immediately answered him. His father hearing this, and perceiving that his former comforts came in a way of prayer, and his own child's prayer too, was the more refreshed, and was the more confirmed, that it was from the Spirit of God, and no delusion. And immediately, his son standing by, he fell into another fit of triumphing joy, his weak body being almost ready to sink under that great weight of glory, that did shine in so powerfully upon his soul. He could then say, Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. He could now walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil. Oh, how sweet a thing is it to have one's interest in Christ cleared; how comfortable to have our calling and election made sure? How lovely is the sight of a smiling Jesus when one is dying! How refreshing is it, when heart, and flesh, and all, are failing, to have God for the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever! Oh, did the foolish, unexperienced world but know what these things mean; did they but understand what it is to be solaced with the believing views of glory, to have their senses spiritually exercised, could they but taste and see how good the Lord is, it would soon cause them to disrelish their low and brutish pleasures, and look upon all worldly joys as infinitely short of one glimpse of God's love! After this, his reverend father had a sweet calm upon his spirits, and went in the strength of that provision, that rich grace laid in, till he came within the gates of the New Jerusalem: having all his graces improved, and showed so much humility, love to, and admiration of God, contempt of the world, such prizing of Christ, such patience, as few Christians arrive to, especially his faith, by which, with extraordinary confidence, he cast his widow and eleven fatherless children upon the care of that God, who had fed him with this manna in his wilderness

state. The benefit of which faith all his children (none of which were in his life-time provided for) have since to admiration experienced. And it is scarce to be imagined how helpful this his precious son, John Janeway, was to his father by his heavenly discourse, humble advice, and prayers. After a four months' conflict with a painful consumption, and hectic fever, his honoured father sweetly slept in Jesus.

CHAP. VI.

His Care of his Mother, and other Relations, after his Father's Death.

AFTER the death of his father, he did what he could to supply his absence, doing the part of husband, son, brother: so that he was no small comfort to his poor mother in her disconsolate state, and all the rest of his relations that had any sense of God upon their spirits. To one of which he thus addressed himself, upon the death of a sweet child:—

“Daily observation, and every man's experience, give sufficient testimony to it, that afflictions, of what kind soever, by how much the seldomer they are, the more grievous they seem. We have of a long time sailed in the rivers of blessings which God hath plentifully poured forth among us: now if we come where the waves of affliction do but a little more than ordinarily arise, we begin to have our souls almost carried down with fears and griefs; yea, the natural man, if not counter-powered by the spirit of God, will be ready to entertain murmuring and repining thoughts against God himself. Whereas, if all our life had been a pilgrimage full of sorrows and afflictions (as we deserved), and had but rarely been intermingled with comforts, we should have been more fitted to bear afflictions. Thus it is naturally: but we ought to counter-work against the stream of nature, by a new principle wrought in us; and whatsoever nature doth err in, grace is to rectify. And they upon whom grace is bestowed, ought to set grace on work: for wherefore is grace bestowed, unless

that it should act in us? It hath pleased the Lord to make a breach in your family—there were the knot is fastest tied: when it is disunited the change becomes greatest, and the grief is the more enlarged. So that herein you who are most moved are most to be excused and comforted: the strength of a mother's affections, I believe, none but mothers know; and greatest affections, when they are disturbed, breed the greatest grief. But when afflictions come upon us, what will be our duty? shall we then give ourselves up to be carried away with the grieving passions? shall we, because of one affliction, cause our souls to walk in sadness all our days, and drive away all the light of comfort from our eyes, by causing our souls to be obscured under the shades of melancholy? shall we quarrel with our Maker, and call the wise righteous Judge to our bar? Doth he not punish us less than we deserve? Is there not mercy and truth in all his dispensations? Shall we, by continual sorrow, add affliction to affliction, and so become our own tormentors? are we not rather, under afflictions, to see if any way we may find a glimpse of God's love shining in towards us, and so to raise up our souls nearer God? Is there not enough in God and the Holy Scriptures, to bear up our spirits under any afflictions, let them be never so great? What do you say to that word: who is there among you that feareth the Lord, and that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and seeth no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God? Though all earthly comforts were fled away, and though you could see no light from any of these things below; yet if you look upward to God in Christ, there is comfort to be found—there is light to be espied: yea, a great and glorious light, which, if we can rightly discern, it would put out the light of all lower comforts, and cause them to be vilely accounted of. But, alas! alas! those heavenly comforts, though they are in themselves so precious, and, if really and sensibly felt, able to raise a man's soul from earth, yea from hell, to the foretaste of heaven itself; yet, for want of a spiritual sense, they are by most of the world under-valued, slighted, and thought to be but fancies. Nay, let me speak freely: Christians themselves, and those that we have cause to hope are men of another world, and truly born again, yet for want of a spiritual

quickness in this spiritual light and sense, these comforts are too lowly and meanly esteemed of.

“ It is a spiritual sense that enableth a Christian to behold a glorious lustre and beauty in invisibles, and raiseth the soul up to the gate of heaven itself; and when he is there, how can he choose but look down with holy slighting and contempt upon the sweetest of all earthly enjoyments? How can he choose but think all creature-comforts but small, compared with one look of love from Christ? This heavenly comfort was that which David did so much desire: Lord lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, was the language of his soul; and when this was come, how was his soul enlarged! ‘Thou hast put joy and gladness in my heart more than in the time when their corn and wine increased.’ He then, that in afflictions would find comfort, must strive to see spiritual comforts to be the greatest, even that comfort which is from God, in the face of Jesus Christ: this, this will be a cordial; this will be as marrow and fatness to the soul. They who have interest in Christ, what need they be moved and discomfited with any worldly trouble? Is not Christ better than ten children? is not his loving kindness better than life? is not all the world a shadow compared with one quarter of an hour’s enjoyment of him, even on this side of glory, in some of his own ordinances? Oh, therefore, strive to get your interest in this comfort secured, and then all’s well. He that hath Christ hath all things. If God be reconciled to you through him, then he will withhold no good thing from you.

“ We poor foolish creatures do scarce know what is good for ourselves, but it’s no small encouragement to the people of God, that wisdom itself takes care of them, and one who loves them better than they love themselves looks after them: and he hath given promise for it, that all shall work together for their good. And what better foundation of comfort can there be in the whole world than this? Why may you not then say with the Psalmist, ‘why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God:’ let not your soul sink under afflictions, for what reason have you to be discomfited under them. Can you gather from thence, that the Lord doth not love you? No, surely, but rather the contrary; for whom the Lord

loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. What son is he whom the Father chasteneth not? wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees.

“ Let this serve as a remedy against excessive grief. Get your love to God increased; which, if you do, the love of all other things will wax cold. And if you have given God your heart, you will give him leave to take what he will that is yours; and what he hath you will judge rather well kept than lost.

“ Remember that scripture, and let it have its due impression upon your spirit: ‘He that loves father or mother, brother or sister, yea, or children, more than me, is not worthy of me.’ Oh labour to have your affections, therefore, more raised up to him who is most worthy of them; let him have the uppermost and greatest room in your heart, and let your love to all other things be placed in subjection to your love of God, be ruled by it, and directed to it. Be our earthly afflictions never so great, yet let this love to God poise our souls so, that they may not be overweighed with grief on the one side, or stupidity on the other side. Again, let our souls be awed by that glorious power and omnipotency of God, who is able to do any thing, and who will do whatsoever pleaseth him, both in heaven and in earth: at whose word, and for whose glory, all things that are were made. And what are we poor creatures, that we should dare to entertain any hard thought of this God? It is dangerous contending with God! Let us learn that great lesson of resigning up ourselves, and all we have, to God; let us put ourselves as instruments into the hands of the Lord, to do what he pleaseth with us; and let us remember, that it was our promise and covenant with God, to yield up ourselves to him, and to be wholly at his disposal. The soul is then in a sweet frame, when it can cordially say, ‘It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth good in his eyes. Not my will, but thine be done.’ Again, let us know, that though we cannot always see into the reasonableness of the ways of God (for his ways are often in the thick cloud, and our weak eyes cannot look into those depths in which he walketh) yet all the ways of God are just, holy, and good. Let us, therefore, have a care of so much as moving, much more of entertaining, any unworthy thoughts against God: but let us submit willingly to

the yoke which he is pleased to lay upon us, lest he break us with his terrible judgments. And now it hath seemed good to God to lay this stroke upon you, I pray labour rightly to improve it; and let this trial prepare you for greater. And seeing the uncertainty of all worldly things, endeavour with all your might to get your heart above them; and I beseech the Lord, who is the great physician of souls, and knows how to apply a salve to every sore of his, to comfort you with his spiritual comforts, that he would favourably shine upon you, and receive you into a nearer union and communion with himself. Into his hands I commit you, with him I leave you, praying that he would make up all in himself."

He was an excellent example to his younger brethren; and his wise instructions, and holy practices, did not a little influence them. He was a prudent counsellor, and an assistant that could not well be spared to his elder brother, who was not a little sensible of that personal worth that was in his younger brother, whom he would prefer before himself, as one whom he judged God had honoured with far greater parts, graces, and experiences, than himself. The younger also did as humbly and heartily respect and honour him, as a serious Christian, a minister, and his elder brother, who had obliged him with more than ordinary kindness.

When he was but young, yet he began to be taken notice of by ancient ministers and Christians; though his modesty was so great, that his huge parts were not a little obscured thereby; and his vast worth was so ballasted with humility, that he made no great noise in the world, and most were ignorant of his singular worth. A wise man, that was intimately acquainted with him, would say of him, that he was like deep waters that were most still—a man of hidden excellency. There were few that knew how close he walked with God, and at what high rate he lived, and how great a trade he drove for the riches of that other world. All which he laboured as much, as might be, to conceal.

CHAP. VII.

His Return to King's College after his Father's Death. His holy Projects for Christ and Souls.

WHEN his father was dead, he returned again to King's College, and was a member of a secret cabal, which began to carry on noble projects for Christ and souls, and to plot how they might best improve their gifts and graces; so as that they might be most serviceable to God and their generation. Their custom was frequently to meet together, to pray and to communicate studies and experiences, and to handle some question of divinity, or in some scholastic way to exercise the gifts which God had given them. Some of this company did degenerate, but others lived to let the world understand, that what they did was from a vital principle; amongst whom, this young man was none of the least, who had a design upon some of the juniors to engage them, if possible, before they were ensnared by wicked company, when they came fresh from school. After some time, most of his dear companions were transplanted either into gentlemen's families or livings; and this Mr. Janeway, being one of the youngest, was, for a while, left alone in the college. But he, wanting the comfortable diversion of suitable godly society, fixed so intensely upon his studies, that he soon gave such a wound to his bodily constitution, that it could never thoroughly be healed.

CHAP. VIII.

His Departure from the College, to live in Dr. Cox's Family.

AFTER a while, Dr. Cox, wanting a tutor for his son in his house, sent to the Provost of the College, to make choice of a man of true worth for him: in answer to whose request, the Provost was pleased to send Mr. Janeway, who did neither shame him that preferred him, nor disappointed the expectations of him that entertained him; but by his diligence, profound learning, and success

in his undertaking, did not a little oblige the relations of his pupil. But his pains were so great, and his body so weak, that it could not longer bear up under such work ; so that he was forced to ask leave of the Doctor, to try whether the change of the air might not contribute somewhat to the mending the temper of his body, which now began sensibly to decay.

Whilst he was in that family, his carriage was so sweet and obliging, and his conversation so spiritual, that it did not a little endear his presence to them : so that I question not but some of that family will carry a sweet remembrance of him along with them to their graves : and I oft heard him owning the goodness of God to him, in the benefit that he got, by the graces and experiences of some Christians, in and relating to that family, whose tender love to him he did gratefully resent upon his death-bed.

CHAP. IX.

His Retire into the Country : and his first Sickness.

HE now leaves the Doctor's house, and retires himself into the country, to his mother and eldest brother, who did not spare to use their utmost diligence and tenderness to recruit the decays of nature : but hard study, frequent and earnest prayers, and long and intense meditations, had so ruined this frail tabernacle, that it could not be fully repaired : yet, by God's blessing upon care, and art, it was under-propped for some time.

Whilst he was in this declining condition, in which he could have little hopes of life, he was so far from being affrighted, that he received the sentence of death in himself with great joy, and wrote to his dearest relations to dispose them to a patient compliance with such a dispensation as might separate him and them for a while : and to wean their affections from him, he solemnly professed, that as for himself he was ashamed to desire and pray for life. " Oh," saith he, " Is there any thing here more desirable than the enjoyment of Christ ? Can I expect any thing below, comparable to that blessed vision ! O that crown ! that rest which remains for the people of

God, and (blessed be God) I can say, I know it is mine. I know that when this tabernacle of clay shall be dissolved, that I have a house not made with hands; and therefore I groan, not to be unclothed, but to be clothed upon with Christ. To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

"I can now, through infinite mercy, speak in the Apostle's language, 'I have fought a good fight, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown incorruptible, that fadeth not away.'"

When he perceived one of his nearest relations distressed at the apprehension of his death, he charged him not to pray for his life except it were purely with a respect to the glory of God. "I wish," said he, "I beg you, to keep your minds in a submissive frame to the will of God concerning me. The Lord take you nearer to himself, that you may walk with him: to whom if I go before, I hope you will follow after." Yet, after this, he was, through mercy, finely recovered, and his friends were not without some hopes of his living to be eminently instrumental for God's glory in his generation.

After he was recovered in some measure, he fell again to his former practice of engaging deeply in the secret and great duties of religion, which he constantly practised (except when God discharged him by sickness): secret prayer, at least three times a day, sometimes seven times, yea, more: besides family and college duties, which were before hinted, he set apart an hour every day for set and solemn meditation: which duty he found unspeakably to improve his graces, and to make no small addition to his comforts. His time for that duty was most commonly in the evening, when he usually walked into the field, if the weather would permit; if not, he retired into the church, or any empty, solitary room: where (observing his constant practice, that, if possible, I might be acquainted with the reason of his retiredness) I once hid myself, that I might take the more exact notice of the intercourse that I judged was kept up between him and God. But, oh, what a spectacle did I see! Surely, a man walking with God, conversing intimately with his Maker, and maintaining a holy familiarity with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw one talking with God; methought I saw a spiritual merchant in a heavenly exchange, driving a rich trade for the treasures of the other world. Oh, what

a glorious sight it was! Methinks I see him still. How sweetly did his face shine! Oh, with what a lovely countenance did he walk up and down: his lips going, his body oft reaching up, as if he would have taken his flight into heaven! His looks, smiles, and every motion, spake him to be upon the very confines of glory. Oh, had one but known what he was then feeding on! Sure! he had meat to eat which the world knew not of! Did we but know how welcome God made him when he brought him into his banquetting house! That which one might easily perceive his heart to be most fixed upon, was the infinite love of God in Christ to the poor lost sons and daughters of Adam. What else meant his high expressions? What else did his own words to a dear friend signify, but an extraordinary sense of the freeness, fulness, and duration of that love? To use his own words, "God," saith he, "holds mine eyes most upon his goodness, his unmeasurable goodness, and the promises which are most sure and firm in Christ. His love to us is greater, surer, fuller, than ours to ourselves. For when we loved ourselves so as to destroy ourselves, he loved us so as to save us."

CHAP. X.

His Exhortation to some of his Friends.

AND that he might engage others in more ardent affections to God, he put words into their mouths; "Let us then," saith he, "behold him, till our heart's desire, till our very souls are drawn out after him, till we are brought to acquaintance, intimacy, delight in him! Oh, that he would love me! Oh, that I might love him! Oh, blessed are they that know him, and are known of him! It is good for me to draw near to God. 'A day in his court is better than a thousand elsewhere. My soul longeth, yea, fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.' Oh, that I were received into converse with him; that I might hear his voice, and see his countenance! For, his voice is sweet, and his countenance is comely! Oh, that I might communicate myself to God, and that he

would give himself to me ! Oh, that I might love him ! That I were sick of love, that I might die in love ! That I might lose myself in his love, as a small drop in the unfathomable depth of his love ! That I might dwell in his eternal love !” “ Oh,” saith he to a dear friend under some fears as to his state, “ stand still and wonder ; behold his love and admire : now, if never, yet consider what thou canst discover in this precious Jesus. Canst thou not see so much till thou canst see no more ; not because of its shortness, but because of thy darkness ?

“ Here’s a sea ; fling thyself into it ; and thou shalt be compassed with the height, and depth, and breadth, and length of love, and be filled with all the fulness of God. It not this enough ? What wouldst thou have more ? Fling away all besides God : God is portion enough, and the only proper portion of the soul. Hast thou not tasted, hast thou not known, that his love is better than wine ? Hast thou not smelt the savour of his precious ointments, for which the virgins love him. This, this, is he who is altogether lovely. And while I write, my heart doth burn, my soul is on fire, I am sick of love.

“ Dear soul, come near and look upon his face, and see whether thou canst choose but love him. Fall upon him, embrace him, give him thy dearest, choicest love ; all’s too little for him : let faith and love kiss him ; you shall be no more bold than welcome. Fix thine eyes again and again upon him, and look upon his lovely, sweet, and royal face ; till thou art taken with his beautiful person, who hath not his fellow upon the earth, his equal among the angels. Come near, still contemplate his excellency, review each part, and thou wilt find him to be made up of love ; wind thy affections about him, bind thy soul to him with the cords of love. Thus thou shalt find a new life to animate thy soul ; thou shalt then feel a new warmth to melt thy heart ; a divine fire to burn up corruption, and to break forth into a flame of heavenly love. Dwell in this love, and thou shalt dwell in God, and God in thee. But now, methinks, I see you almost all in tears, because thou feelest not such workings of love towards God. Weep on still, for love hath tears as well as grief ; and tears of love shall be kept in his bottle, as well as they : yea, they shall be as precious jewels, and as an excellent ornament. Hast thou felt such meltings of loving grief ?

Know, that they are no other than the streams of Christ's love flowing to you, and through you, and from you to him again. And thus is Christ delighted in beholding of his own beauties, in his spouse's eye.

"I have prayed for a blessing for you, and on those related to you; and if they prove of any power by the Spirit of God to you, it will be matter of joy and praise. By your dear friend,

JOHN JANEWAY."

CHAP. XI.

His Temptations from Satan.

THUS you have a taste of his spirit, and may perceive what it was that he had his heart most set upon, and what kept his graces in such vigour and activity, and how desirous he was that others should be sharers with him in this mercy. Yet, for all this, he had his gloomy days, and the sun was sometimes overcast; his sweets were sometimes embittered with dreadful and horrid temptations. The devil shot his poisonous arrows at him; yet, through the captain of his salvation, he came more than a conqueror out of the field. He was, with Paul, many times lifted up into the third heaven, and saw and heard things unutterable: but, lest he should be exalted above measure, there was a messenger of Satan sent to buffet him.

It would make a Christian's heart even ache, to hear and read what strange temptations this gracious soul was exercised with. But he was well armed for such a conflict, having on the shield of faith, whereby he quenched the fiery darts of that wicked one. Yet, this fight cost him the sweating of his very body for agonies of spirit, and tears and strong cries to heaven for fresh help. As for himself, he was wont to take an arrow out of God's quiver, and discharge it by faith and prayer, for the discomfiture of his violent enemy, who at last was fain to fly.

These temptations and conflicts with Satan did not a little help him afterwards in his dealing with one that was sorely afflicted with temptations of the like nature.

And because I judge it of singular use to tempted ones, and find very many of late to be exercised in this kind, I shall insert a letter of his, suitable to all Christians in the like case.

A LETTER OF MR. JOHN JANEWAY'S.

"DEAR FRIEND;

"YOUR letters are bitter in the mouth, but sweet in the belly: they contain matter of joy, under a dismal aspect; they are good news, brought by a messenger in mourning. I had rather hear of that which is matter of substantial, real joy, though mixed with many sighs, and interrupted with many groans and sobs, than of that laughter, in the midst of which the heart is sad.

"You say that you are troubled with blasphemous thoughts. So, then, though they are blasphemous yet they are your trouble; and thoughts they are too, and that neither sent for, nor welcome; and so are not assented to in your mind. What then shall we think of them? If they were of your own production, your heart would be delighted in its own issue: but you do nothing less. Sure then, they are the injections of that wicked one, who is the accuser of the brethren, and the disturber of the peace of the people of God. But doth Satan use to employ those weapons but against those that he is in some fear of losing? He is not wont to assault and fight against his surest friends in this manner. Those that he hath fast in his own possession, he leads on as softly and quietly as he can; fearing lest such disturbance should make them look about them, and so they should awake, and see their danger: but as for those that have in some measure escaped his snares, he follows them hard, with all the discouragements he can. Surely these things can be no other but a bitter relish of those things, which you know to be bitter after that you have tasted the honey and the honeycomb; after you have seen how good the Lord is. What then shall I call these motions of your mind? They are the soul's loathing the morsels which Satan would have it to swallow down! yea, they are the soul's striving with Satan, whilst he would ravish the spouse of Jesus. And let the enemy of all goodness know, that he shall, ere long, pay dearly for such attempts. But you will say, if these horrible thoughts be not your sin, yet they are your trouble and

misery, and you desire to be free from them; and the most loyal and loving spouse had rather be delivered from those assaults. But you will ask, how shall I get free from them? First, See that you possess your soul in patience: and know this, that God hath an over-ruling in all this; and wait upon him, for he can and will bring forth good out of all this seeming evil. At present you are in the dark and see no light: yet trust in the Lord, and stay yourself upon your God. Can Christ forget the purchase of his own blood, the price of his soul, those whom he hath so intimately endeared to himself? Can a mother forget her sucking child? Yet, God cannot forget his. God hath loving and gracious intents in all this, and his bowels yearn towards his. Yea, our Saviour suffers with us, through his ardent love by sympathy, as well as he hath suffered for us. But for your being be-rid of these thoughts, you know who hath all power in his hand, who doth employ this power in a way of love towards his. This power is made yours through the prayer of faith: but for your own work do this.

“First, Let no such thoughts have any time of abode in your mind, but turn them out with all the loathing and abhorrence you can: but not with so much trouble and disturbance of mind as I believe you do. For by this the devil is pleased, and he makes you his own tormentor.

“Secondly, Always then divert your thoughts to some good thing, and let those very injections be constantly the occasion of your more spiritual meditation. Think the quite contrary, or fall a praying with earnestness: and the devil will be weary if he find his designs thus broken, and that those sparks of hell, which he struck into the soul to kindle and inflame corruption, do put warmth into grace, and set faith and prayer a working; when he perceives, that what he intended as water to cool your love to God, proves like oil, to make it flame the more vehemently, he will be discouraged. Thus resist him, and he will flee from you.

“Thirdly, Consider that this is no new thing; for we are not in this ignorant of Satan’s wiles, that, if any soul hath escaped out of the chains of darkness, if he will have heaven, he shall have it with as much trouble as the devil can lay on: and if he and his had their wills, no good man should have one peaceable hour. But,

blessed be God for his everlasting and unchangeable love to his, that the devil cannot pluck us out of those Almighty arms, with which he doth embrace his dear children.

"Dear heart, my prayer for thee is, that God would give thee the peaceable fruit of righteousness, after all thy afflictions, and that thou mayest come out of these trials, refined and purified, and more fit for thy master's use, having this the end of all, to purge away thy dross, and take away thy sin.

"Thus hoping that at the length God will turn thy mourning into joy, thy trouble into triumph, and all thy sorrows into a sure and stable peace, I leave you with him, and rest,

"Yours in our dear Lord,

"JOHN JANEWAY."

He was much afraid of any decays in grace, of apostacy, yea, of flatness of spirit, either in himself or others: and if he suspected any thing of this nature in his nearest relations, he would do what he could possibly to recover them out of the snares of Satan, and to quicken them to higher and more noble, vigorous, spiritual acts of religion. He laboured to maintain a constant tenderness and sensibility upon his heart; and to take notice of the least departure of his soul from God, or God's absenting of himself from the soul (which was an expression that was much in his mouth). He had a godly jealousy over his brothers, one of which was awaked by his serious and particular application of himself to him, when he was about eleven years old. But he knew, that conviction and conversion are two things, and that many are somewhat affected by a warm exhortation, who quickly wear off those impressions, and return to their former trifling with God, and neglect of their souls. Wherefore, he desired to carry on the work that he had some hopes was well begun: he laboured to build sure, and build up; that he might be rooted and grounded in the faith, steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Wherefore he followed him, not only with private warnings, and frequent pathetic counsels and directions, but with letters, one of which spoke in this language:—

ANOTHER OF HIS LETTERS

OF PRIVATE WARNING AND PATHETICAL COUNSEL.

"You live in a place where strict and close walking with God hath few or no examples, and most are apt to be like their company, and God's own children are too apt to forget their first love. Our hearts are apt to be careless, and neglect our watch. We are ready to grow formal in duty, or less spiritual; and then, it may be, less frequent; and conscience is put off with some poor excuse: and thus religion withers, and one that seemed once a zealot may come to be a Laodicean; and some that looked once as if they were eminent saints, may fall to just nothing. It is too common, to have a name to be alive and yet to be dead. Read this, and tremble lest it should be your case. When we are lazy and asleep, our adversary is awake: when we are slothful and negligent, then he is diligent. I consider your age, I know where you dwell, I am not unacquainted with your temptations. Wherefore I cannot but be afraid of you, lest by both inward and outward fire the bush be singed: though, if God be in it, it cannot be burnt up.

"Give me leave to be in some measure fearful of you, and jealous over you; and to mind you of what you know already. Principles of civility will be but as broken reeds to stay our souls upon, without those higher principles which are planted in the soul, by the working of the Spirit of God. Oh, remember, what meltings sometimes you have had; remember how solicitously you did inquire after Christ; how earnestly you seemed to ask the way to Zion with your face thitherward. Oh, take heed of losing those impressions you once had: take not up with a slight work. True conversion is a great thing, and another kind of business than most of the world take it to be. Oh, therefore, be not satisfied with some convictions, taking them for conversion; much less with resting in a formal, lifeless profession.

"There is such a thing as being almost a Christian; nay, as drawing back unto perdition. And some, that are not far from the kingdom of heaven, may never come there. Beware lest you lose the reward. The promise is made to him that holdeth fast, and holdeth out unto the end, and overcometh.

“ Labour to forget what is behind, and to press forwards toward things that are before. He that is contented with just grace enough to get to heaven, and escape hell, and desires no more, may be sure he hath none at all; and is far from being made partaker of the Divine nature. Labour to know what it is to converse with God; strive to do every thing as in his presence; design him in all; act as one that stands within sight of the grave and eternity. I say again, do what you do, as if you were sure God stood by and looked upon you, and exactly observed and recorded every thought, word, and action; and you may very well suppose that, which cannot be otherwise.

“ Let us awake, and fall to our work in good earnest: heaven or hell are before us, and death behind us. What, do we mean to sleep? Dulness in God's service is very uncomfortable, and at the best will cost us dear. And to be contented with such a frame is a certain symptom of a hypocrite. Oh, how will such tremble, when God shall call them to give an account of their stewardship, and tell them, they may no longer be stewards. Should they fall sick, and the devil and conscience fall upon them, what inconceivable perplexity would they then be in.

“ Oh, live more upon invisibles, and let the thoughts of their excellency put life into your performances. You must be contented to be laughed at for preciseness and singularity. A Christian's walking is not with men, but with God; and he hath great cause to suspect his love to God, who doth not delight more in conversing with God, and being conformed to him, than in conversing with the world, and being conformed to it.

“ How can the love of God dwell in that man, who liveth without God in the world? without both continual walking with him in his whole conversation, and those more peculiar visits of him in prayer, meditations, spiritual ejaculations, and other duties of religion; and the workings of faith, love, holy desires, delight, joy, and spiritual sorrow in them! Think not, that our walking with God cannot consist with worldly business: yes, but religion makes us spiritual in common actions, and there is not any action in a man's life in which a man is not to labour to make it a religious act, by a looking to the rule in it, and eyeing of God's glory; and thus he may be said to walk with God. To this we

must endeavour to rise, and be never content, till we reach to it, and if this seem tedious (as to degenerate nature it will) we must know that we have so much of enmity against God still remaining, and are under deprivation and darkness, and know not our true happiness. Such a soul is sick, and it hath lost its taste, which doth not perceive an incomparable sweetness in walking with God, without whom all things else under heaven are gall and bitterness, and to be little valued by every true Christian.

“But we are all apt, even at the worst, to say, that we prefer God above all things; but we must know that we have very deceitful hearts, and those who, being enlightened, know what high ends they should act, and what a fearful condition even a hazard in our case is; these, I say, will not believe their own hearts, without diligent search and good grounds.

“Rest not in any condition in which your security is not founded upon that sure bottom, the Lord Jesus Christ. Labour to attain to this, to love God for himself, and to have your heart naturalized and suited to spiritual things. Oh, for a heart to rejoice and work righteousness! Oh, that we could do the will of God with more activity, delight, and constancy! If we did know more of God, we should love him more; and then God would still reveal more of himself to us, and then we should see more and more cause to love him, and wonder that we love him no more. Oh, this, this is our happiness, to have a fuller sight of God, to be wrapped up and filled with the love of Christ. Oh, let my soul for ever be thus employed! Lord, whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none in earth that I can desire in comparison of thee.”

You hear what kind of language he spake; and you may easily perceive what it was that swallowed up his heart, and where his delight, treasure, and life was. Oh, how much do most of us, who go for Christians, fall short of these things! And how vast a distance between his experience and ours! And what reason have we to read these lines with blushing, and to blot the paper with tears! and to lay aside this book awhile, and to fall upon our faces before the Lord, and bemoan the cursed unsuitableness of our hearts unto God, and to bewail that we do so little understand what this walking with

God, and living by faith, means ! Oh, at what a rate do some Christians live ; and how low, flat, and dull, are others ! His love to Christ and souls made him very desirous to spend and be spent in the work of the ministry : accordingly, he did comply with the first loud and clear call to preach the everlasting Gospel ; and though he was but about two and twenty years old, yet he came to that work like one that understood what kind of employment preaching was. He was a workman that needed not to be ashamed, that was thoroughly furnished for every good word and work : one that was able to answer gainsayers ; one in whom the word of God dwelt richly ; one full of the Spirit and power ; one that hated sin with a perfect hatred, and loved holiness with all his soul — in whom religion in its beauty did shine ; one that knew the terrors of the Lord, and knew how to beseech sinners in Christ's stead to be reconciled unto God ; one that was a son of thunder, and a son of consolation. In a word, I may speak that of him which Paul spake of Timothy, that, I knew none like minded, that did naturally care for souls. And had he lived to have preached often, oh, what use might such a man have been of in his generation ! One in whom learning and holiness did, as it were, strive which should excel. He never preached publicly but twice, and then he came to it as if he had been used to that work forty years, delivering the word of God with that power and majesty — with that tenderness and compassion — with that readiness and freedom, that it made his hearers almost amazed. He was led into the mystery of the Gospel, and he spoke nothing to others but what was the language of his heart, and the fruit of great experience ; and which, one might easily perceive, had no small impression first upon his own spirit.

His first and last sermons they were upon communion and intimate converse with God, out of Job xxii, 21. A subject that few Christians under heaven were better able to manage than himself, and that scarce any could handle so feelingly as he : for he did for some considerable time maintain such an intimate familiarity with God, that he seemed to converse with him as one friend with another. This text he made some entrance into whilst he was here : but the perfecting of his acquaintance with God was a work fitter for another world.

He was one that kept an exact watch over his thoughts,

words, and actions ; and made a review of all that passed him, at least once a-day, in a solemn manner. He kept a diary, in which he did write down every evening what the frame of his spirit had been all the day long, especially in every duty. He took notice what incomes and profit he received in his spiritual traffic, what returns from that far country, what answers of prayer, what deadness and flatness, and what observable providences did present themselves, and the substance of what he had been doing ; and any wanderings of thoughts, inordinancy in any passion, which, though the world could not discern, he could. It cannot be conceived by them, which do not practise the same, to what a good account did this return ! This made him to retain a grateful remembrance of mercy, and to live in a constant admiring and adoring of divine goodness ; this brought him to a very intimate acquaintance with his own heart : this kept his spirit low, and fitted him for free communications from God ; this made him more lively and active ; this helped him to walk humbly with God ; this made him speak more affectionately and experimentally to others of the things of God. And, in a word, this left a sweet calm upon his spirits, because he every night made even his accounts ; and if his sheets should prove his winding-sheet, it had been all one ; for he would say, his work was done ; so that death could not surprise him.

Could this book of his experiences, and register of his actions, have been read, it might have contributed much to the completing of this discourse, and the quickening of some, and the comforting of others. But these things being written in characters, the world hath lost that jewel.

He studied the Scriptures much, and they were sweeter to him than his food : and he had an excellent faculty in opening the mind of God in dark places.

In the latter part of his life he seemed quite swallowed up with the thoughts of Christ, heaven, and eternity ; and the nearer he came to this, the more swift his motion was to it, and the more unmixed his designs for it : and he would much persuade others to an universal free respect to the glory of God in all things ; and make religion one's business, and not to mind these great things by-the-bye.

CHAP. XII.

Ministers not to carry on Low Designs.

He was not a little concerned about ministers ; that, above all men, they should take heed lest they carry on poor, low designs, instead of wholly eyeing of the interests of God and souls. He judged, that to take up preaching as a trade was altogether inconsistent with the high spirit of a gospel minister : he desired, that those, which seem to be devoted to the ministry, would be such first, heartily to devote their all to God ; and then, that they should endeavour to have a dear love to immortal souls.

He was very ready to debase himself, and humbly to acknowledge what he found amiss in himself, and laboured to amend himself and others. "This," saith he, "I must seriously confess, that I must needs reproach myself for deficiency in a Christian spiritual remembrance of you (speaking to a dear friend) and for a decay in a quick tender touch, as of other things, so of what relates to yourself in the spirituality of it. Not that I think not of you or of God ; but that my thoughts of you, and spiritual things, are not so frequent, savoury, and affectionate, as they ought to be."

"By this reflection you may easily perceive, that I see farther in duty than I do in practice. The truth of it is, I grudge that thoughts and affections should run out any whither freely, but to God. And what I now desire for myself, I desire for you likewise, that God would sweeten the fountain, our natures I mean, that every drop flowing from thence may savour of something of God within. Thoughts are precious, affections are more precious, the best that we are worth ; and when they flow in a wrong channel, all God's precious dispensations towards us are lost ; all that God hath spent upon us is lost, and spent in vanity. I speak this out of a dear respect to your soul, and God's honour, whom I am loath should be a loser by his kindnesses. I know you have many objects, upon which you may be too apt to let out your dear affections ; I say again my jealousy is, lest (there being so many channels, wherein they

may run) God lose his due. I desire, therefore, in humility and tenderness, that this may be as a hint to you from the Spirit of God, to look inwards to the frame and disposition of your soul, and to make trial thereof, by the natural outgoings of your affections, and then expostulate the case with your own soul. If Christ have my warmest love, why is it thus with me? If God have my heart, why am I so thoughtful about the world? If I indeed love him best, how cometh it to pass, that I find more strong, delightful, constant actings of my affections towards my relations, myself, or any worldly thing, than I do after him? O the depth of the heart's deceitfulness!

"Dear and honoured friend, trust not a surmised, trust not to a slight view of your heart, or the first apprehensions you may have of yourself; but go down into the secrets of your heart, try and fear, fear and try. An evidence is abundantly more worth than all trouble that you can be at in the acquiring of it: and the trouble that there is good ground for, in an unevenced state, is so far greater than that which may seem to be in searching for it. Yet, to an awakened soul, what is the trouble in clearing its evidences, but their sense or fear of their not being clear, and of the deceitfulness of their hearts. The reality of that evil, which tender souls so dread, doth lie in its full weight (though not felt) upon the drowsy and ungroundedly secure sinner.

"I speak in love; give me leave to remember you of some touches that you had formerly upon your spirit, under the means of grace: remember how much you were sometimes affected under preaching. Did you never say that these sermons upon hardness of heart softened yours? Inquire, I pray, whether those convictions which were then upon your heart are not worn off by the incumbrances of the world. If, upon inquiry, you find that they are, it is high time for you to look about you, and repent, and not only to do your first works, but to strive to outgo them.

"I have, with grief, taken a review of the frame of my own spirit, when I was at your house, and I have no small sense of the distemper of my soul, whereby I was betrayed to too great an indifference in the things of God. And finding, by sad experience, that I was more apt (amongst those carnal comforts and affairs) to lose that relish and savour of divine things that I was wont

to have, and those delightful appearances of God which I was, through rich grace, acquainted with, while I was more sequestered from the world and earthly delights (not but that I find my heart, at the best, under the highest advantages of closest communion, too unwilling to endeavour after, and maintain, that gracious sense and acknowledgment of God which I would fain attain unto): I say, observing my own experiences, and knowing that your heart was something akin to mine, fearing lest multiplicity of business should expose you also to the same hazard: Christian compassion could not but put me upon arming of you against those temptations to which your occasions make you subject.

"The desire of my soul for you is, that you may travel safely through a dangerous wilderness to a blessed Canaan; that you may quit yourself like a Christian in the opposing and conquering all your enemies; and at last come triumphing out of the field: and that you may behave yourself like a pilgrim and stranger in a far country, who are looking for a city that hath foundations: and that we may meet together with joy at our Father's house, and sit with him in eternal glory. Oh, that word glory is so weighty, if we did believe it, that it would make the greatest diligence we can use to secure it seem light. Oh, that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! Oh, for more faith! Lord increase our faith; and then there would be nothing wanting to make us put forth the utmost strength of our soul, and to improve every moment of time, to catch hold of all advantages, and to make use of all means possible for the attainment of such glorious ends.

"But, oh, these unbelieving hearts! let us join our complaints, and let us all break forth into bitter lamentations over them. May not we, with as good reason as that distressed father, over his possessed child, bring our hearts into the presence of our Saviour, and cry out with tears, and say that it is these unbelieving hearts which sometimes cast us into the fire, and sometimes into the water? Yea, worse, every time we forsake God, and prefer any thing before him, we part with life for death, with heaven for hell.

"Give me leave to come a little nearer to you: what an advantage would a full persuasion of the truth and excellences of Gospel discoveries bring to your soul, if you would but seriously, and with all your strength,

drive on true spiritual designs. Oh, how easily might you then go under all your burthens. If your care for the things of this life were but rightly subordinate to the things of eternity, how cheerfully might you go on with your business! If you sought first the kingdom of heaven and the righteousness thereof; then all other things would be added (so far as they are necessary or good for you).

"Let me, therefore, at this time put you upon that duty of raising your mind from earth to heaven, from the creature to the Creator, from the world to God. Indeed, it is matter of no small difficulty, to discover that disorder that is in our souls, when we are solicitous about temporary objects and employments. But there are but few surer discoveries of it than insensibility and not complaining of it. For when the soul is indeed raised to spiritual objects, and to understand clearly its eternal interest; when it doth in good earnest take God for its portion, and prefer him above all, then it will quickly be sensible of the soul's outgoings after other objects, and even grudge that any time should be taken up in the pursuit of the creature, and that any below God should be followed with earnest pleasure and constancy. It would have God have the best, and it would do nothing else but love, serve, and enjoy God. For my own part, I cannot but wonder that God will give us leave to love him. O blessed goodness! O infinite condescension! Those that believingly seek him, he is not ashamed to be called their God. I am sensible, in some measure, of your burthens, and indeed that must needs be a burthen that keeps the soul from pursuing its chiefest good. My prayers for you are, that you may have such teachings from God as may make you understand how far heavenly things are more precious than earthly; and that you may, with all your might, seek, mind, and love that which hath most true excellency in it, which hath the only ground of real comfort here, and of eternal happiness hereafter."

CHAP. XIII.

His Love and Compassion to Souls.

He was full of pity and compassion to souls, and yet greatly grieved and ashamed that he did no more to ex-

press his sense of the worth of souls, and that his bowels did no more sensibly yearn over them, whom he had just cause to fear were in a Christless state. Though there were few of his kindred and relations, nay of his neighbours and acquaintance, but he did make a personal application to, either by letters or conference; yet, for all this, who more ready to cry out of want of love to souls, and unprofitableness to others in his generation, that he was no more full of compassion, and that he had no better improvement of all the visits that he made; in which we should not make carnal pleasure and recreation our end, but the imparting and receiving of some spiritual gift. This made him, after a considerable absence from a dear friend, to groan out these complaints:—"God, by his providence, hath oft brought us together; but to how little purpose, God and our consciences know. As for my part, I may justly bewail my barrenness. Oh, that I should be of so little use where I come! Oh, that my tongue and heart should be still so unfruitful! I am ready to hope sometimes, that, if it should please God in his providence to bring us again together, we may be more profitable one to another.

"And this, indeed, makes me more desirous of coming to you again than any thing else; that I may do some good among you. Oh, how few study to advance the interest of Christ, and the benefit of one another's souls in their visits, as they should and might do! I am not able at present to order my affairs so as to come comfortably over to you, but I hope, ere long, the Lord will give me leave to see you, and be refreshed by you. I desire to supply my absence by this sure token of my remembrance of you; and also that I might have an opportunity for that which we ought to eye most in the enjoyment of one another's society. But I have found, that partly because of the narrowness of my heart, not being enlarged to bring forth into act what I have greatly desired, partly because of the malice of the enemy of our souls, who endeavours all that possibly he can to lay stumbling-blocks in our way to real union and nearer acquaintance with God and Christian communion; from these, and other causes it is, that I have been too little beneficial to you formerly.

"It may be, I may write that with freedom, which in presence I should not have spoken. I shall take occasion, from your desire of my presence with you, to look

higher, to the desires of our souls to be in conjunction and communion with the highest good, who fills up all relations to our souls; who is our Father, our Husband, our Friend, our God, yea our All in All. But when I say, he is all in all, I mean more than that which we count all: for every one doth confess, that it is God alone that doth bless all other things to us, and that it is not out of the nature of those things that we enjoy that they are blessings, but it is God which makes them comforts to us. And thus God is to be acknowledged all in all — common enjoyment.

“ But besides this, God is something to the soul which he is by himself, and not in the mediation of the creatures; where God is as a portion, and lived upon as our true happiness. He is not only the complement of other things, but he himself is the soul's sufficiency. I am a little obscure, I desire to be plainer: I mean, that through the dispensation of the Gospel, God is to be lived upon, delighted in, and chosen before all: for, for this end hath God appeared, that he might make God approachable by man, and that we who are afar off may be made nigh.

“ There is a nearness to God which we are not only allowed, but called to in the loving dispensation of the Gospel, so that now we are not to be strangers any longer, but friends; we are to have fellowship and communion with God. Why do not our hearts even leap for joy, why do not our souls triumph in these discoveries of love? Even because we know not the greatness of our privileges, the highness of our calling, the excellency of our advancement, the blessedness of this life, the sweetness of these employments, the satisfaction of these enjoyments, the comfort of this heavenly life, the delights of this communion with God. We know not the things which belong to our peace: and thus, when God calls us to that which he sent his Son for, when Christ offers us that which cost him so dear; we with the greatest unworthiness, vilest ingratitude, refuse, slight, and condemn it; what think we? Doth it not go even to the heart of Christ, and (to speak after the manner of men) doth it not grieve him to the soul to behold his greatest love scorned, and the end of his agony to be more vilely accounted of than the basest of our lusts?

“ Let us, therefore, according to that high calling wherewith we are called, enter into a more intimate ac-

acquaintance with God; and as we find our souls acting naturally towards those things which are naturally dear to us, so let us strive to lighten our spiritual affections.

"We are very apt to look upon duties as burthens, rather than privileges and seasons of enjoying the greatest refreshments; but these apprehensions are very low and earthly. Oh, that we could at length set ourselves to live a spiritual life, to walk with God, and out of a new nature to savour and relish those things which are above! Could we but really, intensely, believingly desire that which is real happiness, and the heaven of heavens, union and communion with God, these desires would bring some comfort.

"As for me, you must give me allowance to get my affections more emptied into God; though it be with a diminution of love to you; and blessed will that day be, when all love will be fully swallowed up into God. But spiritual love doth not destroy natural affections, or relative obligations, but perfect and rectify them: and so I may, giving up myself to God, be still yours."

CHAP. XIV.

His Trouble at the Barrenness of Christians.

He was not a little troubled at the barrenness of Christians in their discourse, and their not improving their society for the quickening and warming of their hearts; the expense of precious time unaccountably, the ill managements of visits, and the impertinency of their talk, he oft reflected upon with a holy indignation. It vexed him to the soul, to see what prizes sometimes were put into the hands of Christians, and how little skill and will they had to improve them, for the building up of one another in the most holy faith. And that they, who should be encouraging of one another in the way to Zion, communicating of experiences, and talking of their country, and of the glory of that kingdom which the saints are heirs of, could satisfy themselves with empty, common, vain stuff; as if Christ, heaven, and eternity, were not things of as great worth as any thing else, that usually sounds in the ears and comes from the lips of

professors. That the folly of common discourse among Christians might appear more, and that he might discover how little such language did become those that profess themselves Israelites, and that say they are Jews, he once sat down silent, and took out his pen and ink, and wrote down in short-hand the discourses that passed for some time together, amongst those which pretended to more than common understanding in the things of God. And after a while he took his paper and read it to them; and asked them whether such talk was such as they would be willing God should record. This he did, that he might shame them out of that usual, unobserved, and unlamented, unprofitable communication, and fruitless squandering away that inestimable jewel — opportunity. “Oh! to spend an hour or two together, and to hear scarce a word for Christ, or that speaks people’s hearts in love with holiness! Is not this writing a brave, rational, divine discourse? Fie, fie. Where is our love to God and souls all this while? Where our sense of the preciousness of time, of the greatness of our own account? Should we talk thus if we believed that we should hear of this again at the day of judgment? And do we not know that we must give an account of every idle word? Is this like those that understand the language of Canaan? Did saints in former times use their tongues to no better purpose? Would Enoch, David, or Paul have talked thus? Is this the sweetest communication of saints upon earth? How shall we do to spend eternity in speaking the praises of God, if we cannot find matter for an hour’s discourse? Doth not this speak aloud our hearts to be very empty of grace, and that we have little sense of those spiritual and eternal concerns upon us?”

As the barrenness and empty converse of Christians was a sin that he greatly bewailed, so the want of love among Christians, and their divisions, did cost him many tears and groans; and he did what he could to heal all the breaches that he could, by his tender, prudent, and Christian advice and counsel; and if prayers, tears, entreaties, and counsels would prevail and cement differences, they should not long be open. Nay, if his letters would signify any thing to make an amicable and Christian correspondence, it should not be wanting. And because the wounds of division are yet bleeding, I shall insert two letters of his, which speak what spirit he was of; which take as follows.

CHAP. XV.

Two Letters to cement Differences, and cause Love amongst Christians.

"It cannot be expected that wounds should be healed till their cause be removed: that which moveth me to write to you at present, and puts me upon intentions of writing again, is, that I may do my utmost, by mouth and pen, for the removal of that which is the cause of the inward grief and trouble of my soul, and I am persuaded of others also as well as mine, *viz.* those divisions that I could not but observe to be between yourself and another Christian friend. I hope, after my asking counsel, not only of my own heart, but of God also, he hath directed me to that which may be to his own glory, and the good of your soul; and not only for the removing of grief, but the rejoicing of the hearts of them upon whom former divisions had any effect.

"I therefore desire you to entertain these following lines, as the issues of deep affection to your soul, and the honour of religion: and I beseech you read them, not only as from me, who desire your good with the strength of my soul, but as from God himself, of whose love your good improvement will be a token. That end which I propose to myself, I cannot but persuade myself you yourself design, commend, and desire; which is Christian charity, and that sweet, meek Gospel-spirit which is so highly and frequently commended by our Saviour to the practice of his disciples. Oh, that where there hath been any breaches, there might be the nearer union; and that ye might be joined together in the same spirit, might keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace!

"And for this end, that you would remove all old hindrances, watch continually, lest you give, and be careful not to take occasion of offence. The necessity, usefulness, sweetness of true spiritual love, appears by the word of God frequently urging of it, by the sense of Christians, the uncomfortableness and deformity of the contrary. Now, that you may in an uninterrupted constancy enjoy peace within and without, and rejoice my soul, I desire you to join your own endeavours with the

consideration of those things which I shall allow and hereafter send to you.

“ First. Consider that it is a Christian’s duty to go out of himself, to lay down his own ends and interests, and wholly to take upon him God’s cause : to do all for God, and to act as under God ; to be God’s instruments in our souls and bodies, which are God’s. Thus did God create man for his own glory, and not that man should seek himself. And when man fell, he fell out of God into himself : out of that divine order and composure of mind in which God had made him, into confusion ; from a love of God, into a corrupt self-love and self-seeking. Now, if we do but descend into our souls, and observe the actings, intents, and contrivances of them, we cannot but observe how confusedly and abominably all work together for the pampering, pleasing, and advancing of itself. We are not to think, that if we do not presently discover this in ourselves, that it is not so with us ; for in some degree it is in every one, even in the truly regenerate ; as far as they have the relics of corruption in them, so far they have in their souls this self-love. Now, this disorder in our minds, whereby they are taken off from their right ends, is that very natural corruption and depravedness which we received from Adam, and it is, and, to a spiritual sense, ought to be, worse than hell itself ; inasmuch as the cause doth eminently contain all and more evil than the effect.

“ This is the spiritual death, whereby we are dead in sin, the fruit of the first curse, ‘ Thou shalt die the death.’ The soul’s life in this world is its being in God, and living to God, and enjoyment of God. And the soul’s eternal life will be, so to know God as to be formed into his likeness, and to be received into a full participation of and communion with God. The soul’s death here is its being fallen off from God, and its being carried into itself ; and its eternal death will be an utter separation from him.

“ Now mankind being thus fallen from God, Christ is sent for this very end, to bring man back again to God : and then man is brought unto God, when he is brought out of that state of self-love, into that state, whereby he gives up himself wholly to God. Thus the soul being quickened by the spirit of God, leaveth off living to itself, which was its death ; and lives to God, which is its life. Here comes in the great duty of denying our-

selves for Christ's sake ; which indeed were not duty, if there were nothing in us contrary to God.

" This, then, is our duty, not to seek our own things before the things of God ; to lay God's glory as the foundation of all our actions ; and if there be any thing in us contrary to that, to give it no leave to stand in competition with God.

" Now, were this deeply rooted in our hearts, how would contention, anger, wrath, and heart-burning, and all things of this nature cease ? Such influence would the taking God's part against self have into the quiet and peace of men, that it cannot be without it.

" We see how wisely God hath ordered things, that the very act of man's being off from God should be the cause of confusion, war, and misery : and what can be more just and equal than this, that God, who is the author of our being, should be the end of our being ? Oh, then, that once our minds were again reduced to this frame ; to live wholly to God ! Oh, that we were wrought into a thorough prejudice against self, which stands between us and true peace ! I beg of you to spare some time from the world, and retire into privacy, where you may apply this to your own soul.

" My prayer to God for you, out of the strong yearnings of my soul towards you, is, that he would make this effectual to its intended end, for the inward peace of your soul, for your comfortable walking with God in this life, and that condition wherein the wisdom of God hath placed you. I write these lines with the strength of affection ; I feel fear, grief, compassion, working strongly. Oh ! pity me in the midst of all these, whilst I cannot call to remembrance the cause of these without a flood of tears : ' Fulfil, therefore, my joy, in being of one mind : yea, if there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort in love, if any fellowship in the Spirit, if any bowels of mercy, fulfil ye my joy ; and be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind ' (Phil. ii, 1, 2). I leave you to the love and mercy of God, and to the working of his Spirit, which alone is able to put life and power into these words : which, that he would do, is the earnest request and fervent prayer of yours,

" JOHN JANEWAY."

Now, upon a faithful perusal of this letter, it pleased the Lord to give a meek and more complying spirit, and in a great measure it wrought its intended effect. The noble design of this sweet peace maker took so far as to produce an ingenuous acknowledgment and sorrowful bewailing of the want of that self-denial, humility, meekness, and love, which doth so much become our sacred profession. Upon the hearing of this good news, how strangely was this good man transported, upon receipt of a letter from the former friend, which gave no small satisfaction and hopes that the former endeavours were not in vain! And that he might drive the nail to the head, he speedily backs his former letter with a second, which speaks these words:—

“DEAR FRIEND;

“My soul is enlarged towards you, and my affections work within me: and yet give me leave now to lay aside those flames of natural affection, and to kindle my soul with divine love. Here there is no fear of running out too far while all is in Christ, and for Christ. Oh, that now I could let out the strength of my soul, not as to yourself, but as to God! Oh, that my heart were more enlarged; that it may be comprehensive of a more full true Christian love! God is altogether lovely, and to be loved for himself; and we are so far dark, ignorant, and blind, as we do not see and account him most amiable. Oh, let me have such discoveries of his excellency, that my heart may pant, thirst, and break, for its earnest longings after the richest participations of him; that I may for ever be swallowed up of his love! Oh, that I may love him a thousand times more than I do! That I may rejoice in him, and take the sweetest complacency and delight in him alone; and that I could let out my affections most, where I see any thing of himself, any beams of the image of his holiness, and that beareth the impression of his Spirit. Had you visited me from the dead, could my affections have moved more strongly, or my rejoicings have been greater than they were at the receipt of those lines which I had from you, wherein so much of Christ in you, and the goodness of Christ to me, did appear. Fulfil my joy in the Lord, refresh my bowels, and let not my rejoicing be in vain. If it hath pleased the Lord to make the imper-

fect and weak endeavours of his unworthy servant any way subservient to his own glory in you, it is that which I account myself unworthy of, and desire to receive it from him as a manifestation of the riches of his free goodness to myself; knowing myself to be unworthy to be his instrument in the meanest service, much more in so great an one as this is. Hoping and persuading myself of the effectual work of my former letter, I am encouraged to write again, both because of my promise and your expectation, and the weighty nature of the subject that I was then upon, which was love—true Christian love; which is a thing so comely, so beautiful and sweet, and of such weighty power in all actions to make them divine and excellent, that there is no labour lost in endeavouring to get more of it, even in those in whom it most aboundeth. The apostle, 1 Thess. iv, 9, 10, though he knew that they were taught of God to love one another, and that they did it towards all the brethren, yet even then he beseecheth to abound more and more in that grace of love. The former principle out of which this love doth arise (as I informed you in my former letter) was the putting off our own interests, and putting on God's. Now I shall proceed in minding you of another Christian duty, which is effectual to the knitting us together in a firm operative love, and that is this; that a Christian is to walk as one that is a member of Christ Jesus. Into what near and close union are those that are given him by the Father received! How hath the Holy Ghost chosen out all the nearest natural relations to express and shadow out the closeness of that spiritual relation that is between Christ and his! Christ is our king, and we his people; he is our master, and we are his servants; he is our shepherd, and we the sheep of his pasture; he is our friend, and we his; he is our husband, and we are his spouse; he the vine, we the branches; he is our head, and we are his members; he is in us, and we in him; he is our life. This duty will have influence upon affections these ways.

“First. As Christ is our head, and we are his members, so he hath an absolute command over us: and, where this relation is real, obedience to the commands of Christ is sweet, and without constraint and force. Now this is Christ's command, that we should love one another: ‘By this,’ saith he, ‘shall all men know you are my disciples, if you love one another.’

Those relations, into which Christ receiveth his, speak and hold forth a willing, cheerful, full submission to the commands of Christ; and what duty is there in all the Gospel which is more frequently and earnestly pressed than this? 'A new commandment give I unto you, that you love one another; as I have loved you, so love one another.' So full is the whole Scripture of obligations, both upon conscience and ingenuity, to this duty, that the whole stream of it seems to run into this channel of love. But Christ's command is such an obligation, as one that hath a spiritual sense to feel the strength of it cannot break. It is Christ hath commanded, and shall not we obey? Shall not the love of God constrain us? Shall we be so unkind to him who hath been so kind to us, as to stand it out with him in so equal a command? Shall not the sweetness of Christ overcome us, that seeing his love was so great as not to spare his life for us, yea, and suffer more for us, I believe, than we think he did; nay, I may say, than we can conceive he did; and that which commends his love to us, that he should do and suffer so much for us, that of his creatures were become his enemies? Why should we not then cheerfully submit to him in this one command—love one another? Doth not the very word, love, carry in it, at the first hearing, abundance of alluring violence? This is Christ's yoke, and here we may well say his yoke is easy, and his burthen is light. What is there in a life of divine love that we need be afraid of? What is there in this command that is grievous? How can this yoke be uneasy? What reason to be loath to take it on? But such is the base degeneracy and unreasonableness of corrupted nature, that when any thing comes in competition with self-love, then all bonds must be broken, all yokes must be cast off, and nothing will keep us in, but we must and will take ~~for~~ our own part, though never so bad: and our own part in the heat of passion must seem best, though it be contrary to infinite righteousness, which is God himself. Oh, that we could once learn to lay aside this natural prejudice, which we have against whatsoever doth thwart our humours, though it be never so just, holy, and rational! Oh, that we could look more narrowly, and search more exactly into ourselves, with a spiritual eye! and then we could not but see that which would make us loathe ourselves, and to become abominable in our own eyes, and rather take any part than our own: we should see

so much deceitfulness in ourselves, as that we should think our case bad, though it should seem never so good to our natural self, till we apply to the rule. Rule, nature would have none but itself; and though in our better composure of mind we may receive some other rule, yet in our passions we cannot spare time to go to any other rule; but we take that which is next to hand, and self will be sure to be that. But we must, if we will be true Christians, learn to deny self, and wholly to submit ourselves to the command of Christ, as our only rule. Oh, let the power of Christ's love and command make us obedient to this command of love!

"Secondly. If we are to walk as members of Christ, who is our head, this hath influence upon our affections to oblige us to love one another, as from the command which the head hath over the members, so, from the conformity that is to be in the members to the head. The head and the members are not of two several natures; but the same nature passeth from the head through all the members. Now, if we be engrafted into Christ, we must become of the same nature with him: let us be 'followers of Christ as dear children, and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us.' Paul bids us to be followers of himself, as he was a follower of Christ; Christ then is to be our great pattern: he commands us to learn of him, for he was meek. For us to think to attain unto a perfect conformity to him is in vain; but as much as our natures are capable of, we are to strive for it. Christ's love to us hath breadth, and length, and depth, and height, which passeth knowledge. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friend; but herein Christ commended his love to us, in that while we were enemies, Christ died for us.' Behold, what manner of love is this, that Christ hath bestowed on us: 'Hereby perceive we the love of God (that is Christ), because he laid down his life for us.' 1 John iii, 16. His inference is there the same with mine, and that in a higher degree; 'We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.' If life, then sin; then passion and wrath; then a base, proud, self-pleasing, and contradicting humour. Do we see any loveliness or beauty in Christ Jesus? Is there no excellency in his sweetness, pity, and patience? Is not his loving kindness amiable? And would not something like this in us be desirable? Had he more reason

to love us than we have to love one another ? Oh, let our souls be overcome with the thoughts of this love of Christ ; let our hearts be kindled and blown up into a flame of love by it ! Oh, when shall this dear, precious, pure, eternal love of his overpower our souls ! When shall it have its proper effect upon us, to make us to desire earnestly to be like our beloved ? When shall we put on this beauty ? Oh, how lovely should we then look ! Let us put off that deformity that is upon our souls, which makes us so unlike to Christ ; yea, makes us loathsome in his eyes. Pride, passion, worldliness, are those foul deformities which keep Christ at such a distance from us, and which hinder his more sweet, frequent, and intimate converse with us.

“ It is only that of himself which Christ seeth in us which he delighteth in. For in him is the perfection of all beauty and excellency ; and whatsoever loveliness is in any thing else, comes from him, is like him, and leads to him. Would we know how much we are beloved of him, let us see how much we are like him ; for he cannot but love that which is like himself ; and if we would be like him, we must put on love, for ‘ God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him ’ (1 John iv, 16).

“ Thirdly. If we ought to walk towards one another as members of the same body, whereof Christ is the head, what can speak a closer union than co-membership ? No man ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it. But we do not feel the power of this oneness as we ought to do. We are many, and where there is division, there will be dissension : that we may therefore be more one, let us be more in putting off ourself, and going into Christ. Here let us look into the loathsomeness of our natures, whilst off from God, which is the cause of all this confusion ; and if we cannot see its deformity in itself, let us see it in reflection in its bitter effects ; and when we see our own deformity we shall see less cause to love ourselves, and more cause to love others, than Christ had to love us. Let us look upon our oneness in Christ, and see if we can thence become one in affections. Christ saith, ‘ I and the children which thou hast given me ; ’ we have one spiritual father we are brethren, let us love as brethren. The cause of this union is our being made partakers of Christ’s nature, and baptized into the same Spirit with him : and if we have

at any time experienced the more lively and full incomes of this Spirit of Christ, how did it set the heart on fire ! The soul is then too narrow to contain its own affections : how dearly then could we look upon a saint ! How did pride and wrath vanish, and melt down into meekness, humility, and love ! Did we never experience what this meaneth ! Then let the remembrance of the sweetness of it renew it in us. Oh, a life of spiritual love is a life indeed, a heaven upon earth ! This is a good rule ; when we find ourselves in a spiritual temper, let us examine ourselves then, and inquire how we like such a frame : let us remember the voice of the Spirit in us, and labour to have our judgment and affections always after so balanced.

“ Fourthly. Are we members of Christ, we do not say we do not love Christ. If we do indeed love Christ, let us love him wherever we find him. Christ is in all those that are his. Let us fear offending Christ in his, for what is done to them he will take as done to himself. It will be said in that great day, ‘ Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it unto me.’ Let us think what we will of it at present, the world will find this true to their cost. And if we act as in Christ, we shall find ourselves as much concerned for him as for ourselves, and more too. Oh ! the wrongs that are done to him, we shall reckon done to us. If we are Christ’s, Christ’s interest will be ours, and his injuries ours. If we are Christ’s, we shall be as fearful of offending any of his, as of wronging ourselves. Christ himself is above the reach of our wrongs, to be touched by them in himself ; but in his members he suffers to this very day. If then Christ and we are one, and Christ and all his are one ; let us love Christ in his, let us rejoice in Christ in his members, let us endeavour to requite Christ in his members, let us fear grieving the Spirit of Christ, in grieving the spirits of any of his dear ones. Wound not Christ in wounding the heart of his beloved. Oh, the preciousness, pleasure, and profit of his love ! I beg of God to give you a full enjoyment of that sweetness, and the joyful fruits of it ; the Lord refresh you with a quick and constant sense and sight of his eternal love towards your soul ; to which the assurance of true Christian love by the effectual work of the Comforter may bring you. ‘ By this we knew, that we are passed from death to life, because we love the brethren.’ If it shall please the Lord to give me

leave to see you again, I shall come with strong expectations, and earnest desires of seeing a sweet alteration for the better in you, in your deportment and carriage towards one that did deserve better at your hands. And what an effect hope of this nature frustrated will produce, I beseech you to judge. I pray God fill you with peace and joy. My hand is weary with writing, but my mind still runs forward in desires and prayers for you. I hope the Lord will take away all cause of writing any more of this subject unto you. Your letter gave my hopes a good beginning: I beseech the Lord to carry on what he hath begun to the glory of his goodness, that I may at every sight of you see more of the image of Christ in you, and more of the power and beauty of this grace of love; and that I may find you draw nearer to heaven, and see you with Christ in heaven when time shall be no more. I leave you in the arms of love.

“JOHN JANEWAY.”

By all this you may easily perceive what spirit acted him, and how much he was troubled for any divisions amongst the people of God. Indeed he was of so loving and lovely a disposition, that he even commanded the affections of most that knew him; and so humble he was, that he was ashamed to be loved for his own sake.

I can never forget a strange expression that I have heard from him, concerning one that had a very ardent love for him: “I know this,” said he, “that I love no love but what is purely for Christ’s sake: would Christ might have all the love, he alone deserves it. For my part, I am afraid and ashamed of the love and respects of Christians.” He saw so much pride, peevishness, and division amongst professors, that it did not a little vex his righteous soul, and made him think long to be in a sweeter air, where there should be nothing but union, joy, and love. He could not endure to hear Christians speak reproachfully one of another, because they were of different judgments and persuasions. There, where he saw most holiness, humility, and love, there he let out most of his affections. And he was of that holy man’s mind, that it were pity that the very name of division were not buried, and that the time would come that we might all dearly pay for our unbrotherly, nay, unchristian animosities.

CHAP. XVI.

An Account of the Latter Part of his Life.

For the latter part of his life, he lived like a man that was quite weary of the world, and that looked upon himself as a stranger here, and that lived in the constant sight of a better world. He plainly declared himself but a pilgrim, that looked for a better country, a city that had foundations, whose builder and maker was God. His habit, his language, his deportment, all spoke him of another world. His meditations were so intense, long, and frequent, that they ripened him apace for heaven, but somewhat weakened his body. Few Christians attain to such a holy contempt of the world, and to such clear, believing, joyful, constant apprehensions of the transcendent glories of the unseen world.

He made it his whole business to keep up sensible communion with God, and to grow into a humble familiarity with God, and to maintain it. And if by reason of company, or any necessary diversions, this was in any measure interrupted, he would complain, like one out of his element, till his spirit was recovered into a delightful, more unmixed, free intercourse with God. He was never so well satisfied as when he was more immediately engaged in what brought him nearer to God; and by this he enjoyed those comforts frequently, which other Christians rarely meet with. His graces and experiences towards his end grew to astonishment. His faith got up to a full assurance: his desires into a kind of enjoyment and delight. He was oft brought into the banqueting house, and there Christ's banner over him was love; and he sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was pleasant unto his taste. His eyes beheld the king in his beauty, and while he sat at his table his spikenard did send forth its pleasant smell: he had frequent visions of glory, and this John lay in the bosom of his Master, and was sure a very beloved disciple, and highly favoured. His Lord oft called him up to the mount to him, and let him see his excellent glory. Oh, the sweet foretastes that he had of those pleasures, that are at the right hand of God! How oft was he

feasted with the feast of fat things, those wines on the lees well refined ; and sometimes he was like a giant refreshed with new wine, rejoicing to run the race that was set before him, whether of doing or of suffering. He was even sick of love, and he could say to the poor, unexperienced world, " Oh, taste and see ! " and to Christians, " Come, and I will tell you what God hath done for my soul. Oh, what do Christians mean, that they do no more get their senses spiritually exercised ? Oh, why do they not make religion the very business of their lives ? Oh, why is the soul, Christ, and glory, thus despised ? Is there nothing in communion with God ? Are all those comforts of Christians that follow hard after him worth nothing ? Is it not worth the while to make one's calling and election sure ? Oh, why do men and women jest and dally in the great matters of eternity ? Little do people think what they slight, when they are seldom and formal in secret duties ; and when they neglect that great duty of meditation, which I have, through rich mercy, found so sweet and refreshing. Oh, what do Christians mean, that they keep at such a distance from a Christ ? Did they but know the thousandth part of that sweetness that is in him, they could not choose but follow him hard ; ' they would run, and not be weary : and walk, and not be faint. ' "

He could sensibly and experimentally commend the ways of God to the poor, experienced world, and say, " His ways are pleasantness ; " and justify wisdom, and say " Her paths were peace. " He could take off those aspersions, which the devil and the atheistical frantic sots do cast upon godliness in the power of it. Here is one that could challenge all the atheists in the world to dispute ; here is one could bring sensible demonstrations to prove a Deity, and the reality and excellency of invisibles, which these ignorant fools and madmen make the subject of their scorn : here is one that would not change delights with the greatest epicures living, and vie pleasure with all the sensual, rich gallants of the world. Which of them all could, in the midst of their jollity, say, This is the pleasure that shall last for ever ? Which of them can say, among their cups and whores, I can now look death in the face, and this very moment I can be content, yea glad, to leave these delights, as knowing I shall enjoy better. And this he could do, when he fared deliciously in spiritual banquets every

day. He could, upon better reason than the rich man, say, "Soul, thou hast goods laid up for many years." He knew full well that what he did here enjoy was but a little to what he should have shortly. "In his presence there is fulness of joy; at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Where is the Belshazzar, that would not quake in the midst of his cups, whilst he is quaffing and carousing in bowls of the richest wine, if he should see a hand upon the wall writing bitter things against him, telling him that his joys are at an end, and that this night his soul must be required of him, that now he must come away, and give an account of all his ungodly pleasures, before the mighty God? Where is the sinner that could be contented to hear the Lord roaring out of Zion, whilst he is roaring in the tavern? Which of them would be glad to hear the trumpet sound, and to hear that voice, "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment?" Which of them would rejoice to see the mountains quaking, the elements melting with fervent heat, and the earth consumed with flames; and the Lord Christ, whom they despised, coming in the clouds with millions of his saints and angels, to be avenged upon those that knew not God, and obeyed not his Gospel? Is not that a blessed state, when a man can lift up his head with joy, when others tremble with fear, and sink with sorrow? And this was the condition of this holy young man. In the midst of all worldly comforts he longed for death; and the thoughts of the day of judgment made all his enjoyments sweeter. Oh, how did he long for the coming of Christ! Whilst some have been discoursing by him of that great and terrible day of the Lord, he would smile, and humbly express his delight in the forethought of that approaching hour.

I remember once there was a great talk that one had foretold that doomsday should be upon such a day: although he blamed their daring folly, that would pretend to know that which was hid from the angels themselves, and that the devil could not acquaint them with; yet, granting their suspicion to be true, what then, said he? "What if the day of judgment were come, as it will most certainly come shortly? If I were sure the day of judgment were to begin within an hour, I should be glad with all my heart. If at this very instant I should hear such thunderings, and see such lightnings, as Israel did at

Mount Sinai, I am persuaded my very heart would leap for joy. But this I am confident of, through infinite mercy, that the very meditation of that day hath even ravished my soul, and the thought of the certainty and nearness of it been more refreshing to me than the comforts of the whole world. Surely nothing can more revive my spirits than to behold the blessed Jesus, the joy, life, and beauty of my soul. Would it not more rejoice me than Joseph's waggons did old Jacob? I lately dreamed that the day of judgment was come. Methought I heard terrible cracks of thunder, and saw dreadful lightnings: the foundations of the earth did shake, and the heavens were rolled together as a garment; yea, all things visible were in a flame: methought I saw the graves opened, and the earth and sea giving up their dead: methought I saw millions of angels, and Christ coming in the clouds: methought I beheld the Ancient of Days sitting upon his throne, and all other thrones cast down: methought I beheld him whose garments were white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire; a fiery stream issued and came forth from him; thousands and ten thousands ministered unto him: and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; and the judgment was set, and the books were opened. Oh, but with what an ecstasy of joy was I surprised: methought it was the most heart-raising sight that ever my eyes beheld: and then I cried out, 'I have waited for thy salvation, O God;' and so I mounted into the air, to meet my Lord in the clouds."

This I record, only to show how far he was from being daunted at the thoughts of death or judgment: and to let other Christians know what is attainable in this life; and what folly it is for us to take up with so little, when our Lord is pleased to make such noble provisions for us; and by a wise and diligent improvement of those means which God hath offered us, we may have an entrance administered to us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Oh, how comfortable, how honourable, and how profitable is this state! These are your men that quit themselves like Christians. This is true gallantry, noble manhood, real valour. This was the condition of Mr. Janeway for about three years before he died. I will not deny but that he had some clouds; but he usually

walked in a sweet, even, humble serenity of spirit, and his refreshing joys were more considerable than his despondings; and though he daily questioned many actions, yet he did not question his state, but had his heart fixed upon that rock that never waves nor winds could shake. His senses were still so spiritually exercised, as that he could look up to heaven as his country and inheritance, and to God as his father, and to Christ as his redeemer; and (that which is scarce to be heard of) he counted it the highest act of patience to be willing to live, and a very great pitch of self-denial to be contented to be in this world, and to dwell on this side a full and eternal enjoyment of that royal glorious One whom his soul was so much in love with. In a word, he had the most earnest desires to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, that ever I saw, read, or heard of, since the apostles' times.

CHAP. XVII.

His last Sickness, and Death.

~~Now~~ now the time draws nigh wherein his longings shall be satisfied: he is called to his last work; and, truly, his deportment in it was honourable; his carriage so eminently gracious, so meek, patient, fruitful, joyful, and thankful, that it made all his friends stand and wonder, as being abundantly above their experience and reading; and those Christians that saw him could not but admire God in him, and look upon him as one of the most singular instances of rich grace; and even bless God that their eyes ever saw, or their ears ever heard, such things; and had such a sensible demonstration of the reality of invisibles.

He falls into a deep Consumption.

His body is now shaken again, and he falls into a deep consumption; but this messenger of God did not in the least damp him. Spitting of blood was no ghastly thing to one that had his eye upon the blood of Jesus; faint sweats did not daunt him that had always such re-

viving cordials at hand. It is matter of joy to him, that he was now in some hopes of having his earnest desires satisfied.

After he had been a while sick, a sudden dimness seized upon his eyes ; by and by his sight quite failed, and there was such a visible alteration in him, that he and others judged these things to be the symptoms of death approaching. But when he was thus taken, he was not in the least surprised ; but was lifted up with joy to think what a life he was going to, looking upon death itself as one of his Father's servants, and his friend, that was sent as a messenger to conduct him safely to his glorious palace.

When he felt his body ready to faint, he called to his mother, and said, " Dear mother, I am dying, but I beseech you be not troubled ; for I am, through mercy, quite above the fears of death ; it is no great matter, I have nothing troubles me but the apprehensions of your grief. I am going to Him, whom I love above life."

But it pleased the Lord to raise him again a little out of his fainting fit, for his Master had yet more work for him to do before he must receive his wages. Although his outward man decayed apace, yet he is renewed in the inward man day by day : his graces were never more active, and his experiences were never greater. When one would have thought he should have been taken up with his distemper, and that it had been enough for him to grapple with his pains, then he quite forgets his weakness ; and is so swalled up of the life to come, that he had scarce leisure to think of his sickness.

For several weeks together, I never heard the least word that savoured of any complaint of weariness under the hand of God, except his eager desire to be with Christ be counted complaining, and his haste to be in heaven be called impatience. Now's the time when one might have seen heaven and the glory of another world realized to sense. His faith grew exceedingly, and his love was proportionable, and his joys were equal to both.

Oh, the rare attainments, the high and divine expressions, that dropped from his mouth ! I have not words to express what a strange, triumphant, angelic frame he was in, for some considerable time together. It was a very heaven upon earth to see and hear a man admiring God at such a rate, as I never heard any, nor ever expect to hear or see more, till I come to heaven.

Those that did not see, cannot well conceive; what a sweet frame he was in, for at least six weeks before he died. His soul was almost always filled with those joys unspeakable and full of glory. How oft would he cry out, "Oh, that I could but let you know what I now feel! Oh, that I could show you what I see! Oh, that I could express the thousandth part of that sweetness that I now find in Christ! You would all then think it well worth the while to be religious. O my dear friends, we little think what a Christ is worth upon a death-bed. I would not for a world, nay, for millions of worlds, be now without a Christ and a pardon. I would not for a world be to live any longer: the very thoughts of a possibility of recovery makes me even tremble."

When one came to visit him, and told him that he hoped it might please God to raise him again, and that he had seen many a weaker man restored to health, and that lived many a good year after: "And do you think to please me," said he, "by such discourse as this? No, friend, you are much mistaken in me, if you think that the thoughts of life, and health, and the world, are pleasing to me. The world hath quite lost its excellency in my judgment. Oh, how contemptible a thing is it in all its glory, compared with the glory of that invisible world, which I now live in the sight of! And as for life, Christ is my life, health, and strength; and I know I shall have another kind of life when I leave this. I tell you it would incomparably more please me, if you should say to me—You are no man of this world; you cannot possibly hold out long; before to-morrow you will be in eternity. I tell you I do so long to be with Christ, that I could be contented to be cut in pieces, and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so I might but die, and be with Christ. Oh, how sweet is Jesus! 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' Death, do thy worst! Death hath lost its terribleness. Death, it is nothing. I say, death is nothing (through grace) to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, or turn my head and sleep: I long to be with Christ; I long to die." That was still his note.

His mother and brethren standing by him, he said, "Dear mother, I beseech you earnestly, as ever I desired any thing of you in my life, that you would cheerfully give me up to Christ; I beseech you do not hinder me, now I am going to rest and glory. I am afraid of

your prayers, lest they pull one way, and mine another.

And then turning to his brethren, he spake thus to them: "I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more; you do me wrong if you do. Oh, that glory, the unspeakable glory, that I behold! My heart is full, my heart is full. Christ smiles, and I cannot choose but smile. Can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to the complete and eternal enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me; the angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom. Oh, did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me, How long, dear Lord: come, Lord Jesus; come quickly! Oh, why are his chariot wheels so long a coming?"

And all this while he lay like a triumphing conqueror, ~~smiling and rejoicing in spirit.~~

~~There was never a day towards his end, but (as weak as he was) he did some special piece of service in, for his great Master: yea, almost every hour did produce fresh wonders.~~

A reverend, judicious, and holy minister came often to visit him, and discourse with him of the excellency of Christ, and the glory of the invisible world. "Sir," said he, "I feel something of it; my heart is as full as it can hold in this lower state: I can hold no more here. Oh, that I could but let you know what I feel!"

This holy minister praying with him, his soul was ravished with the abundant incomes of light, life, and love; so that he could scarce bear it, nor the thoughts of staying any longer in the world, but longed to be in such a condition, wherein he should have yet more grace, and more comfort, and be better able to bear that weight of glory; some manifestations whereof did even almost sink his weak body; and had he not been sustained by a great power, his very joys would have overwhelmed him; and whilst he was in these ecstasies of joy and love, he was wont to cry out:—

"Who am I, Lord, who am I, that thou shouldst be mindful of me? Why me, Lord, why me, and pass by thousands, and look upon such a wretch as me? Oh what shall I say unto thee, O thou preserver of men! Oh, why me, Lord, why me? Oh, blessed, and for ever blessed, be free grace! How is it, Lord, that thou

shouldest manifest thyself unto me, and not unto others? even so, Father, because it seemeth good in thy eyes; thou wilt have mercy because thou wilt have mercy. And if thou wilt look upon such a poor worm, who can hinder! Who would not love thee! O blessed Father! Oh, how sweet and gracious hast thou been unto me! Oh, that he should have me in thoughts of love, before the foundation of the world."

And thus he went on, admiring and adoring of God, in a more high and heavenly manner than I can clothe with words. Suppose what you can on this side heaven; and I am persuaded you might have seen it in him. He was wonderfully taken with the goodness of God to him in sending that aged, experienced minister to help him in his last great work upon earth, "Who am I," said he, "that God should send to me a messenger one among a thousand" (meaning that minister who had been praying with him with tears of joy).

Though he was, towards his end, commonly in a triumphant joyful frame; yet sometimes, even he had some small intercessions, in which he would cry out, "Hold out, faith and patience; yet a little while and your work is done." And when he found not his heart wound up to the highest pitch of thankfulness, admiration, and love; he would with great sorrow bemoan himself, and cry out in this language:—

"And what's the matter now, O my soul! what, wilt thou, canst thou thus unworthily slight this admirable and astonishing condescension of God to thee? Seems it a small matter, that the great Jehovah should deal thus familiarly with his worm; and wilt thou pass this over as a common mercy. What meanest thou, O my soul, that thou dost not constantly adore and praise this rare, strong, and unspeakable love! Is it true, O my soul, doth God deal familiarly with man, and are his humble, zealous, and constant love, praise, and service, too good for God? Why art thou not, O my soul, swallowed up every moment with this free, unparalleled, everlasting love!

And then he breaks out again into another triumphant ecstasy of praise and joy, and expressed a little of that which was unexpressible in some such words as these:—

"Stand astonished, ye heavens, and wonder, O ye angels, at this infinite grace! Was ever any under

heaven more beholden to free grace than I? Doth God use to do thus with his creatures? Admire him for ever and ever, O ye redeemed ones! O those joys, the taste of which I have! The everlasting joys, which are at his right hand for evermore! Eternity, eternity itself is too short to praise this God in. O bless the Lord with me; come, let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation. O help me to praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever."

One of his brethren, that had formerly been wrought upon by his holy exhortations and example, praying with him, and seeing him (as he apprehended) near his dissolution, desired that the Lord would be pleased to continue those astonishing and soul-supporting comforts to the last moment of his breath, and that he might go from one heaven to another, from grace and joy imperfect, to perfect grace and glory; and when his work was done here, give him, if it were his will, the most easy and triumphant passage to rest; and that he might have an abundant entrance administered into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

At the end of the duty he bursts out into a wonderful passion of joy. (Sure that was joy unspeakable, and full of glory!) Oh, what an Amen did he speak. "Amen, Amen, Amen, Hallelujah!"

It would have made any Christian's heart to leap, to have seen and heard what some saw and heard at that time; and I question not but that it will somewhat affect them to hear and read it; though it be scarce possible to speak the half of what was admirable in him: for, it being so much beyond precedent, it did even astonish and amaze those of us that were about him, that our relation must fall hugely short of what was real.

I verily believe that it exceeds the highest rhetoric, to set out to the life what this heavenly creature did then deliver. I say again, I want words to speak, and so did he: for he saw things unutterable: but yet so much he spake, as justly drew the admiration of all that saw him; and I heard an old experienced Christian and minister say it again and again, that he never saw, nor read, nor heard the like. Neither could we ever expect to see the glories of heaven more demonstrated to sense in this world. He talked as if he had been in the third heaven, and broke out in such words as these:—

"Oh, he is come! he is come! Oh, how sweet! how

glorious is the blessed Jesus ! How shall I do to speak the thousandth part of his praises ! Oh, for words to set out a little of that excellency ! But it is unexpressible ! Oh, how excellent, glorious, and lovely, is the precious Jesus ! He is sweet, he is altogether lovely. And now I am sick of love ; he hath ravished my soul with beauty. I shall die sick of love.

“ O my friends, stand by and wonder ; come look upon a dying man : I cannot myself but stand and wonder ! Was there ever a greater kindness ? was there ever sensibler manifestations of rich grace ? Oh, why me, Lord, why me ? Sure this is akin to heaven ; and if I were never to enjoy more than this, it were well worth all the torments that man and devils could invent, to come through even a hell, to such transcendent joys as these. If this be dying, dying is sweet. Let no true Christians ever be afraid of dying. Oh, death is sweet to me. This bed is soft. Christ’s arms and kisses, his smiles and visits, sure they would turn hell into heaven. Oh, that you did but see and feel what I do ! Come, and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O Sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful, poor, sorry things, compared with one glimpse of this glory, which shines in so strongly into my soul. O why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad ? This, this is the hour that I have waited for.”

About eight and forty hours before his death his eyes were dim, and his sight much failed ; his jaws shook and trembled, and his feet were cold, and all the symptoms of death were upon him, and his extreme parts were already almost dead and senseless ; and yet, even then, his joys were, if possible, greater still. He had so many fits of joy unspeakable, that he seemed to be in one continued act of seraphic love and praise. He spake like one that was just entering into the gates of the New Jerusalem : the greatest part of him was now in heaven ; not a word dropt from his mouth but it breathed Christ and heaven. Oh, what encouragements did he give to them which did stand by, to follow hard after God, and to follow Christ in a humble, believing, zealous course of life, and adding all diligence to make their calling and election sure ; and that then they also should find that they should have a glorious passage into a blessed eternity.

But most of his work was praise, a hundred times admiring the bottomless love of God to him. "Oh, why me, Lord, why me?" And then he would give instructions to them that came to see him. He was scarce ever silent, because the love of Christ and souls did constrain him. There was so much work done for Christ in his last hours, that I am ready to think he did as much in an hour as some do in a year.

Every particular person had a faithful, affectionate warning. And that good minister, that was so much with him, used this as an argument to persuade him to be willing to live a little longer, and to be patient to tarry God's leisure:—"Sure God hath something for thee to do that is yet undone; some word of exhortation to some poor soul, that you have forgot."

The truth of it is, he was so filled with the love of Christ, that he could scarce bear absence from him a moment. He knew that he should be capable of bearing of greater glory above, than he could here. It was the judgment of some that were with him, that his heart was not only habitually but actually set on God all the day long; and nothing of human frailty that could be thought a sin, did appear for some time, except it were his passionate desire to die, and difficulty to bring himself to be willing to stay below heaven.

He was wont every evening to take his leave of his friends, hoping not to see them till the morning of the resurrection; and he desired that they would be sure to make sure of a comfortable meeting at our Father's house in the other world.

I cannot relate the twentieth part of that which deserved to be written in letters of gold. And one, that was one of the weakest, said, That he did verily believe, that if we had been exact in our taking his sentences, and observing his daily experiences, he could not imagine a book could be published of greater use to the world, next the Bible itself.

One rare passage I cannot omit, which was this—That when ministers or Christians came to him, he would beg of them to spend all the time they had with him in praise. "Oh, help me to praise God; I have now nothing else to do from this time to eternity, but to praise and love God. I have what my soul desires upon earth. I cannot tell what to pray for, but what I have graciously given in. The wants that are capable of sup-

plying in this world, are supplied. I want but one thing, and that is, a speedy lift to heaven. I expect no more here, I cannot desire more, I cannot bear more. Oh, praise, praise, praise that infinite boundless love that hath, to a wonder, looked upon my soul, and done more for me than thousands of his dear children. Oh, bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Oh, help me, help me, O my friends, to praise and admire him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul; he hath pardoned all my sins, he hath filled me with his goodness, he hath given me grace and glory, and no good thing hath he withheld from me.

"Come, help me with praises, all that's little: come, help me, O ye glorious and mighty angels, who are so well skilled in this heavenly work of praise! Praise him all ye creatures upon the earth, let every thing that hath being help me to praise him. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah: praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever. Bring the Bible; turn to David's Psalms, and let us sing a psalm of praise. Come, let us lift up our voice in the praise of the Most High; I with you as long as my breath doth last, and when I have none I shall do it better."

And then, turning to some of his friends that were weeping, he desired them rather to rejoice than weep upon his account. It may justly seem a wonder how he could speak so much as he did, when he was so weak; but the joy of the Lord did strengthen him.

In his sickness, the Scriptures that he took much delight in were the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th of St. John. The 54th of Isaiah was very refreshing also to him; he would repeat that word, "With everlasting mercies will I gather," with abundance of joy.

He commended the study of the promises to believers, and desired that they would be sure to make good their claim to them, and then they might come to the wells of consolation, and drink thereof their fill.

According to his desire, most of the time that was spent with him, was spent in praise; and he would still be calling out, "More praise still. Oh, help me to praise him; I have done with prayer, and all other ordinances, I have almost done conversing with mortals. I shall presently be beholding Christ himself, that died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood.

"I shall, before a few hours are over, be in eternity,

singing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Zion, with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst them which shall say, Hallelujah, salvation, glory, honour, and power unto the Lord our God ; and again we shall say, Hallelujah. And yet a very little while, and I shall sing unto the Lamb a song of praise, saying, Worthy art thou to receive praise, who wert slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation ; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign with thee for ever and ever.

“Methinks I stand, as it were, with one foot in heaven, and the other upon earth ; methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be for ever with the Lord in glory. And who can choose but rejoice in all this ?”

At several times he spake this language, and repeated many of these words often, over and over again, with far greater affection than can be well worded. And I solemnly profess, that what is here written is no hyperbole, and that the twentieth part of what was observable in him is not recorded ; and though we cannot word it exactly as he did, yet you have the substance, and many things in his own words, with little or no variation.

The day before his death he looked somewhat earnestly upon his brother James, who stood by him very sad ; of whom he judged that he was putting up some ejaculations to God upon his account : “I thank thee, dear brother, for thy love,” said he : “thou art now praying for me, and I know thou lovest me dearly : but Christ loveth me ten thousand times more than thou dost. Come and kiss me, dear brother, before I die.” And so with his cold, dying lips he kissed him, and said, “I shall go before, and I hope thou shalt follow after to glory.”

Though he was almost always praising God, and exhorting them that were about him to mind their everlasting concerns, and secure an interest in Christ : and though he slept but very little for some nights, yet he was not in the least impaired in his intellectuals, but his

actions were all decent, and becoming a man, and his discourse, to a spiritual understanding, highly rational, solid, divine. And so continued to the last minute of his breath.

A few hours before his death he called all his relations and brethren together, that he might give them one solemn warning more, and bless them, and pray for them, as his breath and strength would give leave: which he did with abundance of authority, affection, and spirituality; which take briefly as it follows:—

First, He thanked his dear mother for her tender love to him, and desired that she might be in travail to see Christ formed in the souls of the rest of her children, and see of the travail of her soul, and meet them with joy in that great day.

Then he charged all his brethren and sisters in general, as they would answer it before God, that they should carry it dutiful to their dear mother. As for his eldest brother, William, at whose house he lay sick, his prayer was, that he might be swallowed up of Christ, and love to souls; and be more and more exemplary in his life, and successful in his ministry, and finish his course with joy.

The next brother's name was Andrew, a citizen of London, who was with him, and saw him in his triumphant state; but, his necessary business calling him away, he could not then be by; yet he was not forgot, but he was thus blessed: "The God of heaven remember my poor brother at London. The Lord make him truly rich in giving him the pearl of great price, and making him a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God; the Lord deliver him from the sins of that city; may the world be kept out of his heart, and Christ dwell there. Oh, that he may be as his name is, a strong man, and that I may meet him with joy!"

Then he called his next brother, whose name was James (whom he hoped God had made him a spiritual father to), to whom he thus addressed himself: "Brother James, I hope the Lord hath given thee a goodly heritage; the lines are fallen to thee in pleasant places; the Lord is thy portion. I hope the Lord hath showed thee the worth of a Christ. Hold on, dear brother; Christ, heaven, and glory, are worth striving for: the Lord give thee more abundance of his grace."

Then his next brother, Abraham, was called, to whom

he spake to this purpose : "The blessing of the God of Abraham rest upon thee, the Lord make thee a father of many spiritual children."

His fifth brother was Joseph, whom he blessed in this manner : "Let him bless thee, O Joseph, that blessed him that was separated from his brethren. Oh, that his everlasting arms may take hold on thee ! It is enough, if yet thou mayest live in his sight. My heart hath been working towards thee, poor Joseph ; and I am not without hopes, that the arms of the Almighty will embrace thee. The God of thy father bless thee with the blessing of heaven above."

The next was his sister Mary, to whom he spake thus : "Poor sister Mary, thy body is weak, and thy days will be filled with bitterness ; thy name is Marah ; the Lord sweeten all with his grace and peace, and give thee health in thy soul. Be patient, make sure of Christ, and all is well."

Then his other sister, whose name was Sarah, was called, whom he thus blessed : "Sister Sarah, thy body is strong and healthful ; O that thy soul may be so too ! The Lord make thee first a wise virgin, and then a mother in Israel ; a pattern of modesty, humility, and holiness."

Then another brother, Jacob, was called, whom he blessed after this manner : "The Lord make thee an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile ! Oh, that thou mayest learn to wrestle with God, and like a prince mayest prevail, and not go without the blessing."

Then he prayed for his youngest brother Benjamin, who was then but an infant : "Poor little Benjamin, oh that the Father of the fatherless, would take care of thee, poor child, that thou, who never sawest thy father upon earth, mayest see him with joy in heaven. The Lord be thy Father and portion ; mayest thou prove the son of thy mother's right hand, and the joy of her age."

"Oh, that none of us all may be found amongst the unconverted in the day of judgment ! Oh, that every one of us may appear (with our honoured father, and dear mother) before Christ with joy, that they may say, Lord, here are we, and the children which thou hast graciously given us. Oh, that we may live to God here, and live with him hereafter."

"And now, my dear mother, brethren, and sisters, farewell ; I leave you for a while, and I commend you

to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

"And now, dear Lord, my work is done. I have finished my course, I have fought the good fight; and henceforth there remaineth for me a crown of righteousness! Now come, dear Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Then that godly minister came to give him his last visit, and to do the office of an inferior angel, to help to convey his blessed soul to glory, who was now even upon Mount Pisgah, and had a full sight of that goodly land at a little distance. When this minister spake to him, his heart was in a mighty flame of love and joy, which drew tears of joy from that precious minister, being almost amazed to hear a man just a dying talk as if he had been with Jesus, and came from the immediate presence of God. Oh, the smiles that were then in his face, and the unspeakable joy that was in his heart! One might have read grace and glory in such a man's countenance. Oh, the praise, the triumphant praises, that he put up! And every one must speak praise about him, or else they did make some jar in his harmony.

And indeed most did, as well as they could, help him in praise. So that I never heard, nor knew any more praise given to God in one room, than in his chamber.

A little before he died, in the prayer, or rather praises, he was so wrapped up with admiration and joy, that he could scarce forbear shouting for joy. In the conclusion of the duty, with abundance of faith and fervency, he said aloud, "Amen, Amen."

And now his desires shall soon be satisfied; he seeth death coming apace to do his office; his jaws are loosened more and more, and quiver greatly; his hands and feet are as cold as clay, and a cold sweat is upon him. But, oh, how glad was he when he felt his spirit just a going! Never was death more welcome to any mortal, I think. Though the pangs of death were strong, yet that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory made him endure those bitter pains with much patience and courage. In the extremity of his pains, he desired his eldest brother to lay him a little lower, and to take away one pillow from him, that he might die with more ease. His brother replied, that he durst not for the world do any thing that might hasten his death a moment. Then he was well satisfied, and did sweetly resign

himself up wholly to God's disposal. And after a few minutes, with a sudden motion gathering up all his strength, he gave himself a little turn on one side, and in the twinkling of an eye departed to the Lord, sleeping in Jesus.

And now, blessed soul, thy longings are satisfied, and thou seest and feelest a thousand times more than thou didst upon earth, and yet thou canst bear it with delight. Thou art now welcomed to thy Father's house, by Christ the beloved of thy soul. Now thou hast heard him say, "Come, thou blessed of my Father; and, Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord, and wear that crown which was prepared for thee before the foundation of the world."

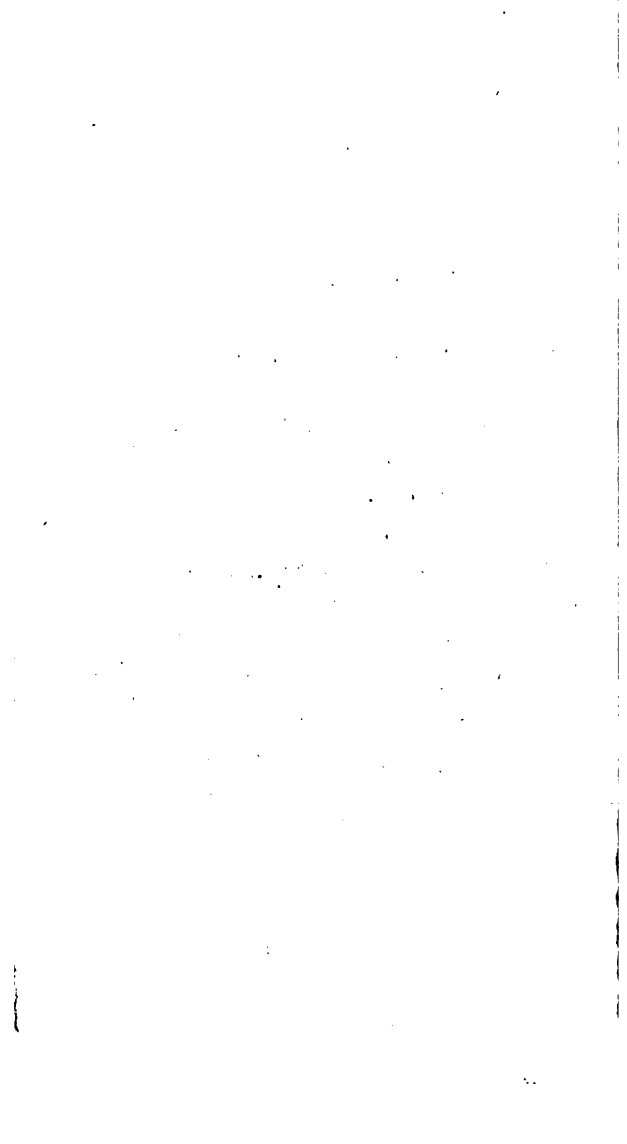
Oh! that all the relations which thou hast left behind thee, may live thy life, and die thy death, and live with Christ, and thee, for ever and ever. Amen, Amen.

He died June, 1657, aged 23-4, and was buried in Kilshall Church, in Hertfordshire.

Thus do not mind
3/19/26
92

MEMOIRS
OF THE
REV. SAMUEL PEARCE, A.M.
LATE
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL
IN
BIRMINGHAM ;
WITH
EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF HIS MOST INTERESTING
LETTERS.
COMPILED BY THE LATE
REV. ANDREW FULLER.

"O Jonathan, thou wast slain upon thy high places ! I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan !" — DAVID.



TO

THE FAMILY AND FRIENDS

OF

MR. PEARCE,

THESE MEMOIRS,

COMPILED WITH THEIR APPROBATION,

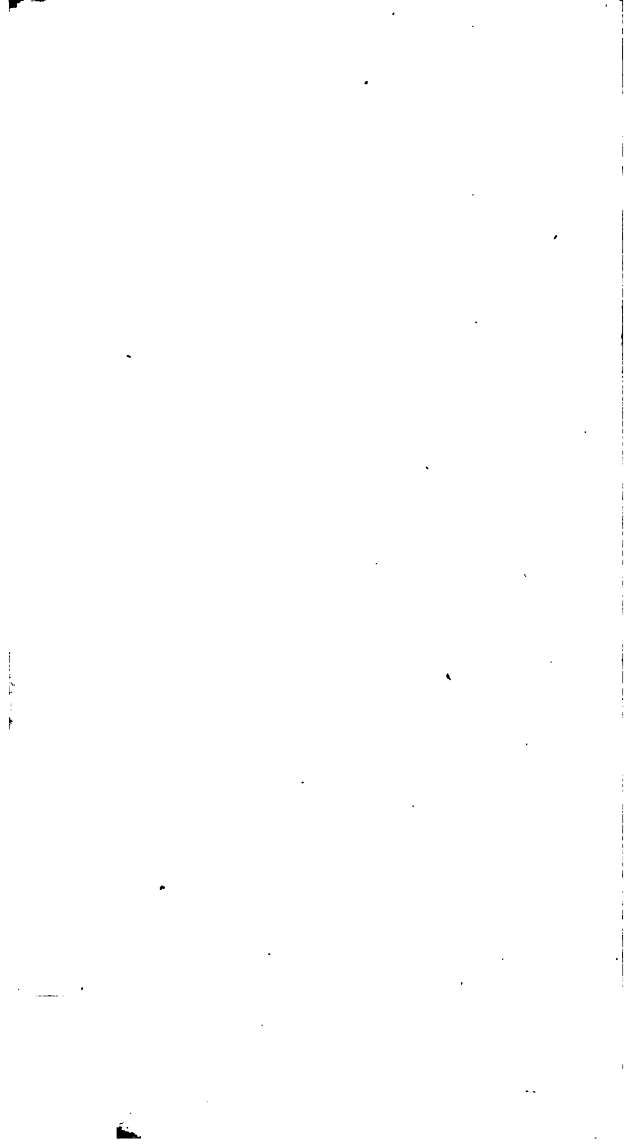
AND FROM A TENDER REGARD TO HIS MEMORY,

ARE AFFECTIONATELY

AND RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED BY

THE COMPILER.



INTRODUCTION.

It was observed by this excellent man, during his affliction, that he never till then gained any personal instruction from our Lord's telling Peter by WHAT DEATH he should glorify God. To die by a consumption had used to be an object of dread to him : but " O my dear Lord," said he, " if by this death I can most glorify thee, I prefer it to all others." The lingering death of the cross, by which our Saviour expired, afforded him an opportunity of uttering some of the most affecting sentences which are left on sacred record : and to the lingering death of this, his honoured servant, we are indebted for a considerable part of the materials which appear in these Memoirs. Had he been taken away suddenly, there had been no opportunity for him to have expressed his sentiments and feelings in the manner he has now done, in letters to his friends. While in health, his hands were full of labour, and consequently his letters were written mostly upon the spur of occasion ; and related principally to business, or to things which would be less interesting to Christians in general. It is true, even in them it was his manner to drop a few sentiments, towards the close, of an experimental kind ; and many of

these hints will be interspersed in this brief account of him : but it was during his affliction, when, being laid aside nearly a year, and obliged to desist from all public concerns, that he gave scope to all the feelings of his heart. Here, standing on an eminence, he reviewed his life, re-examined the ground of his hope, and anticipated the crown which awaited him, with a joy truly unspeakable and full of glory.

Like Elijah, he has left the chariot of Israel, and ascended as in a chariot of fire ; but not without having first communicated of his eminently Christian spirit. O that a double portion of it may rest upon us !

MEMOIRS,

8c. 8c.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage of Mr. Pearce. His Conversion. Call to the Ministry, and Settlement at Birmingham.

MR. SAMUEL PEARCE was born at Plymouth, on July the 20th, 1766. His father was a respectable silversmith, and many years a deacon of the Baptist church in that place.

When a child, he lived with his grandfather, who was very fond of him, and endeavoured to impress his mind with the principles of religion. At about eight or nine years of age, he came home to his father, with a view of learning his business. As he advanced in life, his evil propensities, as he said, began to ripen; and, forming connections with several vicious school-fellows, he became more and more corrupted. So greatly was his heart at this time set in him to do evil, that had it not been for the restraining goodness of God, which somehow, he knew not how, preserved him in most instances from carrying his wicked inclinations into practice, he supposed he should have been utterly ruined.

At times he was under strong convictions, which rendered him miserable: but at other times they subsided, and then he would return with eagerness to his sinful pursuits. When about fifteen years old, he was sent by his father to inquire after the welfare of a person in the neighbourhood, in dying circumstances, who (though before his departure he was in a happy state of mind) at that time was sinking into deep despair. While in the room of the dying man, he heard him cry out with

inexpressible agony of spirit, "I am damned for ever!" These awful words pierced his soul, and he felt a resolution at the the time to serve the Lord ; but the impression soon wore off, and he again returned to folly.

When about sixteen years of age, it pleased God effectually to turn him to himself. A sermon delivered by Mr. Birt, who was then co-pastor with Mr. Gibbs, of the Baptist church at Plymouth, was the first means of impressing his heart with a sense of his lost condition, and of directing him to the Gospel remedy. The change in him appears to have been sudden, but effectual ; and though his vicious propensities were bitter to his recollection, yet being now sensibly subdued, he was furnished with so much the clearer evidence that the work was of God. "I believe," he says, "few conversions were more joyful. The change produced in my views, feelings, and conduct, was so evident to myself, that I could no more doubt of its being from God, than of my existence. I had the witness in myself, and was filled with peace and joy unspeakable."

His feelings being naturally strong, and receiving a new direction, he entered into religion with all his heart ; but not having known the devices of Satan, his soul was injured by its own ardour, and he was thrown into great perplexity. Having read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," he determined formally to dedicate himself to the Lord, in the manner recommended in the seventeenth chapter of that work. The form of a covenant, as there drawn up, he also adopted as his own ; and, that he might bind himself in the most solemn and affecting manner, *signed it with his blood!* But afterwards failing in his engagements, he was plunged into great distress, and almost into despair. On a review of his covenant, he seems to have accused himself of a pharisaical reliance upon the strength of his own resolutions ; and therefore, taking the paper to the top of his father's house, he tore it into small pieces, and threw it from him to be scattered by the wind. He did not, however, consider his obligation to be the Lord's as hereby nullified ; but feeling more suspicion of himself, he depended solely upon the blood of the cross.

After this he was baptized, and became a member of the Baptist church at Plymouth, the ministers and members of which, in a few years, perceived in him talents for public work. Being solicited by both his pastors, he

exercised as a probationer ; and receiving an unanimous call from the church, entered on the work of the ministry in November, 1786. Soon after this, he went to the academy at Bristol, then under the superintendence of Dr. Caleb Evans.

Mr. Birt, now pastor of the Baptist church in the Square, Plymouth Dock*, in a letter to the Compiler of these Memoirs, thus speaks of him :—"Though he was, so far as I know, the very first fruits of my ministry, on my coming hither, and though our friendship and affection for each other were great and constant ; yet, previous to his going to Bristol, I had but few opportunities of conversing with him, or of making particular observations on him. All who best knew him, however, will remember, and must tenderly speak of his loving deportment ; and those who attended the conferences with him, soon received the most impressive intimations of his future eminence as a minister of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Very few," adds Mr. Birt, "have entered upon, and gone through their religious profession with more exalted piety, or warmer zeal, than Samuel Pearce ; and as few have exceeded him in the possession and display of that charity, which 'suffereth long, and is kind, that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up, that doth not behave itself unseemly, that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, that beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things.' But why should I say this to you ? You knew him yourself."

While at the academy he was much distinguished by the amiableness of his spirit and behaviour. It is sometimes observable, that where the talents of a young man are admired by his friends, and his early efforts flattered by crowded auditories, effects have been produced, which have proved fatal to his future respectability and usefulness. But this was not the case with Mr. Pearce. Notwithstanding the popularity, which even at that early period attended his ministerial exercises, his tutors have more than once remarked, that he never appeared to them to be in the least elated, or to have neglected his proper studies ; but was uniformly the serious, industrious, docile, modest, and unassuming young man.

* Now (1815) pastor of Cannon Street church, Birmingham.
EDITOR.

Towards the latter end of 1789, he came to the church in Cannon Street, Birmingham, to whom he was recommended by Mr. Hall, late of Cambridge, at that time one of his tutors. After preaching to them awhile on probation, he was chosen to be their pastor. His ordination was in August, 1790. Dr. Evans gave the charge, and the late venerable Mr. Hall, of Arnsby, delivered an address to the church on the occasion.

About two months after this, he wrote to his friend Mr. Summers. Whether the sentiments contained in that letter arose from the recollection of his late solemn engagement is uncertain; but they were certainly very appropriate to the occasion. Requesting his friend to pray for him, he says:—"Paul speaks of blessings received through the prayers of his fellow-christians: no wonder, therefore, he so often solicits their continuance. But if it be well to be interested in the prayers of fellow-christians, how much more to believe the great High Priest of our profession, Jesus the Son of God, is gone into the holy of holies, with our names on his breast-plate, ever to plead in the presence of God for us—for us: O transporting thought! Who can doubt of the success of such an intercessor?"

"I have of late had my mind very pleasantly, and, I hope, profitably exercised on this subject, more than ever, and find increasing pleasure from a well-grounded faith in the divinity of my incarnate advocate. I see the glory of his office, arising from the infinite extent of his knowledge, power, and love, as well as from the efficacy of his atoning sacrifice. I do not wonder at those men, who deny the priestly office of Christ, when they have refused him the honours of deity. I rejoice in that, he who pleads for us knows our wants individually, as well as the necessities of the whole church collectively. Through his intercession alone I expect my sins to be pardoned, my services accepted, and my soul preserved, guided, and comforted: and, with confidence in his intercession, I cannot doubt but I shall enjoy all. O how sweet is it, my dear friend, to exercise a lively faith in a living Saviour! May you and I do this daily. Thus for us to live will be Christ, and to die gain: living or dying, we shall be the Lord's."

In this early stage of his ministry, redemption by the blood of Christ appears to have been his chosen theme. Writing to the same friend as above, on Sept. 30, 1791,

he says:—"I have for my evening discourse the best subject in all the Bible—redemption. Ephes. i, 7. How welcome to the captive! Forgiveness, how delightful to the guilty! Grace, pleasing to the heart of a saved sinner! O, my dear friend, how much do we lose of Gospel blessings for want of realizing our personal concern with them. Hence it is that we are no more humble, thankful, watchful, prayerful, joyful. We view the glories of the Gospel at a distance; and for want of that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and evidence of things not seen, think too lightly of them. Lord increase our faith!

About a month after this he was married to Miss Sarah Hopkins, daughter of Mr. Joshua Hopkins, of Alcester—a connection which appears to have been all along a source of great enjoyment to him. The following lines addressed to Mrs. Pearce when he was on a journey, a little less than a year after their marriage, seem to be no more than a common letter: yet they show, not only the tenderness of his affection, but his heavenly mindedness, his gentle manner of persuading, and how every argument was fetched from religion, and every incident improved for introducing it:—

Chipping Norton, August 15, 1792.

"I believe, on retrospection, that I have hitherto rather anticipated the proposed time of my return, than delayed the interview with my dear Sarah for an hour. But what shall I say, my love, now to reconcile you to my procrastinating my return for several days more? Why, I will say, it appears I am called of God; and I trust the piety of both of us will submit, and say, 'Thy will be done.'

"You have no doubt perused Mr. Ryland's letter to me, wherein I find he solicits an exchange. The reason he assigns is so obviously important, that a much greater sacrifice than we are called to make should not be withheld to accomplish it. I therefore propose, God willing, to spend the next Lord's-day at Northampton. I thought of taking tea with you this evening: that would have been highly gratifying to us both; but it must be our meat and drink to do and submit to the will of our heavenly Father. All is good that comes from him, and all is done right which is done in obedience to him. O to be perfectly resigned to his disposal—how good is it!

May you, my dearest Sarah, and myself, daily prove the sweetness of this pious frame of soul : then all our duties will be sweet, all our trials will be light, all our pleasures will be pure, and all our hopes sanctified.

"This evening I hope to be at Northampton. Let your prayers assist my efforts on the ensuing Sabbath. You will, I trust, find in Mr. R. a ship richly laden with spiritual treasures. O for more supplies from the exhaustless mines of grace ! S. P."

The soul of Mr. Pearce was formed for friendship : it was natural therefore to suppose, that, while engaging in the pursuit of his studies at the academy, he would contract religious intimacies with some of his brethren ; and it is worthy of notice, that the grand cement of his friendship was kindred piety. In the two following letters, addressed to his friend, Mr. Steadman, the reader will perceive the justness of this remark, as well as the encouraging prospects which soon attended his labours at Birmingham.

" My very dear Brother ;

May 9, 1792.

" You live so remote, that I can hear nothing of your prosperity at Broughton. I hope you are settled with a comfortable people, and that you enjoy much of your Master's presence, both in the study and in the pulpit. For my part, I have nothing to lament but an insensible, ungrateful heart, and that is sufficient cause for lamentation. This, only this, bows me down ; and under this pressure I am ready to adopt the words I preached from last evening ; ' Oh that I had wings like a dove ; for then would I fly away, and be at rest !'

" As a people, we are generally united : I believe more so than most churches of the same dimensions. Our number of members is about two hundred and ninety-five, between forty and fifty of whom have joined us since I saw you, and most of them I have the happiness of considering as my children in the faith. There is still a crying out amongst us after salvation ; and still, through much grace, it is my happiness to point them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

" In preaching, I have often peculiar liberty ; at other times barren. I suppose my experience is like that of most of my brethren ; but I am not weary of my work. I hope still that I am willing to spend and be spent, so that I may win souls to Christ, and finish my course with

joy. But I want more heart religion : I want a more habitual sense of the Divine presence : I want to walk with God as Enoch walked. There is nothing that grieves me so much, or brings so much darkness on my soul, as my little spirituality, and frequent wanderings in secret prayer. I cannot neglect the duty ; but it is seldom that I enjoy it.

‘ Ye that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it so with you ?’

“ When I come to the house of God, I pray and preach with freedom. Then I think the presence of the people seems to weigh more with me than the presence of God, and deem myself a hypocrite, almost ready to leave my pulpit for some more pious preacher. But the Lord does own the word ; and again I say, If I go to hell myself, I will do what I can to keep others from going thither ; and so in the strength of the Lord I will.

“ An observation once made to me helps to support me above water : ‘ If you did not plow in your closet, you would not reap in the pulpit.’ And again I think, the Lord dwelleth in Zion, and loveth it more than the dwellings of Jacob.
S. P.”

“ February 1, 1798.

“ The pleasure, which your friendly epistle gave me, rises beyond expression ; and it is one of the first wishes of my heart ever to live in your valued friendship. Accept this, and my former letters, my dear brother, as sufficient evidences of my ardent wishes to preserve by correspondence, that mutual remembrance of each other, which on my part will ever be pleasurable, and on yours, I hope, never painful.

“ But ah, how soon may we be rendered incapable of such an intercourse ! When I left Bristol, I left it with regret. I was sorry to leave my studies to embark, inexperienced as I am, on the tempestuous ocean of public life, where the high blowing winds, and rude noisy billows, must more or less inevitably annoy the trembling voyager. Nor did it make a small addition to my pain, that I was to part with so many of my dear companions, with whom I had spent so many happy hours, either in furnishing or unburthening the mind. I need not say, amongst the first of these, I considered Josiah

Evans*. But ah, my friend, we shall see his face no more! Through divine grace I hope we shall go to him; but he will not to return to us. 'He wasted away, he gave up the ghost, and where is he?' I was prepared for the news, because I expected it. The last time I heard directly from him, was by a very serious and affectionate letter, which I received, I think, last September. To it I replied; but received no answer. I conjectured, I feared; and now my conjectures and fears are all realized. Dear departed youth! Thy memory will ever be grateful to this affectionate breast. May thy amiable qualities live again in thy surviving friend, that to the latest period of his life he may thank God for the friendship of Josiah Evans!

"I assure you, my dear Steadman, I feel, keenly feel, the force of the sentiment which Blair thus elegantly expresses:—

‘Of joys departed, ne’er to be recall’d,
How painful the remembrance!’

"But I sorrow not as those without hope. I have a two-fold hope: I hope he is now among the spirits of the just made perfect, and that he will be of the blessed and holy number who have part in the first resurrection: and I hope also, through the same rich, free, sovereign, almighty, matchless grace, to join the number too. Pleasing thought! Unite to divide no more!

"I preached last night from Rev. xxi, 6. 'I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.' I took occasion to expound the former part of the chapter, and found therein pleasure inexpressible; especially when speaking from the first verse, 'and there was no more sea.' The first idea that presented itself to me was this, 'there shall be no bar to intercourse. Whether the thought be just or not, I leave with you and my hearers to determine; but I found happy liberty in illustrating it. What is it that separates one nation, and one part of the globe from another? Is it not the sea? Are not Christians, though all of one family, the common Father of which is God, separated by this sea, or that river, or the other stream below? Yes; but they

* See a brief account of him, given in part by Mr. Pearce, in Dr. Rippon's Register, vol. i, p. 512—516.

are one family still. There, there shall be none of these obstructions to communion, of these bars to intercourse; nothing to divide their affections, or disunite their praise for ever. Forgive my freedoms. I am writing to a friend, to a brother. S. P."

There are few, if any, thinking men but who at some seasons have had their minds perplexed with regard to religious principles, even those which are of the greatest importance. In the end, however, where the heart is right, such exercises commonly issue in a more decided attachment to the truth. Thus it was with Mr. Pearce. In another part of the above letter, he thus writes to his friend Steadman: "I have, since I saw you, been much perplexed about some doctrinal points, both Arminian and Socinian, I believe through reading very attentively, but without sufficient dependence on the Spirit of truth, several controversies on these subjects; particularly the writings of Whitby, Priestley, and others. Indeed, had the state of mind I was in about ten weeks since continued, I should have been incapable of preaching with comfort at all. But in the mount of the Lord will he be seen. Just as I thought of giving up, he who hath the hearts of all men in his hand, and turneth them as the rivers of water are turned, was pleased, by a merciful, though afflicting providence, to set me at a happy liberty.

"I was violently seized with a disorder very rife here, and which carried off many, supposed to be an inflammation in the bowels. One Sabbath evening I felt such alarming symptoms, that I did not expect to see Monday morning. In these circumstances I realized the feelings of a dying man. My mind had been so accustomed to reflect on virtue and moral goodness, that the first thing I attempted was a survey of my own conduct; my diligence and faithfulness in the ministry, my unspotted life, &c. But, ah! vain props these for dying men to rest on! Such heart-sins, such corruptions, such evil propensities, occurred to my mind, that if ever I knew the moment when I felt my own righteousness to be as loathsome and filthy rags, it was then. And where should I, where could I, where did I flee, but to him whose glory and grace I had been of late degrading, at least in my thoughts? Yes, there I saw peace for guilty consciences as to be alone obtained through an almighty Saviour.

And O ! wonderful to tell, I again came to him ; nor was I sent away without the blessing. I found him full of all compassion, ready to receive the most ungrateful of men.

‘ O to grace how great a debtor
Dally I’m constrained to be !’

Thus, my dear brother, was the snare broken, and thus I escaped.

‘ A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing.’

“ Join with me in praising him who remembered me in my low estate, because his mercy endureth for ever. Yet this is among the all things. I have found that it has made me more spiritual in preaching. I have prized the Gospel more than ever, and hope it will be the means of guarding me against future temptations.

“ Your brother,
with ardent affection,
in the dear Lord Jesus,
S. P.”

From his first coming to Birmingham, his meekness and patience were put to the trial by an Antinomian spirit, which infected many individuals, both in and out of his congregation. It is well known with what affection it was his practice to beseech sinners to be reconciled to God, and to exhort Christians to the exercise of practical godliness : but these were things which they could not endure. Soothing doctrine was all they desired. Therefore it was that his ministry was traduced by them as Arminian, and treated with neglect and contempt. But, like his divine Master, he bore the contradiction of sinners against himself, and this while he had the strongest satisfaction, that in those very things to which they objected, he was pleasing God. And though he plainly perceived the pernicious influence of their principles upon their own minds, as well as the minds of others, yet he treated them with great gentleness and long forbearance : and when it became necessary to exclude such of this description as were in communion with him, it was with the greatest reluctance that he came into that measure, and not without having first tried all other means in vain. He was not apt to deal in

harsh language; yet, in one of his letters about that time, he speaks of the principles and spirit of these people as a "cursed leaven."

Among his numerous religious friendships, he seems to have formed one for the special purpose of spiritual improvement. This was with Mr. Summers, of London, who often accompanied him in his journies; to whom, therefore, it might be expected he would open his heart without reserve. Here, it is true, we sometimes see him, like his brethren, groaning under darkness, want of spirituality, and the remains of indwelling sin; but frequently rising above all, as into his native element, and pouring forth his ardent soul in expressions of joy and praise. On August 19, 1793, he writes thus:—

"My dear Brother;

"When I take my pen to pursue my correspondence with you, I have no concern but to communicate something which may answer the same end we propose in our annual journies; namely, lending some assistance in the important object of getting and keeping nearer to God. This, I am persuaded, is the mark at which we should be continually aiming, nor rest satisfied until we attain that to which we aspire. I am really ashamed of myself, when, on the one hand, I review the time that has elapsed since I first assumed the Christian name, with the opportunities of improvement in godliness which have crowded on my moments since that period; and when, on the other, I feel the little advance I have made! More light, to be sure, I have; but light without heat leaves the Christian half dissatisfied. Yesterday, I preached on the duty of engagedness in God's service, from Jer. xxx, 21. 'Who is this that engaged his heart to approach unto me? saith the Lord.' (A text for which I am indebted to our last journey). While urging the necessity of heart religion, including sincerity and ardour, I found myself much assisted by reflecting on the ardour which our dear Redeemer discovered in the cause of sinners. Ah! I could not help saying, If our Saviour had measured his intenseness in his engagements for us, by our fervency in fulfilling our engagements to him, we should have been now farther from hope than we are from perfection."

'Dear Lord the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold returns.'

"Two things are causes of daily astonishment to me—the readiness of Christ to come from heaven to earth for me; and my backwardness to rise from earth to heaven with him. But, O how animating the prospect! A time approaches when we shall rise to sink no more—'to be for ever with the Lord.' To be with the Lord for a week, for a day, for an hour; how sweetly must the moments pass! But to be for ever with the Lord—that enstamps salvation with perfection; that gives an energy to our hopes, and a dignity to our joy, so as to render it 'unspeakable and full of glory.' I have had a few realizing moments since we parted, and the effect has been, I trust, a broken heart. O, my brother, it is desirable to have a broken heart, were it only for the sake of the pleasure it feels in being helped and healed by Jesus! Heart affecting views of the cursed effects of sin are highly salutary to a Christian's growth in humility, confidence, and gratitude. At once how abasing and exalting is the comparison of our loathsome hearts with that of the lovely Saviour! In him we see all that can charm an angel's heart; in ourselves all that can gratify a devil's. And yet we may rest perfectly assured, that these nests of iniquity shall, ere long, be transformed into the temples of God; and these sighs of sorrow be exchanged for songs of praise.

"Last Lord's-day I spent the most profitable Sabbath to myself that I ever remember since I have been in the ministry; and to this hour I feel the sweet solemnities of that day delightfully protracted. Ah, my brother, were it not for past experience, I should say,

'My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.'

But now I rejoice with trembling; desiring to 'hold fast what I have, that no man take my crown.' Yet fearing that I shall find how,

'Ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.'

Yours, in our dear Saviour,

S. P."

In April, 1794, dropping a few lines to the compiler of these Memoirs, on a Lord's-day evening, he thus con-

cludes. — “ We have had a good day. I find, as a dear friend once said, ‘ It is pleasant speaking for God when we walk with him.’ O for much of Enoch’s spirit ! The Head of the church grant it to my dear brother, and his affectionate friend,
S. P.”

In another letter to Mr. Summers, dated June 24, 1794, he thus writes :— “ We, my friend, have entered on a correspondence of heart with heart, and must not lose sight of that avowed object. I thank you sincerely for continuing the remembrance of so unworthy a creature in your intercourse with heaven ; and I thank that sacred Spirit whose quickening influences you say you enjoy in the exercise. Yes, my brother, I have reaped the fruits of your supplications. I have been indulged with some seasons of unusual joy, tranquil as solitude, and solid as the rock on which our hopes are built. In public exercises, peculiar assistance has been afforded ; especially in these three things : The exaltation of the Redeemer’s glory ; the detection of the crooked ways, false refuges, and self-delusions of the human heart ; and the stirring up of the saints to press onward, making God’s cause their own, and considering themselves as living, not for themselves, but for him alone.

“ Nor hath the word been without its effect : above fifty have been added to our church this year, most of whom I rejoice in as the seals of my ministry in the Lord. Indeed I am surrounded with goodness ; and scarcely a day passes over my head, but I say, Were it not for an ungrateful heart, I should be the happiest man alive ; and that excepted, I neither expect nor wish to be happier in this world. My wife, my children, and myself, are uninterruptedly healthy ; my friends kind ; my soul at rest ; and my labours successful. Who should be content and thankful if I should not ? O my brother, help me to praise !
S. P.”

In a letter to Mrs. Pearce, from Plymouth, dated Sept. 2, 1794, the dark side of the cloud seems towards him :— “ I have felt much barrenness,” says he, “ as to spiritual things since I have been here, compared with my usual frame at home ; and it is a poor exchange, to enjoy the creature at the expense of the Creator’s presence ! A few seasons of spirituality I have enjoyed !

but my heart, my inconstant heart, is too prone to rove from its proper centre. Pray for me, my dear, my dearest friend: I do for you daily. O wrestle for me, that I may have more of Enoch's spirit! I am fully persuaded that a Christian is no longer really happy and inwardly satisfied, than while he walks with God; and I would this moment rejoice to abandon every pleasure here for a closer walk with him. I cannot, amidst all the round of social pleasure, amidst the most inviting scenes of nature, feel that peace with God which passeth understanding. My thirst for preaching Christ, I fear, abates; and a detestable vanity for the reputation of a good preacher, as the world terms it, has already cost me many conflicts. Daily I feel convinced of the propriety of a remark which my friend Summers made on his journey to Wales — that it is easier for a Christian to walk habitually near to God, than to be irregular in our walk with him. But I want resolution; I want a contempt for the world; I want more heavenly mindedness; I want more humility; I want much, very much of that which God alone can bestow. Lord, help the weakest lamb in all thy flock!

“ I preached this evening from Cant. ii, 3. — ‘ I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.’ But how little love for my Saviour did I feel! With what little affection and zeal did I speak! I am praised by some; I am followed by many; I am respected by most of my acquaintance: but all this is nothing, yea, less than nothing, compared with possessing this testimony, that I please God. O thou Friend of sinners! humble me by repentance, and melt me down with love.

“ To-morrow morning I set off for Launceston. I write to night, lest my stay in Cornwall might make my delay appear tedious to the dear and deserving object of my most undissembled love. O my Sarah! had I as much proof that I love Jesus Christ, as I have of my love to you, I should prize it more than rubies. As often as you can find an hour for correspondence, think of your more than ever affectionate
S. P.”

On the same subject, and the same occasion, about three weeks afterwards (Sept. 23, 1794), he wrote to Mr. Summers. His dissatisfaction with himself while spending his time in visits, and his satisfaction when

engaged in his proper work, are well worthy of attention. "I was pretty much engaged in preaching," says he, "and often felt enlarged in public work : but in private, my almost daily cry was, 'My leanness, my leanness !' Indeed it was a barren visit, as to the inward exercises of grace. Now and then I felt a brokenness of spirit, and a panting after God ; but in general my mind was in a dissipated state. After so long an absence from so large an acquaintance, I was always crowded with company, some of whom, though amiable, were very gay. Their politeness and cheerfulness, joined with a high degree of indulgence, were too fascinating for my volatile mind. I admired, and was too much conformed to their spirit. I did indeed often struggle with myself, and watched for occasions of dropping some improving hint ; but either through want of opportunity or of fortitude, the hint seldom produced a long conversation, or a permanent effect. New visits, or excursions, were every day proposed, and my heart was continually divided between painful recollection and flattering hopes. One lesson indeed I have thoroughly learned—that real, solid satisfaction is to be found in nothing but God. May I have grace to improve it throughout my future life.

"The last week I have known more of the power of inward religion than all the four which I have spent from home. I devoted the week to my Lord's service entirely, and I found in keeping his commandments great reward.
S. P."

In another to Mr. Summers, dated Nov. 10, 1794, he says : "I suppose I shall visit London in the spring : prepare my way by communion with God and man. I hope your soul prospers. I have enjoyed more of God within this month than ever since the day of my espousals with him. O my brother, help me to praise ! I cannot say that I am quite so exalted in my frame to-day ; yet still I acknowledge what I have lived upon for weeks—that were there no being or thing in the universe besides God and me, I should be at no loss for happiness. O

'Tis heaven to rest in his embrace,
And nowhere else but there.'

S. P."

CHAP. II.

His Laborious Exertions in promoting Missions to the Heathen, and offering himself to become a Missionary.

MR. PEARCE was uniformly the spiritual and active servant of Christ; but neither his spirituality nor his activity would have appeared in the manner they have, but for his engagements in the introduction of the Gospel among the heathen.

It was not long after his settlement at Birmingham, that he became acquainted with Mr. Carey, in whom he found a soul nearly akin to his own. When the brethren in the counties of Northampton and Leicester formed themselves into a Missionary Society at Kettering, in October, 1792, he was there, and entered into the business with all his heart. On his return to Birmingham, he communicated the subject to his congregation with so much effect, that to the small sum of 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* with which the subscription was begun, 70*l.* were collected, and transmitted to the Treasurer; and the leading members of the church formed themselves into an Assistant Society. Early in the following spring, when it was resolved that our brethren Thomas and Carey should go on a mission to the Hindoos, and a considerable sum of money was wanted for the purpose, he laboured with increasing ardour in various parts of the kingdom; and when the object was accomplished, he rejoiced in all his labour, smiling in every company, and blessing God.

During his labours and journies on this important object, he wrote several letters to his friends; an extract or two from which will discover the state of his mind at this period, as well as the encouragements that he met with in his work at home.

To Mr. Steadman.

“ My very dear brother; Birmingham, Feb. 8, 1793.

“ Union of sentiment often creates friendship among carnal men, and similarity of feeling never fails to produce affection among pious men, as far as that similarity is known. I have loved you ever since I knew

you. We saw, we felt alike, in the interesting concerns of personal religion. We formed a reciprocal attachment. We expressed it by words. We agreed to do so by correspondence; and we have not altogether been wanting to our engagements. But our correspondence has been interrupted, not, I believe, through any diminution of regard on either side; I am persuaded not on mine. I rather condemn myself as the first aggressor; but I excuse while I condemn, and so would you did you know half the concerns which devolve upon me in my present situation. Birmingham is a central place; the inhabitants are numerous; our members are between three and four hundred. The word preached has lately been remarkably blessed. In less than five months I baptized nearly forty persons, almost all newly awakened. Next Lord's-day week I expect to add to their number. These persons came to my house, to propose the most important of all inquiries—'What must we do to be saved?' I have been thus engaged some weeks, during the greatest part of most days. This, with four sermons a week, will account for my neglect. But your letter, received this evening, calls forth every latent affection of my heart for you. We are, my dear brother, not only united in the common object of pursuit—salvation; and not only rest our hopes on the same foundation—Jesus Christ; but we feel alike respecting the poor heathens. O how Christianity expands the mind! What tenderness for our poor fellow-sinners! What sympathy for their moral misery! What desires to do them everlasting good doth it provoke! How satisfying to our judgments is this evidence of grace! How gratifying to our present taste are these benevolent breathings! O how I love that man, whose soul is deeply affected with the importance of the precious Gospel to idolatrous heathens. Excellently, my dear brother, you observe, that great as its blessings are in the estimation of a sinner called in a Christian country, inexpressibly greater must they shine on the newly illuminated mind of a converted pagan.

"We shall be glad of all your assistance in a pecuniary way, as the expense will be heavy. Dear brother Carey has paid us a visit of love this week. He preached excellently to-night. I expect brother Thomas next week, or the week after. I wish you would meet him here. I have a house at your command, and a heart greatly attached to you. S. P."

To Mr. Fuller.

" February 23, 1798.

" I am willing to go any where, and do any thing in my power ; but I hope no plan will be suffered to interfere with the affecting, hoped for, dreaded day, March 13 (the day of our brethren, Carey and Thomas's solemn designation at Leicester). Oh how the anticipation of it at once rejoices and afflicts me. Our hearts need steeling to part with our much-loved brethren, who are about to venture their all for the name for the Lord Jesus. I feel my soul melting within me when I read the twentieth chapter of Acts, and especially verses 36—38. But why grieve? We shall see them again. O yes ; them and the children whom the Lord will give them ; we and the children whom the Lord hath given us. We shall meet again, not to weep and pray, but to smile and praise. S. P."

From the day of the departure of the Missionaries, no one was more importunate in prayer than Mr. Pearce ; and, on the news of their safe arrival, no one was more filled with joy and thankfulness.

Hitherto we had witnessed his zeal in promoting this important undertaking at home : but this did not satisfy him. In October, 1794, we were given to understand, that he had for some time had it in serious contemplation to go himself, and to cast in his lot with his brethren in India. When his designs were first discovered, his friends and connections were much concerned, and endeavoured to persuade him, that he was already in a sphere of usefulness too important to be relinquished. But his answer was, that they were too interested in the affair to be competent judges. And nothing would satisfy him short of his making a formal offer of his services to the Committee : nor could he be happy for them to decide upon it without their appointing a day of solemn prayer for the purpose, and, when assembled, hearing an account of the principal exercises of his mind upon the subject, with the reasons which induced him to make the proposal, as well as the reasons alleged by his connections against it.

On October 4, 1794, he wrote to an intimate friend, of whom he entertained a hope that he might accompany him, as follows :—

" Last Wednesday I rode to Northampton, where I

ministers' meeting was held on the following day. We talked much about the mission. We read some fresh and very encouraging accounts. We lamented that we could not obtain any suitable persons to send out to the assistance of our brethren. Now what do you think was said at this meeting? My dear brother! Do not be surprised that all present united in opinion, that in all our connection there was no man known to us so suitable as you, provided you were disposed for it, and things could be brought to bear. I thought it right to mention this circumstance; and one thing more I cannot refrain from saying, That were it manifestly the will of God, I should call that the happiest hour of my life which witnessed our both embarking with our families on board one ship, as helpers of the servants of Jesus Christ already in Hindostan. Yes; I could unreluctantly leave Europe and all its contents, for the pleasures and perils of this glorious service. Often my heart in the sincerest ardours thus breathes forth its desires unto God — 'Here am I, send me.' But I am ignorant whether you from experience can realize my feelings. Perhaps you have friendship enough for me to lay open your meditations on this subject in your next. If you have had half the exercises that I have, it will be a relief to your labouring mind: or if you think I have made too free with you, reprove me, and I will love you still. O if I could find a heart that had been tortured and ravished like my own in this respect, I should form a new kind of alliance, and feel a friendship of a novel species. With eagerness should I communicate all the vicissitudes of my sensations, and with eagerness listen to a recital of kindred feelings. With impatience I should seek, and with gratitude receive direction and support, and, I hope, feel a new occasion of thankfulness when I bow my knee to the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort. Whence is it that I thus write to you, as I have never written to any one before? Is there a fellowship of the spirit; or is it the confidence that I have in your friendship that thus directs my pen? Tell me, dear ——! Tell me how you felt, and how you still feel on this interesting subject, and do not long delay the gratification to your very affectionate friend and brother,

S. P."

About a month preceding the decision of this affair,

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he drew up a narrative of his experience respecting it ; resolving at the same time to set apart one day in every week for secret fasting and prayer to God for direction ; and to keep a diary of the exercises of his mind during the month.

When the Committee were assembled at Northampton, according to his desire, he presented to them the narrative ; and which was as follows :—

“ October 8, 1794.

“ Having had some peculiar exercises of mind relative to my personally attempting to labour for the dear Redeemer amongst the heathen ; and being at a loss to know what is the will of the Lord in this matter respecting me, I have thought that I might gain some satisfaction, by adopting these two resolutions :— First, that I will, as in the presence of God, faithfully endeavour to recollect the various workings of my mind on this subject, from the first period of my feeling any desire of this nature until now, and commit them to writing ; together with what considerations do now, on the one hand, impel me to the work, and on the other, what prevent me from immediately resolving to enter upon it. Secondly, That I will from this day keep a regular journal, with special relation to this matter.

“ This account and journal will, I hope, furnish me with much assistance in forming a future opinion of the path of duty ; as well as help any friends whom I may hereafter think proper to consult, to give me suitable advice in the business. Lord help me !

“ It is very common for young converts to feel strong desires for the conversion of others. These desires immediately followed the evidences of my own religion ; and I remember well they were particularly fixed upon the poor heathens. I believe the first week that I knew the grace of God in truth, I put up many fervent cries to heaven in their behalf ; and at the same time felt an earnest desire to be employed in promoting their salvation. It was not long after, that the first settlers sailed for Botany Bay. I longed to go with them, although in company with the convicts, in hopes of making known the blessings of the great salvation in New Zealand. I actually had thought of making an effort to go out unknown to my friends ; but, ignorant how to proceed, I abandoned my purpose. Nevertheless, I could not help

talking about it ; and at one time a report was circulated that I was really going, and a neighbouring minister very seriously conversed with me on the subject.

" While I was at the Bristol Academy, the desire remained ; but not with that energy as at first, except on one or two occasions. Being sent by my tutor to preach two sabbaths at Coldford, I felt particular sweetness in devoting the evenings of the week to going from house to house among the colliers, who dwell in the Forest of Deane, adjoining the town, conversing and praying with them, and preaching to them. In these exercises I found the most solid satisfaction that I have ever known in discharging the duties of my calling. In a poor hut, with a stone to stand upon, and a three-legged stool for my desk, surrounded with thirty or forty of the smutty neighbours, I have felt such an unction from above, that my whole auditory have been melted into tears, whilst directed to ' the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world ;' and I weeping among them, could scarcely speak, or they hear, for interrupting sighs and sobs. Many a time did I then think, thus it was with the apostles of our Lord, when they went from house to house among the poor heathen. In work like this I could live and die. Indeed, had I at that time been at liberty to settle, I should have preferred that situation to any in the kingdom with which I was then acquainted.

" But the Lord placed me in a situation very different. He brought me to Birmingham ; and here, amongst the novelties, cares, and duties of my station, I do not remember any wish for foreign service, till, after a residence of some months, I heard Dr. Coke preach at one of Mr. Wesley's chapels, from Psalm lxxviii, 31. " Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." Then it was, that, in Mr. Horne's phrase, ' I felt a passion for missions.' Then I felt an interest in the state of the heathen world far more deep and permanent than before, and seriously thought how I could best promote their obtaining the knowledge of the crucified Jesus.

" As no way at that time was open, I cannot say that I thought of taking a part of the good work among the heathen abroad ; but resolved that I would render them all the assistance I could at home. My mind was employed during the residue of that week in meditating on

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Psalm lxxvii, 8. 'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God;' and the next Sabbath morning I spoke from those words, on the promised increase of the church of God. I had observed, that our monthly meetings for prayer had been better attended than the other prayer-meetings, from the time that I first knew the people in Cannon Street: but I thought a more general attention to them was desirable. I therefore preached on the Sabbath-day evening preceding the next monthly prayer-meeting, from Matt. vi, 10, 'Thy kingdom come;' and urged with ardour and affection a universal union of the serious part of the congregation in this exercise. It rejoiced me to see three times as many the next night as usual; and for some time after that, I had nearly equal cause for joy.

"As to my own part, I continued to preach much upon the promises of God respecting the conversion of the heathen nations; and by so doing, and always communicating to my people every piece of information I could obtain respecting the present state of missions, they soon imbibed the same spirit: and from that time to this they have discovered so much concern for the more extensive spread of the Gospel, that at our monthly prayer-meetings, both stated and occasional, I should be as much surprised at the case of the heathen being omitted in any prayer, as at an omission of the name and merits of Jesus.

"Indeed, it has been a frequent mean of enkindling my languid devotion, in my private, domestic, and public engagements in prayer. When I have been barren in petitioning for myself, and other things, often have I been sweetly enlarged when I came to notice the situation of those who were perishing for lack of knowledge.

"Thus I went on praying, and preaching, and conversing on the subject, till the time of brother Carey's ordination at Leicester, May 24, 1791. On the evening of that day, he read to the ministers a great part of his manuscript, since published: entitled, 'An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use Means for the Conversion of the Heathen.' This added fresh fuel to my zeal. But to pray and preach on the subject was all I could then think of doing. But when I heard of a proposed meeting at Kettering, Oct. 2, 1792, for the express purpose of considering our duty in regard of the

heathen, I could not resist my inclination for going; although at that time I was not much acquainted with the ministers of the Northamptonshire Association. There I got my judgment informed, and my heart increasingly interested. I returned home resolved to lay myself out in the cause. The public steps I have taken are too well known to need repeating: but my mind became now inclined to go among the heathen myself. Yet a consideration of my connections with the dear people of God in Birmingham restrained my desires, and kept me from naming my wishes to any body (as I remember), except to brother Carey. With him I was pretty free. We had an interesting conversation about it just before he left Europe. I shall never forget the manner of his saying, 'Well, you will come after us.' My heart said, Amen! and my eagerness for the work increased; though I never talked freely about it, except to my wife, and we then both thought, that my relation to the church in Cannon Street, and usefulness there, forbad any such attempt. However, I have made it a constant matter of prayer, often begging of God, as I did when first I was disposed for the work of the ministry, either that he would take away the desire, or open a door for its fulfilment. And the result has uniformly been, that the more spiritual I have been in the frame of my mind, the more love I have felt for God, and the more communion I have enjoyed with him, so much the more disposed have I been to engage as a missionary among the heathen.

"Until the accounts came of our brethren's entrance on the work in India, my connections in Europe pretty nearly balanced my desire for going abroad; and though I felt quite devoted to the Lord's will and work, yet I thought the scale rather preponderated on the side of my abiding in my present situation.

"But since our brethren's letters have informed us, that there are such prospects of usefulness in Hindostan, and that preachers are a thousand times more wanted than people to preach to, my heart has been more deeply affected than ever with their condition; and my desires for a participation of the toils and pleasures, crosses and comforts, of which they are the subjects, are advanced to an anxiety which nothing can remove, and time seems to increase.

"It has pleased God also lately to teach me more

than ever, that himself is the fountain of happiness; that likeness to him, friendship for him, and communion with him, form the basis of all true enjoyment; and that this can be attained as well in an Eastern jungle, amongst Hindoos and Moors, as in the most polished part of Europe. The very disposition, which, blessed be my dear Redeemer! he has given me, to be any thing, do any thing, or endure any thing, so that his name might be glorified—I say, the disposition itself is heaven begun below! I do feel a daily panting after more devotedness to his service, and I can never think of my suffering Lord without dissolving into love; love which constrains me to glorify him with my body and spirit, which are his.

“I do often represent to myself all the possible hardships of a mission, arising from my own heart, the nature of the country, domestic connections, disappointment in my hopes, &c. And then I set over against them all, these two thoughts—I am God’s servant, and God is my friend. In this I anticipate happiness in the midst of suffering, light in darkness, and life in death. Yea, I do not count my life dear unto myself, so that I may win some poor heathens unto Christ: and I am willing to be offered as a sacrifice on the service of the faith of the Gospel.

“Mr. Horne justly observes, ‘That in order to justify a man’s undertaking the work of a missionary, he should be qualified for it, disposed heartily to enter upon it, and free from such ties as to exclude an engagement.’ As to the first, others must judge for me; but they must not be men who have an interest in keeping me at home. I shall rejoice in opportunities of attaining to an acquaintance with the ideas of judicious and impartial men in this matter, and with them I must leave it. A willingness to embark in this cause I do possess; and I can hardly persuade myself, that God has for ten years inclined my heart to this work, without having any thing for me to do in it. But the third thing requires more consideration, and here alone I hesitate.”

Here he goes on to state all the objections from this quarter, with his answers to them; leaving it with his brethren to decide, when they had heard the whole.

The Committee, after the most serious and mature deliberation, though they were fully satisfied as to bro-

ther Pearce's qualifications, and greatly approved of his spirit, yet were unanimously of opinion that he ought not to go; and that, not merely on account of his connections at home, which might have been pleaded in the case of brother Carey, but on account of the mission itself, which required his assistance in the station which he already occupied.

In this opinion, brother Carey himself, with singular disinterestedness of mind, afterwards concurred; and wrote to brother Pearce to the same effect*.

On receiving the opinion of the Committee, he immediately wrote to Mrs. P. as follows:—

“ My dear Sarah; Northampton, Nov. 13, 1794.

“ I am disappointed, but not dismayed. I ever wish to make my Saviour's will my own. I am more satisfied than ever I expected I should be with a negative upon my earnest desires, because the business has been so conducted, that, I think (if by any means such an issue could be ensured) the mind of Christ has been obtained. My dear brethren here have treated the affair with as much seriousness and affection as I could possibly desire, and, I think, more than so insignificant a worm could expect. After we had spent the former part of this day in fasting and prayer, with conversation on the subject, till near two o'clock, brother Potts, King, and I retired. We prayed while the Committee consulted. The case seemed difficult, and I suppose they were near two hours in deciding it. At last, time forced them to a point; and their answer I enclose for your satisfaction. Pray take care of it; it will serve for me to refer to when my mind may labour beneath a burthen of guilt another day.

“ I am, my dear Sarah's own

“ S. P.”

The decision of the Committee, though it rendered him much more reconciled to abide in his native country, than he could have been without it; yet did not in the least abate his zeal for the object. As he could not promote it abroad, he seemed resolved to lay himself out more for it at home. In March 1795, after a dangerous illness, he says in a letter to Mr. Fuller—“ Through mercy I am almost in state of convalescence. May my

* See Periodical Accounts, vol. i, p. 374.

spared life be wholly devoted to the service of my dear Redeemer! I do not care where I am, whether in England or in India, so that I am employed as he would have me: but surely we need pray hard, that God would send some more help to Hindostan. S. P."

In January, 1796, when he was first informed by the Secretary, of a young man (Mr. Fountain) being desirous of going, of the character that was given of him by our friend Mr. Savage of London, and of a committee-meeting being in contemplation, he wrote thus in answer: — "Your letter, just arrived, put — I was going to say, another soul into my little body; at least it has added new life to the soul I have. I cannot be contented with the thought of being absent from your proposed meeting. No, no; I must be there (for my own sake I mean), and try to sing with you, 'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness *.' S. P."

In August, the same year, having received a letter from India, he wrote to Mr. Fuller as follows: — "Brother Carey speaks in such a manner of the effects of the Gospel in his neighbourhood as in my view promises a fair illustration of our Lord's parable, when he compared the kingdom of heaven to a little leaven, hid in three measures of meal, which insinuated itself so effectually as to leaven the lump at last. Blessed be God, the leaven is already in the meal. The fermentation is begun; and my hopes were never half so strong as they are now, that the whole shall be effectually leavened. O THAT I WERE THERE TO WITNESS THE DELIGHTFUL PROCESS! But whither am I running? . . . I LONG TO WRITE YOU FROM HINDOSTAN! S. P."

On receiving other letters from India, in January, 1797, he thus writes: "Perhaps you are now rejoicing in spirit with me over fresh intelligence from Bengal. This moment have I concluded reading two letters from brother Thomas: one to the Society, and the other to myself†. He speaks of others from brother Carey. I

* The 428th Hymn of Dr. Rippon's Selection, frequently sung at our Committee Meetings.

† See these Letters printed in the Periodical Accounts, Vol. i, pp. 294, 301.

hope they are already in your possession. If his correspondence has produced the same effects on your heart as brother Thomas's has on mine, you are filled with gladness and hope. I am grieved that I cannot convey them to you immediately. I long to witness the pleasure their contents will impart to all whose hearts are with us. O that I were accounted worthy of the Lord to preach the gospel to the Booteas !”

Being detained from one of our missionary meetings, by preparing the Periodical Accounts for the press, he soon after wrote as follows : — “ We shall now get out No. IV very soon. I hope it will go to the press in a very few days. Did you notice, that the very day on which we invited all our friends to a day of prayer on behalf of the mission (Dec. 28, 1796), was the same in which brother Carey sent his best and most interesting accounts to the society? I hope you had solemn and sweet seasons at Northampton. On many accounts, I should have rejoiced to have been with you : yet I am satisfied that on the whole I was doing best at home.

S. P.’

It has been already observed, that, for a month preceding the decision of the Committee, he resolved to devote one day in every week to secret prayer and fasting, and to keep a diary of the exercises of his mind during the whole of that period. This diary, which extends from Oct. 8, to Nov. 7, 1794, was not shown to the Committee at the time : but merely the preceding narrative. Since his death a few of them have perused it ; and have been almost ready to think, that if they had seen it before, they would not have dared to oppose his going. But the Lord hath taken him to himself ! It no longer remains a question now, whether he shall labour in England or in India. A few passages, however, from this transcript of his heart, while contemplating a great and disinterested undertaking, will furnish a better idea of his character than could be given by any other hand ; and with these we shall close the present chapter.

“ Oct. 8, 1794. — Had some remarkable freedom and affection this morning, both in family and secret prayer. With many tears I dedicated myself, body and soul, to the service of Jesus ; and earnestly implored full satisfaction respecting the path of duty. I feel a growing

deadness for all earthly comforts ; and derive my happiness immediately from God himself. May I still endure, as Moses did, by seeing him who is invisible."

" Oct. 10. — Enjoyed much freedom to-day in the family. While noticing in prayer the state of the millions of heathens who know not God, I felt the aggregate value of their immortal souls with peculiar energy.

" Afterwards was much struck, whilst on my knees before God in secret, I read the fourth chapter of Micah. The ninth verse I fancied was very applicable to the church in Cannon Street: but what reason is there for such a cry about so insignificant a worm as I am? The third chapter of Habakkuk too, well expresses that mixture of solemnity and confidence with which I contemplate the work of the mission,

" Whilst at the prayer-meeting to-night, I learned more of the meaning of some passages of scripture than ever before. Suitable frames of soul are like good lights, in which a painting appears to its full advantage. I had often meditated on Phil. iii, 7, 8, and Gal. vi, 14; but never felt crucifixion to the world, and disesteem for all that it contains, as at that time. All prospects of pecuniary independence, and growing reputation, with which in unworthier moments I had amused myself, were now chased from my mind; and the desire of living wholly to Christ swallowed up every other thought. Frowns and smiles, fulness and want, honour and reproach, were now equally indifferent; and when I concluded the meeting, my whole soul felt, as it were, going after the lost sheep of Christ among the heathen.

" I do feel a growing satisfaction in the proposal of spending my whole life in something nobler than the locality of this island will admit. I long to raise my Master's banner in climes where the sound of his fame hath but scarcely reached. He hath said, for my encouragement, that all nations shall flow unto it.

" The conduct and success of Stach, Boonish, and other Moravian Missionaries in Greenland, both con-found and stimulate me. O Lord, forgive my past indolence in thy service, and help me to redeem the residue of my days for exertions more worthy a friend of mankind, and a servant of God."

" Oct. 13. — Being taken up with visitors the former part of the day, I spent the after part in application to the Bengal language, and found the difficulties I apprehended vanish as fast as I encountered them. I read

and prayed, prayed and read, and made no small advances. Blessed be God!"

"Oct. 15. — There are in Birmingham 50,000 inhabitants; and, exclusive of the vicinity, ten ministers who preach the fundamental truths of the Gospel. In Hindostan there are twice as many millions of inhabitants, and not so many Gospel preachers. Now Jesus Christ hath commanded his ministers to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. Why should we be so disproportionate in our labours? Peculiar circumstances must not be urged against positive commands: I am therefore bound, if others do not go, to make the means more proportionate to the multitude.

"To-night, reading some letters from brother Carey, in which he speaks of his wife's illness when she first came into the country, I endeavoured to realize myself not only with a sick, but a dead wife. The thought was like a cold dagger to my heart at first: but on recollection, I considered the same God ruled in India as in Europe; and that he could either preserve her, or support me, as well there as here. My business is only to be where he would have me. Other things I leave to him. O Lord, though with timidity, yet I hope not without satisfaction, I look every possible evil in the face, and say, Thy will be done!"

"Oct. 17. — This is the first day I have set apart for extraordinary devotion, in relation to my present exercise of mind. Rose earlier than usual, and began the day in prayer that God would be with me in every part of it, and grant the end I have in view may be clearly ascertained — the knowledge of his will.

"Considering the importance of the work before me, I began at the foundation of all religion, and reviewed the grounds on which I stood — the being of a God; the relation of mankind to him; with the divine inspiration of the Scriptures: and the review afforded me great satisfaction*. I also compared the different religions which claimed divine origin, and found little difficulty

* There is a wide difference between admitting these principles in theory, and making use of them. David might have worn Saul's accoutrements at a parade; but in meeting Goliath, he must go forth in an armour that had been tried. A mariner may sit in his cabin at his ease, while the ship is in harbour; but ere he undertakes a voyage, he must examine its soundness, and whether it will endure the storms which may overtake him.

in determining which had most internal evidence of its divinity. I attentively read and seriously considered Dr. Doddridge's three excellent Sermons on the Evidences of the Christian Religion; which was followed by such conviction, that I had hardly patience to conclude the book before I fell on my knees before God, to bless him for such a religion, established on such a basis; and I have received more solid satisfaction this day upon the subject than ever I did before.

"I also considered, since the Gospel is true, since Christ is head of the church, and his will is the law of all his followers, what are the obligations of his servants, in respect of the enlargement of his kingdom. I here referred to our Lord's commission, which I could not but consider as universal in its object, and permanent in its obligations. I read brother Carey's remarks upon it: and as the command has never been repealed; as there are millions of beings in the world on whom the command may be exercised; as I can produce no counter-revelation; and as I lie under no natural impossibilities of performing it; I concluded that I, as a servant of Christ, was bound by this law.

"I took the narrative of my experience, and statement of my views on this subject, in my hand, and, bowing down before God, I earnestly besought an impartial and enlightened spirit. I then perused that paper; and can now say, that I have (allowing, for my own fallibility) not one doubt upon the subject. I therefore resolved to close this solemn season with reading a portion of both Testaments, and earnest prayer to God for my family, my people, the heathen world, the Society, and particularly for the success of our dear brethren Thomas and Carey, and his blessing, presence, and grace, to be ever my guide and glory. Accordingly I read the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah; and with what sweetness! I never read a chapter in private with such feelings since I have been in the ministry. The 8th, 9th, 10th, 20th, and 21st verses, I thought remarkably suitable.

"Read also part of the epistle to the Ephesians, and the first chapter to the Philippians. O that for me to live may be Christ alone! Blessed be my dear Saviour, in prayer I have had such fellowship with him, as would warm me in Greenland, comfort me in New Zealand, and rejoice me in the valley of the shadow of death!"

"Oct. 18.—I dreamed that I saw one of the Christian

Hindoos. O how I loved him! I long to realize my dream. How pleasant will it be to sit down at the Lord's table with our swarthy brethren, and hear Jesus preached in their language! Surely then will come to pass the saying that is written, In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, all are one in him.

"Have been happy to-day in completing the manuscript of Periodical Accounts, No. I. Any thing relative to the salvation of the heathen brings a certain pleasure with it. I find I cannot pray, nor converse, nor read, nor study, nor preach with satisfaction, without reference to this subject."

"Oct. 20. — Was a little discouraged on reading Mr. Zeigenbald's conferences with the Malabarians, till I recollected, what ought to be ever present to my mind, in brother Carey's words, 'The work is God's.'

"In the evening I found some difficulty with the language; but considering how merchants and captains overcome this difficulty for the sake of wealth, I sat confounded before the Lord, that I should ever have indulged such a thought; and, looking up to him, I set about it with cheerfulness, and found that I was making a sensible advance, although I can never apply till eleven o'clock at night, on account of my other duties*.

"Preached from 2 Kings iv, 26. 'It is well.' Was much enlarged both in thought and expression. Whilst speaking of the satisfaction enjoyed by a truly pious mind, when it feels itself in all circumstances and times in the hand of a good God, I felt, that were the universe destroyed, and I the only being in it, besides God, he is fully adequate to my complete happiness; and had I been in an African wood, surrounded with venomous serpents, devouring beasts, and savage men, in such a frame, I should be the subject of perfect peace and ex-

* Night studies, often continued till two or three o'clock in the morning, it is to be feared, were the first occasion of impairing Mr. Pearce's health, and brought on that train of nervous sensations with which he was afterwards afflicted. Though not much accustomed to converse on the subject, he once acknowledged to a brother in the ministry, that, owing to his enervated state, he sometimes dreaded the approach of public service to such a degree, that he would rather have submitted to stripes than engage in them; and that, while in the pulpit, he was frequently distressed with the apprehension of falling over it.

alted joy. Yes, O my God, thou hast taught me, that thou alone art worthy of my confidence: and with this sentiment fixed in my heart, I am free from all solicitude about any temporal prospects or concerns. If thy presence be enjoyed, poverty shall be riches; darkness, light; affliction, prosperity; reproach, my honour; and fatigue, my rest: and thou hast said, My presence shall go with thee. Enough Lord: I ask for nothing, nothing more.

"But how sad the proofs of our depravity; and how insecure the best frames we enjoy! Returning home, a wicked expression from a person who passed me caught my ear, and recurred so often to my thoughts for some minutes, as to bring guilt upon my mind, and overwhelm me with shame before God. But I appealed to God for my hatred of all such things, secretly confessed the sin of my heart, and again ventured to the mercy-seat. On such occasions, how precious a mediator is to the soul!"

"Oct. 22. — I did not on the former part of the day feel my wonted ardour for the work of a missionary; but rather an inclination to consult flesh and blood, and look at the worst side of things. I did so: but when on my knees before God in prayer about it, I first considered, that my judgment was still equally satisfied, and my conscience so convinced, that I durst not relinquish the work for a thousand worlds! And then I thought, that this dull frame had not been without its use, as I was now fully convinced, that my desire to go did not arise from any fluctuation of inconstant passions, but the settled convictions of my judgment. I therefore renewed my vows unto the Lord, that, let what difficulties soever be in the way, I would (provided the Society approved) surmount them all. I felt a kind of unutterable satisfaction of mind, in my resolution of leaving the decision in the hands of my brethren. May God rightly dispose their hearts! I have no doubt but he will."

"Oct. 23. — Have found a little time to apply to the Bengalee language. How pleasant is it to work for God! Love transforms thorns to roses, and makes pain itself a pleasure. I never sat down to any study with such peculiar and continued satisfaction. The thought of exalting the Redeemer in this language is a spur to my application paramount to every discouragement for want of a living tutor. I have passed this day with an abiding satisfaction respecting my present views."

"Oct. 24. — O for the enlightening, enlivening, and sanctifying presence of God to day! It is the second of those days of extraordinary devotion, which I have set apart for seeking God in relation to the mission. How shall I spend it? I will devote the morning to prayer, reading, and meditation; and the afternoon to visiting the wretched, and relieving the needy. May God accept my services, guide me by his counsel, and employ me for his praise!

"Having besought the Lord that he would not suffer me to deceive myself in so important a matter as that which I had now retired to consider, and exercised some confidence that he would be the rewarder of those who diligently seek him, I read the 119th Psalm at the conclusion of my prayer, and felt and wondered at the congruity of so many of the verses to the breathings of my own heart. Often with holy admiration I paused, and read, and thought, and prayed over the verse again; especially verses 20, 31, 59, 60, 112, 145, 146. 'My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times. I have stuck to thy testimonies. O Lord, put me not to shame.'

"Most of the morning I spent in seriously reading Mr. Horne's Letters on Missions, having first begged of the Lord to make the perusal profitable to my instruction in the path of duty. To the interrogation, 'Which of you will forsake all, deny himself, take up his cross, and, if God please, die for his religion?' I replied spontaneously, Blessed be God, I am willing! Lord, help me to accomplish it!

"Closed this season with reading the 61st and 62d chapters of Isaiah, and prayer for the church of God at large, my own congregation, the heathens, the society, brethren Thomas and Carey, all missionaries whom God has sent, of every denomination, my own case, my wife and family, and for assistance in my work.

"The after part of this day has been gloomy indeed. All the painful circumstances which can attend my going have met upon my heart, and formed a load almost insupportable. A number of things, which have been some time accumulating, have united their pressure, and made me groan, being burthened. Whilst at a prayer-meeting I looked round on my Christian friends, and said to myself, A few months more, and probably I shall leave you all! But in the deepest of my gloom I re-

solved, though faint, yet to pursue; not doubting but my Lord would give me strength equal to the day.

"I had scarcely formed this resolution before it occurred, My Lord and Master was a man of sorrows. Oppressed, and covered with blood, he cried, 'If it be possible let this cup pass from me.' Yet in the depth of his agonies he added, 'Thy will be done.' This thought was to me what the sight of the cross was to Bunyan's pilgrim; I lost my burthen. Spent the remainder of the meeting in sweet communion with God.

"But on coming home, the sight of Mrs. P. replaced my load. She had for some time been much discouraged at the thoughts of going. I therefore felt reluctant to say ~~any~~ thing on this subject, thinking it would be unpleasant to her; but though I strove to conceal it, an involuntary sigh betrayed my uneasiness. She kindly inquired the cause. I avoided at first an explanation, till she, guessing the reason, said to this effect: I hope you will be no more uneasy on my account. For the last two or three days I have been more comfortable than ever in the thought of going. I have considered the steps you are pursuing to know the mind of God, and I think you cannot take more proper ones. When you consult the ministers, you should represent your obstacles as strongly as your inducements; and then, if they advise your going, though the parting from my friends will be almost insupportable, yet I will make myself as happy as I can, and God can make me happy anywhere.

"Should this little diary fall into the hands of a man having the soul of a missionary, circumstanced as I am, he will be the only man capable of sharing my peace, my joy, my gratitude, my rapture of soul. Thus at eventide it is light; thus God brings his people through fire and through water into a wealthy place: thus those who ask do receive, and their joy is full. O, love the Lord, ye his saints: there is no want to them that fear him!"

"Oct. 26.—Had much enlargement this morning, whilst speaking on the nature, extent, and influence of divine love: what designs it formed; with what energy it acted; with what perseverance it pursued its object; what obstacles it surmounted; what difficulties it conquered; and what sweetness it imparted under the

heaviest loads and severest trials. Almost through the day I enjoyed a very desirable frame; and, on coming home, my wife and I had some conversation on the subject of my going. She said, though in general the thought was painful, yet there were some seasons when she had no preference, but felt herself disposed to go or stay, as the Lord should direct.

"This day wrote to brother Fuller, briefly stating my desires, requesting his advice, and proposing a meeting of the committee on the business. I feel great satisfaction arising from leaving the matter to the determination of my honoured brethren, and to God through them."

"Oct. 27.—To-day I sent a packet to our brethren in India. I could not forbear telling brother Carey all my feelings, views, and expectations: but without saying, I should be entirely governed by the opinion of the Society."

"Oct. 28.—Still panting to preach Jesus among my fellow-sinners to whom he is yet unknown. Wrote to Dr. Rogers of Philadelphia, to-day, upon the subject, with freedom and warmth, and inquired whether, whilst the people of the United States were forming societies to encourage arts, liberty, and emigration, there could not a few be found among them who would form a society for the transmission of the word of life to the benighted heathens; or, in case that could not be, whether they might not strengthen our hands in Europe, by some benevolent proof of concurring with us in a design of which they speak with such approbation? With this I sent Horne's Letters. I will follow both with my prayers; and who can tell?"

"Oct. 29.—Looked over the code of Hindoo laws to-day. How much is there to admire in it, founded on the principles of justice! The most salutary regulations are adopted in many circumstances. But what a pity that so much excellence should be debased by laws to establish or countenance idolatry, magic, prostitution, prayers for the dead, false-witnessing, theft, and suicide. How perfect is the morality of the Gospel of Jesus; and how desirable that they should embrace it! Ought not means to be used? Can we assist them too soon? There is reason to think that their Shasters were penned about the beginning of the Kollee Jogue, which must be soon after the deluge: and are not 4,000 years long

enough for 100,000,000 of men to be under the empire of the devil?"

"Oct. 31. — I am encouraged to enter upon this day (which I set apart for supplicating God) by a recollection of his promises to those who seek him. If the sacred word be true, the servants of God can never seek his face in vain: and as I am conscious of my sincerity and earnest desire only to know his pleasure that I may perform it, I find a degree of confidence that I shall realize the fulfilment of the word on which he causeth me to hope.

"Began the day with solemn prayer for the assistance of the Holy Spirit in my present exercise, that so I might enjoy the spirit and power of prayer, and have my personal religion improved, as well as my public steps directed. In this duty I found a little quickening.

"I then read over the narrative of my experience and my journal. I find my views are still the same; but my heart is much more established than when I began to write.

"Was much struck in reading Paul's words in 2 Cor. i, 17; when, after speaking of his purpose to travel for the preaching of the Gospel, he saith, 'Did I then use lightness when I was thus minded? Or the things that I purpose, do I purpose according to the flesh, that with me there should be yea, yea, and nay, nay?' The piety of the Apostle in not purposing after the flesh, the seriousness of spirit with which he formed his designs, and his steadfast adherence to them, were in my view worthy of the highest admiration and strictest imitation.

"Thinking that I might get some assistance from David Brainerd's experience, I read his life up to the time of his being appointed a missionary among the Indians. The exalted devotion of that dear man almost made me question mine. Yet at some seasons he speaks of sinking as well as rising. His singular piety excepted, his feelings, prayers, desires, comforts, hopes, and sorrows are my own; and if I could follow him in nothing else, I knew I had been enabled to say this with him, I felt exceedingly calm, and quite resigned to God respecting my future improvement (or station) when and where he pleased. My faith lifted me above the world, and removed all those mountains which I could not look over of late. I thought I wanted not the favour of man to lean upon;

for I knew God's favour was infinitely better, and that it was no matter where or when or how Christ should send me, nor with what trials he should still exercise me, if I might be prepared for his work and will.

"Read the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters of the second Epistle to the Corinthians. Felt a kind of placidity, but not much joy. On beginning the concluding prayer I had no strength to wrestle, nor power with God at all. I seemed as one desolate and forsaken. I prayed for myself, the society, the missionaries, the converted Hindoos, the church in Cannon Street, my family, and ministry; but all was dulness, and I feared I had offended the Lord. I felt but little zeal for the mission, and was about to conclude with a lamentation over the hardness of my heart . . . when on a sudden it pleased God to smite the rock with the rod of his Spirit, and immediately the waters began to flow! O what a heavenly, glorious, melting power was it! My eyes, almost closed with weeping, hardly suffer me to write. I feel it over again. O what a view of the love of a crucified Redeemer did I enjoy! The attractions of his cross how powerful! I was as a giant refreshed with new wine, as to my animation; like Mary at the Master's feet, weeping, for tenderness of soul; like a little child, for submission to my Heavenly Father's will; and like Paul, for a victory over all self-love, creature-love, and fear of man, when these things stand in the way of my duty. The interest that Christ took in the redemption of the heathen, the situation of our brethren in Bengal, the worth of the soul, and the plain command of Jesus Christ, together with an irresistible drawing of soul, which far exceeded any thing I ever felt before, and is impossible to be described or conceived of by those who have never experienced it—all compelled me to vow that I would, by his leave, serve him among the heathen. The Bible lying open before me (upon my knees) many passages caught my eye, and confirmed the purposes of my heart. If ever in my life I knew any thing of the influences of the Holy Spirit, I did at this time. I was swallowed up in God. Hunger, fulness, cold, heat, friends, and enemies, all seemed nothing before God. I was in a new world. All was delightful; for Christ was all and in all. Many times I concluded prayer; but, when rising from my knees, com-

munion with God was so desirable, that I was sweetly drawn to it again and again, till my animal strength was almost exhausted. Then I thought it would be pleasure to burn for God!

"And now while I write, such a heavenly sweetness fills my soul, that no exterior circumstance can remove it; and I do uniformly feel, that the more I am thus, the more I pant for the service of my blessed Jesus among the heathen. Yes, my dear, my dying Lord, I am thine, thy servant; and if I neglect the service of so good a master, I may well expect a guilty conscience in life, and a death awful as that of Judas or Spira!

"This evening I had a meeting with my friends. Returned much dejected. Received a letter from brother Fuller, which, though he says he has many objections to my going, yet is so affectionately expressed as to yield me a gratification."

"Nov. 3.—This evening received a letter from brother Ryland, containing many objections: but contradiction itself is pleasant when it is the voice of judgment mingled with affection. I wish to remember that I may be mistaken, though I cannot say I am at present convinced that it is so. I am happy to find that brother Ryland approves of my referring it to the committee. I have much confidence in the judgment of my brethren, and hope I shall be perfectly satisfied with their advice. I do think, however, that if they knew how earnestly I pant for the work, it would be impossible for them to withhold their ready acquiescence. O Lord, thou knowest my sincerity; and that if I go not to the work, it will not be owing to any reluctance on my part! If I stay in England, I fear I shall be a poor useless drone; or if a sense of duty prompt me to activity, I doubt whether I shall ever know inward peace and joy again. O Lord, I am, thou knowest, I am oppressed; undertake for me!"

"Nov. 5.—At times to-day I have been reconciled to the thought of staying, if my brethren should so advise; but at other times I seem to think I could not. I look at brother Carey's portrait as it hangs in my study. I love him in the bowels of Jesus Christ, and long to join his labours. Every look calls up a hundred thoughts, all of which inflame my desires to be a fellow-labourer with him in the work of the Lord. One thing

however I have resolved upon ; that, the Lord helping me, if I cannot go abroad, I will do all I can to serve the mission at home."

" Nov. 7.—This is the last day of peculiar devotion before the deciding meeting. May I have strength to wrestle with God to-day, for his wisdom to preside in the committee, and by faith to leave the issue to their determination.

" I did not enjoy much enlargement in prayer to-day. My mind seems at present incapable of those sensations of joy with which I have lately been much indulged, through its strugglings in relation to my going or staying : yet I have been enabled to commit the issue into the hands of God, as he may direct my brethren, hoping that their advice will be agreeable to his will."

The result of the committee-meeting has already been related ; together with the state of his mind, as far as can be collected from his letters for some time after it. The termination of these tender and interesting exercises, and of all his other labours, in so speedy a removal from the present scene of action, may teach us not to draw any certain conclusion as to the designs of God concerning our future labours, from the ardour or sincerity of our feelings. He may take it well that it was in our hearts to build him a house, though he should for wise reasons have determined not to gratify us. Let it suffice, that in matters of everlasting moment he has engaged to perfect that which concerns us. In this he hath condescended to bind himself as by an oath, for our consolation. Here therefore we may safely consider our spiritual desires as indicative of his designs : but it is otherwise, in various instances, with regard to present duty.

CHAP. III.

His Exercises and Labours, from the Time of his giving up the idea of going Abroad, to the Commencement of his last Affliction.

HAD the multiplied labours of this excellent man permitted his keeping a regular diary, we may see, by the

foregoing specimen of a single month, what a rich store of truly Christian experience would have pervaded these Memoirs. We should then have been better able to trace the gradual openings of his holy mind, and the springs of that extraordinary unction of spirit, and energy of action, by which his life was distinguished. As it is, we can only collect the gleanings of the harvest, partly from memory, and partly from letters communicated by his friends.

This chapter will include a period of about four years, during which he went twice to London, to collect for the Baptist Mission, and once he visited Dublin, at the invitation of the Evangelical Society in that city.

There appears throughout the general tenour of his life a singular submissiveness to the will of God; and, what is worthy of notice, this disposition was generally most conspicuous when his own will was most counteracted. The justness of this remark is sufficiently apparent from his letter to Mrs. Pearce, of Nov. 13, 1794*, after the decision of the committee; and the same spirit was carried into the common concerns of life. Thus, about a month afterwards, when his dear Louisa was ill of a fever, he thus writes from Northampton, to Mrs. Pearce:—

“ Northampton, Dec. 13, 1794.

“ My dear Sarah;

“ I am just brought, on the wings of celestial mercy, safe to my Sabbath's station. I am well; and my dear friends here seem healthy and happy: but I feel for you. I long to know how our dear Louisa's pulse beats: I fear still feverish. We must not, however, suffer ourselves to be infected with a mental fever on this account. Is she ill? It is right. Is she very ill... dying? It is still right. Is she gone to join the heavenly choristers? It is all right, notwithstanding our repinings. . . . Repinings! No; we will not repine. It is best she should go. It is best for her: this we must allow. It is best for us. Do we expect it? O, what poor, ungrateful, short-sighted worms are we! Let us submit, my Sarah, till we come to heaven: if we do not then see that it is best, let us then complain. But why do I attempt to console? Perhaps an indulgent providence has ere now dissipated your fears: or,

* See page 103.

if that same kind providence has removed our babe, you have consolation enough in him who suffered more than we; and more than enough to quiet all our passions, in that astonishing consideration—'God so loved the world, that he spared not his own Son.' Did God cheerfully give the holy child Jesus for us; and shall we refuse our child to him? He gave his Son to suffer: he takes our children to enjoy. Yes; to enjoy himself.

"Your's, with the tenderest regard,
"S. P."

In June, 1795, he attended the Association at Kettering, partly on account of some missionary business there to be transacted. That was a season of great joy to many, especially the last forenoon previous to parting. From thence he wrote to Mrs. Pearce as follows:—

"My dear Sarah;

"From a pew in the house of God at Kettering, with my cup of joy running over, I address you by the hands of brother Simmons. Had it pleased Divine Providence to have permitted your accompanying me, my pleasures would have had no small addition; because I should have hoped that you would have been filled with similar consolation, and have received equal edification by the precious means of grace on which I have attended. Indeed, I never remember to have enjoyed a public meeting to such a high degree since I have been in the habit of attending upon them. O that I may return to you, and the church of God, in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ! I hope, my beloved, that you are not without the enjoyment of the sweetness and the supports of the blessed Gospel. O that you may get and keep near to God, and in him find infinitely more than you can possibly lose by your husband's absence!

"Mr. Hall preached last evening, from 1 Pet. i, 8. A most evangelical and experimental season! I was charmed and warmed. O that Jesus may go on to reveal himself to him as altogether lovely! I am unable to write more now. To-day I set off for Northampton, and preach there to-night. The Lord bless you!

"S. P."

In July, 1795, he received a pressing invitation from the General Evangelical Society in Dublin, to pay them a visit, and to assist in diffusing the Gospel of the grace

of God in that kingdom. To this invitation he replied in the following letter, addressed to Dr. M'Dowal :—

“ Birmingham, Aug. 3, 1796.

“ Rev. and dear Sir;

“ I received your favour of the 22d ult. and, for the interesting reason you assign, transmit a ‘speedy answer.’ The society on whose behalf you wrote, I have ever considered with the respect due to the real friends of the best of causes; the cause of God and of his Christ; a cause which embraces the most important and durable interests of our fellow-men: and your name, dear sir, I have been taught to hold in more than common esteem by my dear brother and father, Messrs. Birt and Francis. The benevolent institution which you are engaged in supporting, I am persuaded, deserves more than the good wishes or prayers of your brethren in the kingdom and patience of Jesus on this side the channel; and it will yield me substantial pleasure to afford personal assistance in your pious labours. But, for the present, I am sorry to say, I must decline your proposal; being engaged to spend a month in London this autumn, on the business of our Mission Society, of which you have probably heard.

“ When I formed my present connections with the church in Birmingham, I proposed an annual freedom for six weeks from my pastoral duties; and should the Evangelical Society express a wish for my services the ensuing year, I am perfectly inclined, God willing, to spend that time beneath their direction, and at what part of the year they conceive a visit would be most serviceable to the good design. I only request, that, should this be their desire, I may receive the information as soon as they can conveniently decide, that I may withhold myself from other engagements, which may interfere with the time they may appoint. I intreat you to make my Christian respects acceptable to the gentlemen who compose the Society; and assure yourself that

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ Respectfully and affectionately,

“ Your brother in our Lord Jesus,

“ S. P.”

The invitation was repeated, and he complied with their request, engaging to go over in the month of June, 1796.

A little before this journey, it occurred to Dr. Ryland; that an itinerating mission into Cornwall might be of use to the cause of true religion, and that two acceptable ministers might be induced to undertake it; and that, if executed during the vacation at the Bristol Academy, two of the students might supply their place. He communicated his thoughts to Mr. Pearce, who wrote thus in answer:—

“ May 30, 1796.

“ My very dear Brother;

“ I thank you a thousand times for your last letter. Blessed be God, who hath put it into your heart to propose such a plan for increasing the boundaries of Zion! I have read your letter to our wisest friends here, and they heard it with great joy. The plan, the place, the mode, the persons—all, all meet our most affectionate wishes. How did such a scheme never enter our minds before? Alas, we have nothing in our hearts that is worth having, save what God puts there. Do write to me when at Dublin, and tell me whether it be resolved on; when they set out, &c. I hope, ere long, to hear, that as many disciples are employed in Great Britain, as the Saviour employed in Judea. When he gives the word, great will be the company of the preachers.

“ O, my dear brother, let us go on still praying, contriving, labouring, defending, until ‘ the little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and the small stone from the mountain fill the whole earth.’

“ What pleasures do those lose who have no interest in God’s gracious and holy cause! How thankful should we be, that we are not strangers to the joy which the friends of Zion feel, when the Lord turneth again Zion’s captivity.

“ I am, beyond expression,

“ Your affectionate brother in Christ,

“ S. P.”

On May 31, he set off for Dublin, and “ the Lord prospered his way,” so that he arrived at the time appointed; and from every account it appears, that he was not only sent in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace, but that the Lord himself went with him. His preaching was not only highly acceptable to every class of hearers, but the word came from him with power; and there is abundant reason to believe,

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that many will, through eternity, praise God for sending his message to them by this dear ambassador of Christ. His memory lives in their hearts, and they join with the other churches of Christ in deploring the loss they have sustained by his death.

He was earnestly solicited by the Evangelical Society to renew his visit to that kingdom in 1798. Ready to embrace every call of duty, he had signified his compliance; and the time was fixed: but the breaking out of the late rebellion prevented him from realizing his intention. This was a painful disappointment to many, who wished once more to see his face, and to have heard the glad tidings from his lips.

Such is the brief account of his visit to Dublin, given by Dr. M'Dowal. The following letter was written to Mrs. Pearce, when he had been there little more than a week:—

“ My dear Sarah ;

Dublin, June 31, 1796.

“ I long to know how you do, and you will be as much concerned to know how I go on at this distance from you. I haste to satisfy your inquiries.

“ I am in perfect health : am delightfully disappointed with the place and its inhabitants. I am very thankful that I came over. I have found much more religion here already than I expected to meet with during the whole of my stay. The prospect of usefulness is flattering. I have already many more friends (I hope Christian friends) than I can gratify by visits. Many doors are open for preaching the Gospel in the city ; and my country excursions will probably be few. Thus much for outline.

“ But you will like to know how I spend my time, &c. Well then : I am at the house of a Mr. H——, late high-sheriff for the city : a gentleman of opulence, respectability, and evangelical piety. He is by profession a Calvinistic Presbyterian ; and elder of Dr. M'Dowal's church ; has a most amiable wife, and four children. I am very thankful for being placed here during my stay. I am quite at home, I mean as to ease and familiarity ; for as to style of living, I neither do, nor desire to equal it. Yet, in my present situation, it is convenient. It would, however, be sickening and dull, had I not a God to go to, to converse with, to enjoy, and to call my own. O it is this, it is this, my dearest Sarah

which gives a point to every enjoyment, and sweetens all the cup of life.

"The Lord's-day after I wrote to you last, I preached for Dr. M'Dowal in the morning, at half-past eleven, heard a Mr. Kilburne at five; and preached again at Plunket Street at seven. On Tuesday evening I preached at an hospital; and on Thursday evening at Plunket Street again. Yesterday, for the Baptists, in the morning; Dr. M'Dowal, at five; and at Plunket Street at seven.

"The hours of worship will appear singular to you: they depend on the usual meal times. We breakfast at ten; dine between four and five, sometimes between five and six; take tea from seven to nine; and sup from ten to twelve.

"I thank God that I possess an abiding determination to aim at the consciences of the people in every discourse. I have borne the most positive testimony against the prevailing evils of professors here: as, sensuality, gaiety, vain amusements, neglect of the sabbath, &c. and last night told an immense crowd of professors of the first rank, 'that if they made custom and fashion their plea, they were awfully deluding their souls; for it had always been the fashion to insult God, to dissipate time, and to pursue the broad road to hell; but it would not lessen their torments there, that the way to damnation was the fashion.'

"I feared my faithfulness would have given them offence; but, I am persuaded, it was the way to please the Lord; and those, who I expected would be enemies, are not only at peace with me, but even renounce their sensual indulgences to attend on my ministry. I do assuredly believe that God hath sent me hither for good. The five-o'clock meetings are miserably attended in general. In a house that will hold fifteen hundred or two thousand people, you will hardly see above fifty! Yesterday morning I preached on the subject of public worship, from Psalm v, 7, and seriously warned them against preferring their bellies to God, and their own houses to his. I was delighted and surprised, at the five-o'clock meeting, to see the place nearly full. Surely this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in my eyes. Never, never did I more feel how weak I am in myself.—a mere nothing; and how strong I am in the omnipotence of God. I feel a superiority to all fear, and

possess a conscious dignity in being the ambassador of Christ. O help me to praise! for it is he alone who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight: and still pray for me; for if he withdraw for a moment, I become as weak and unprofitable as the briars of the wilderness.

"You cannot think how much I am supported by the assurance that I have left a praying people at Birmingham; and I believe, that in answer to their prayers I have hitherto been wonderfully assisted in the public work, as well as enjoyed much in private devotion.

"I have formed a most pleasing acquaintance with several serious young men in the University here, and with two of the Fellows of the College; most pious gentlemen indeed, who have undergone a world of reproach for Christ and his Gospel, and have been forbidden to preach in the churches by the Archbishop: but God has raised another house for them here, where they preach with much success, and have begun a meeting in the college, which promises fresh prosperity to the cause of Jesus.
S. P."

The following particulars, in addition to the above, are taken partly from some notes in his own handwriting, and partly from the account given by his friend Mr. Summers, who accompanied him during the latter part of his visits.

At his first arrival, the congregations were but thinly attended, and the Baptist congregation in particular, amongst whom he delivered several discourses. It much affected him to see the whole city given to sensuality and worldly conformity; and especially to find those of his own denomination amongst the lowest and least affected with their condition. But the longer he continued, the more the congregations increased, and every opportunity became increasingly interesting, both to him and them. His faithful remonstrances, and earnest recommendations of prayer-meetings to his Baptist friends, though at first apparently ill received, were well taken in the end; and he had the happiness to see in them some hopeful appearances of a return to God. On June the 20th, he wrote to his friend Mr. Summers, as follows:—

" My dear Friend ;

If you mean to abide by my opinion, I say, come to Dublin, and come directly. I have been most delightfully disappointed. I expected darkness, and behold light ; sorrow, and I have had cause for abundant joy. I thank God that I came hither, and hope that many, as well as myself, will have cause to praise him. Never have I been more deeply taught my own nothingness ; never hath the power of God more evidently rested upon me. The harvest here is great indeed ; and the Lord of the harvest hath enabled me to labour in it with delight.

' I praise him for all that is past,
I trust him for all that's to come.'

" The Lord has of late been doing great things for Dublin. Several of the young men in the college have been awakened ; and two of the fellows are sweet evangelical preachers. One of them is of a spirit serene as the summer's evening, and sweet as the breath of May. I am already intimate with them, and have spent several mornings in college, with various students who bid fair to be faithful watchmen on Jerusalem's walls. But I hope you will come ; and then you will see for yourself. If not, I will give you some pleasant details when we meet in England. S. P."

Mr. Summers complied with this invitation ; and of the last seven or eight days of Mr. Pearce's continuance at Dublin, he himself thus writes :—

" Monday, July 4. At three in the afternoon I went, with my friend Mr. Summers, to Mr. K.'s. Spent a very agreeable day. Miss A. K. remarked two wonders in Dublin—a praying Society composed of students at college, and another of lawyers. The family were called together ; I read and expounded the twelfth chapter of Isaiah, and prayed. At seven we went to a prayer-meeting at Plunket Street : there was a very large attendance. Mr. R. and Mr. S. prayed ; and I spoke from Rom. x, 12, 13. ' There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek : for the same Lord over all is rich unto all who call upon him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' Many seemed affected. After I had closed

the opportunity, I told them some of my own experience, and requested, that if any present wished for conversation, they would come to me, either that evening, or on Thursday evening, in the vestry. Five persons came in. One had been long impressed with religion, but could never summons courage enough to open her heart before. Another, a Miss W., attributed her first impressions, under God, to my ministry; and told me, that her father had regularly attended of late, and that her mother was so much alarmed as to be almost in despair. Poor girl! she seemed truly in earnest about her own soul, and as much concerned for her parents. The next had possessed a serious concern for some time, and of late had been much revived. One young lady, a Miss H., staid in the meeting-house, exceedingly affected indeed. Mr. K. spoke to her. She said, she would speak to me on Thursday.

"Tuesday, 5.—Went to Leislip. At seven preached to a large and affected auditory.

"Wednesday, 6.—Mr. H. and myself went to Mrs. M'G. to inquire about the young lady who was so much affected at the meeting. Mrs. M'G. said, her mother and sister were pious; that she had been very giddy; but that last Lord's-day she was seriously awakened to a sense of sin; had expressed her delight in religion, and fled for refuge to the blood of Jesus. Her sister was introduced to me, a sweetly pious lady. I agreed to wait for an interview with the young lady at Mr. H.'s, in Eccles Street, to-morrow.

"Thursday, 7.—Miss H., her sister, and Mrs. M'G. came to Eccles Street. A most delightful interview. Seldom have I seen such proficiency in so short a time. That day week, at Plunket Street, she received her first serious impressions; her concern deepened at Mass Lane, on Lord's-day morning; more so in the evening at Plunket Street; but most of all on Monday night. I exhorted them to begin a prayer and experience-meeting; and they agreed. Blessed be God! this strengthens my hands greatly. At seven o'clock, preached at Plunket Street, from Jer. 1, 4, 5. 'Going and weeping, they shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward.' A full house; and an impressive season. Tarried after the public services were ended, to converse on religion. The most pleasing case was that of a young man of Mr. D.'s.

“Saturday, 9.—Went with my friend Mr. S. to call on Miss H. Found her at her mother’s. We first passed the door. She ran out after us: seemed happy; and agitated. Ran, and called her mother. Soon we saw the door of the parlour open, and a majestic lady appeared; who, as she entered the room, thus accosted me: ‘Who art thou, O blessed of the Lord! Welcome to the widow’s house! Accept the widow’s thanks for coming after the child whom thou hast begotten in the Gospel!’ I was too much overcome to do more than take by the hand the aged saint. A solemn silence ensued for a minute or two; when the old lady, recovering, expressed the fulness of her satisfaction respecting the reality of the change effected in her daughter, and her gratitude for great refreshment of her own soul, by means of my poor labours. She said she had known the Lord during forty years, being called under the ministry of John Fisher, in the open air, when on a visit to an officer, who was her brother-in-law. She told us much of her experience, and promised to encourage the prayer-meeting, which I proposed to be held in her house every Lord’s-day evening. They are to begin to-morrow, after preaching. It was a pleasant meeting; and we returned with pleasure to Eccles Street. After we rose up to come away, the old lady affectionately said, ‘May the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush attend you wherever you go, for ever and ever!’”

The young lady, some months after, wrote to Mrs. S., and says, amongst other things:—“I have great reason to be thankful for the many blessings the Lord has been pleased to bestow upon me, and in particular for his sending Mr. Pearce to this city; and that through his means I have been convinced of sin. I am happy to inform you, that, through grace, I am enabled to walk in the narrow path. The Lord has taken away all desire for worldly company; all my desires, now, are to attend on the means of grace. Blessed be his name! I often find him present in them. My mother and I often remember the happy time we spent in your company at our house. She often speaks of it with great pleasure, and blesses the Lord for the change which grace has wrought in me.”

“Lord’s-day, 10.—(the last Sabbath.) Preached in the morning at Mary’s Abbey, from Job xxxiii, 27, 28.

'He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not, he will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light.' A happy season. In the afternoon, having dined with Mr. W., he took me to Swift's Alley, the Baptist place of worship, where I gave an exhortation on brotherly love, and administered the Lord's supper. At Mr. W.'s motion, the church requested me to look out a suitable minister for them. In the evening I preached at Plunket Street, from 2 Timothy i, 18. 'The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day!' A very solemn season.

"Monday, 11.—Met the dear Christian friends, for the last time, at a prayer-meeting in Plunket Street. The Lord was there! Several friends spent the evening with us afterwards, at Mr. H.'s.

"Tuesday, 12.—Went on board at four. Arrived at Liverpool on Thursday, and safely at home on Friday, July 15, 1796. Blessed be the Preserver of men, the Saviour of sinners, and the Help of his servants, for evermore. Amen, amen!"

Some time after, writing to his friend, who accompanied him, he says: "I have received several letters from Dublin: two from Master B., one from Miss H., one from M., three or four from our Baptist friends, and some from others whom I cannot recollect. Mr. K. lately called on me, in his way from Bath to Holyhead. We talked of you, and of our Lord, and did not part till we had presented ourselves before the throne."

During his labours in Dublin, he was strongly solicited to settle in a very flattering situation in the neighbourhood*; and a very liberal salary was offered him. On his positively declining it, mention was made of only six months of the year. When that was declined, three months were proposed; and when he was about to answer this in the negative, the party refused to receive his answer, desiring him to take time to consider of it. He did so: and though he entertained a very grateful sense of the kindness and generosity expressed by the proposal; yet, after the maturest deliberation, he thought it his duty to decline it. Mr. Pearce's modesty prevented his talking on such a subject; but it was known at the time by his friend who accompanied him, and, since his

* At the Black Rock, the residence of some of the most genteel families in the vicinity of Dublin.

death, has been frequently mentioned as an instance of his disinterested spirit.

His friends at Birmingham were ready to think it hard, that he should be so willing to leave them, to go on a mission among the heathen : but they could not well complain, and much less think ill of him, when they saw that such a willingness was more than could be effected by the most flattering prospects of a worldly nature, accompanied too with promising appearances of religious usefulness.

About a month after his return from Dublin, Mr. Pearce addressed a letter to Mr. Carey, in which he gives some farther account of Ireland, as well as of some other interesting matters : —

Birmingham, Aug. 12, 1796.

“ O, my dear brother, did you but know with what feelings I resume my pen, freely to correspond with you, after receiving your very affectionate letter to myself, and perusing that which you sent by the same conveyance to the Society, I am sure you will persuade yourself, that I have no common friendship for you, and that your regards are at least returned with equal ardour.

“ I fear (I had almost said) that I shall never see your face in the flesh ; but if any thing can add to the joy which the presence of Christ, and conformity, perfect conformity to him, will afford in heaven, surely the certain prospect of meeting with my dear brother Carey there, is one of the greatest. Thrice happy should I be, if the providence of God would open a way for my partaking of your labours, your sufferings, and your pleasures, on this side the eternal world : but all my brethren here are of opinion, that I shall be more useful at home than abroad : and I, though reluctantly, submit. Yet I am truly with you in spirit. My heart is at Mudnabatty, and at times I even hope to find my body there : but with the Lord I leave it. He knows my wishes, my motives, my regret. He knows all my soul ; and depraved as it is, I feel an inexpressible satisfaction that he does know it. However, it is a humbling thought to me, that he sees I am unfit for such a station, and unworthy of such an honour as to bear his name among the heathen. But I must be thankful still, that though he appoints me not to a post in foreign service, he will allow me to stand sentinel at home. In this situation may I have grace to be faithful unto death !

" I hardly wonder at your being pained on account of the effects produced in the minds of your European friends, by the news of your engagement in the indigo business, because I imagine you are ignorant of the process of that matter amongst us. When I received the news, I glorified God in sincerity on account of it, and gave most hearty thanks to him for his most gracious appearance on your behalf: but at the same time I feared, lest through that undertaking the work of the mission might in some way or other be impeded. The same impression was made on the minds of many others: yet no blame was attached, in our view, to you. Our minds were only alarmed for the future, not disposed to censure for the past. Had you seen a faithful copy of the prayers, the praises, and the conversation of the day on which your letters were read, I know you would not have entertained one unkind thought of the Society towards you. O no, my dear brother, far be it from us to lay an atom upon your spirits of a painful nature. Need I say, we do love you, we do respect you, we do confide too much in you to design the smallest occasion of distress to your heart? But I close this subject. In future we will atone for an expression that might bear a harsh construction. We will strengthen, we will support, we will comfort, we will encourage you in your arduous work; all, all shall be love and kindness; glory to God, and good will to men. If I have done aught that is wrong, as an individual, pardon me: if we have said aught amiss, as a Society, pardon us. Let us forbear one another in love, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us.

" By the time this reaches you, I hope you will have received Nos. I and II of Periodical Accounts. Should you find any thing in them which you think had better be omitted, pray be free in mentioning it, and in future your instructions shall be fully attended to. We have taken all the pains, and used all the caution, in our power to render them unexceptionable; but you can better judge in some respects than we. If you should not approve of all (though we are not conscious of any thing that you will disapprove) you will not be offended, but believe we have done our best, and with your remarks, hope to do better still.

" With pleasure, approaching to rapture, I read the

last accounts you sent us. I never expected immediate success: the prospect is truly greater than my most sanguine hopes. 'The kingdom of heaven is like to a little leaven hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.' Blessed be God! the leaven is in the meal, and its influence is already discoverable. A great God is doing great things by you. Go on, my dearest brother, go on; God will do greater things than these. Jesus is worthy of a world of praise: and shall Hindostan not praise him? Surely he shall see of the travail of his soul there, and the sower and the reaper shall rejoice together. Already the empire of darkness totters, and soon it shall doubtless fall. Blessed be the labourers in this important work; and blessed be he who giveth them hearts and strength to labour, and promises that they shall not labour in vain.

"Do not fear the want of money. God is for us, and the silver and the gold are his; and so are the hearts of those who possess the most of it. I will travel from the Land's End to the Orkneys, but we will get money enough for all the demands of the mission. I have never had a fear on that head: a little exertion will do wonders; and past experience justifies every confidence. Men we only want; and God shall find them for us in due time.

"Is brother Fountain arrived? We hope he will be an acceptable remittance, and *viva voce* compensate for the lack of epistolary communications.

"I rejoice in contemplating a church of our Lord Jesus Christ in Bengal, formed upon his own plan. Why do not the Hindoo converts join it? Lord help their unbelief! But perhaps the drop is now withheld, that you may by-and-by have the shower, and lift up your eyes, and say, 'These, whence came they? They fly as clouds, or as doves to their windows.' For three years, we read of few baptized by the first disciples of our Lord; but on the fourth, three thousand, and five thousand openly avowed him. The Lord send you such another Pentecost!

"I intend to write my dear brother a long letter. It will prove my desire to gratify him, if it do no more. I wish that I knew in what communications your other correspondents will be most deficient: then I would try to supply their omissions.

"I will begin with myself: but I have nothing good

to say. I think I am the most vile ungrateful servant that ever Jesus Christ employed in his church. At some times, I question whether I ever knew the grace of God in truth ; and at others, I hesitate on the most important points of Christian faith. I have lately had peculiar struggles of this kind with my own heart, and have often half concluded to speak no more in the name of the Lord. When I am preparing for the pulpit, I fear I am going to avow fables for facts, and doctrines of men for the truths of God. In conversation I am obliged to be silent, lest my tongue should belie my heart. In prayer I know not what to say, and at times think prayer altogether useless. Yet I cannot wholly surrender my hope, or my profession. Three things I find, above all others, tend to my preservation :—First, a recollection of a time when, at once, I was brought to abandon the practice of sins which the fear of damnation could never bring me to relinquish before. Surely, I say, this must be the finger of God, according to the Scripture doctrine of regeneration :—Secondly, I feel such a consciousness of guilt, that nothing but the Gospel scheme can satisfy my mind respecting the hope of salvation :—Thirdly, I see that what true devotion does appear in the world, seems only to be found among those to whom Christ is precious.

“ But I frequently find a backwardness to secret prayer, and much deadness in it : and it puzzles me to see how this can be consistent with a life of grace. However, I resolve, that let what will become of me, I will do all I can for God while I live, and leave the rest to him ; and this I usually experience the best way to be at peace.

“ I believe, that if I were more fully given up to God, I should be free from these distressing workings of mind ; and then I long to be a missionary, where I should have temptations to nothing but to abound in the work of the Lord, and lay myself entirely out for him. In such a situation, I think pride would have but little food, and faith more occasion for exercise ; so that the spiritual life and inward religion would thrive better than they do now.

“ At times, indeed, I do feel, I trust, genuine contrition, and sincerely lament my short-comings before God. O the sweets that accompany true repentance ! Yes, I love to be abased before God. ‘ There it is I find

my blessing.' May the Lord daily and hourly bring me low, and keep me so!

"As to my public work, I find, whilst engaged in it, little cause to complain for want either of matter or words. My labours are acceptable, and not altogether unprofitable, to the hearers: but what is this to me, if my own soul starve whilst others are fed by me? O my brother, I need your prayers: and I feel a great satisfaction in the hope that you do not forget me. O that I may be kept faithful unto death! Indeed, in the midst of my strugglings, a gleam of hope that I shall at last awake in the likeness of God, affords me greater joy than words can express. To be with Christ is far better than to continue sinning here; but if the Lord hath any thing to do by me, his will be done.

"I have never so fully opened my case to any one before. Your freedom on similar topics encourages me to make my complaint to you; and I think if you were near me, I should feel great relief in revealing to you all my heart. But I shall fatigue you with my moanings; so I will have done on this subject.

"It is not long since I returned from a kind of mission to Ireland. A society is established in Dublin, for the purpose of inviting from England ministers of various denominations, to assist in promoting the interests of the kingdom of Christ there. Some of our Baptist brethren had been there before me; as Rippon, Langdon, Francis, and Birt; and I think the plan is calculated for usefulness. I have, at Dr. Rippon's request, sent him some remarks on my visit, for the Register; but as it is probable you will receive this before that comes to hand, I will say something of my excursion here.

"Having engaged to spend six Lord's-days in that kingdom, I arrived there the day before the first Sabbath in June. I first made myself acquainted with the general state of religion in Dublin. I found there were four Presbyterian congregations; two of these belong to the Southern Presbytery, and are Arians or Socinians; the other two are connected with the Northern Presbytery, and retain the Westminster Confession of Faith. One of these latter congregations is very small; and the minister, though orthodox, appears to have but little success. The other is large and flourishing: the place of worship is ninety feet by seventy, and in a morning well filled. Their times of service are at half-past

eleven and five. In the afternoon, the stated congregations are small indeed; for five o'clock is the usual dining hour in Dublin, and few of the hearers would leave their dinners for the Gospel, Dr. M'Dowal is the senior pastor of this church—a very affectionate, spiritual man. The junior is Mr. Horner. The Doctor is a warm friend to the Society at whose request I went over to Ireland.

“There is one congregation of Burgher Seceders, and one of Antiburghers. The latter will not hear any man who is not of their own cast: the former are much more liberal. I preached for them once, and they affectionately solicited a repetition of my services.

“Lady Huntingdon's connection has one society here; the only one in the kingdom, perhaps, except at Sligo, where there is another. It is not large, and I fear rather declining. There is not one Independent church in the whole kingdom. There were ten Baptist Societies in Ireland: but they are now reduced to six; and are, I fear, still on the decline.

“The inhabitants of Dublin seem to be chiefly composed of two classes: the one assumes the appearance of opulence; the other exhibits marks of the most abject poverty: and as there are in Ireland no parishes which provide for the poor, many die every year for want of the common necessities of life.

“Most of the rich are by profession Protestants. The poor are nearly all Papists, and strongly prejudiced against the reformed religion. Their ignorance and superstition are scarcely inferior to your miserable Hindoos. On Midsummer day I had an affecting proof of the latter. On the public road, about a mile from Dublin, is a well, which was once included in the precincts of a priory, dedicated to St. John of Jerusalem. This well is in high repute for curing a number of bodily complaints: and its virtues are said to be the most efficacious on the saint's own day. So from twelve o'clock at night, for twenty-four hours, it becomes the rendezvous for all the lame, blind, and otherwise diseased people, within a circuit of twenty miles. Here they brought old and young, and applied the holy water, both internally and externally; some by pouring, some by immersion, and all by drinking: whilst, for the good of those who could not attend in person, their friends filled bottles with the efficacious water, to use at

home. Several I saw on their knees before the well, at their devotions, who were not unfrequently interrupted with a glass of whiskey! With this they were supplied from a number of dealers in that article, who kept standings all round the well.

"Near to the spot was a church-yard, where great numbers kneeled upon the tombs of their deceased relatives, and appeared earnestly engaged in praying for the repose of their souls.

"It was truly a lamentable sight. My heart ached at their delusions; whilst I felt gratitude, I hope unfeigned, for an acquaintance with the 'water of life, of which if a man drink, he shall live for ever!'

"There are few, or none, of the middle class to connect the rich and the poor, so that favourable access to them is far more difficult than to the lower orders of the people in England; and their priests hold them in such bondage, that if a Catholic servant only attend on family worship in a Protestant house, penance must be performed for the offence. S. P."

Mention has already been made of his having "formed a pleasing acquaintance with several serious young gentlemen of the University of Dublin." The following letter was addressed to one of them, the Rev. Mr. Matthias, a few months after his return:—

"Dear Brother Matthias;

"I have been employed this whole day, in writing letters to Dublin; and it is the first day I have been able to redeem for that purpose. I will not consume a page in apology. Let it suffice to say, that necessity, not disinclination, has detained from my Irish friends those proofs of my gratitude and esteem, which in other circumstances I ought to have presented three months ago. I thought this morning of answering all their demands before I slept: but I have written so many sheets, and all full, that I find my eyes and my fingers both fail; and I believe this must close my intercourse with Dublin this day. When I shall be able to complete my purpose I do not know. To form friendships with good men is pleasant; but to maintain all that communion which friendship expects is in some cases very difficult. Happy should I be, could I meet my Irish friends in *propria persona*, instead of sitting in solitude, and main-

taining, by the tedious medium of the pen, this distant intercourse. But 'the Lord, he shall choose our inheritance for us.' Were all the planets of our system embodied, and placed in close association, the light would be greater, and the object grander; but then, usefulness and systematic beauty consist in their dispersion: and what are we, my brother, but so many satellites to Jesus, the great Sun of the Christian system? Some, indeed, like burning Mercuries, keep nearer the luminary, and receive more of its light and heat; whilst others, like the ringed planet, or the Georgium Sidus, preserve a greater distance, and reflect a greater portion of his light: yet if, amidst all this diversity, they belong to the system, two things may be affirmed of all: all keep true to one centre, and borrow whatever light they have from one source. True it is, that the further they are from the sun, the longer are they in performing their revolutions: and is not this exemplified in us? The closer we keep to Jesus, the more brilliant are our graces; the more cheerful and active are our lives: but, alas! we are all comets; we all move in eccentric orbits: at one time glowing beneath the ray divine, at another congealing and freezing into icicles. 'O what a miracle to man is man!'

"Little did I think when I begun this letter that I should thus have indulged myself in allegory: but true friendship, I believe, always dictates extempore: and my friends must never expect from me a studied epistle. They can meet with better thoughts, than I can furnish them with, in any bookseller's shop. It is not the dish, however well it may be cooked, that gives the relish, but the sweet sauce of friendship; and this I think sometimes makes even nonsense palatable.

"But I have some questions to put to you: How are my college friends? How is their health? But chiefly, how are the interests of religion among you: are there any praying students added to your number? Do all those you thought well of continue to justify their profession? You know what it is that interests me. Pray tell me all, whether it makes me weep, or rejoice.

"I hope Mr. H——'s ministry was blessed in Dublin. Do you know any instances of it? We must sow in hope, and I trust that we shall all gather fruit to eternal life, even where the buddings have never appeared to us in this world. How is it with your own soul? I thank

God, I never, I think, rejoiced habitually so much in him as I have done of late. 'God is love.' That makes me happy. I rejoice that God reigns; that he reigns over all; over me; over my crosses, my comforts, my family, my friends, my senses, my mental powers, my designs, my words, my preaching, my conduct; that he is God over all, blessed for ever. I am willing to live, yet I long to die, to be freed from all error and all sin. I have nothing else to trouble me; no other cross to carry. The sun shines without all day long; but I am sensible of internal darkness. Well, through grace, it shall be all light by and by. Yes, you and I shall be angels of light; all Mercuries then; all near the sun; always in motion; always glowing with zeal, and flaming with love. O for the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness!

'O what love and concord there,
And what sweet harmony
In heaven above, where happy souls
Adore thy Majesty.
O how the heavenly choirs all sing
To him who sits enthron'd above;
What admiring!
And aspiring!
Still desiring:—
O how I long to taste this feast of love!'

"Will you tell brother M——, that I wait an opportunity of sending a parcel to him? In that I will inclose a letter. My very affectionate respects to him, and Mr. H——, and all my college friends, as though named. If you be not weary of such an eccentric correspondent, pray do not be long ere you write to

"Your unworthy,
"But affectionate brother in Christ,
"S. P."

Awhile after this, he thus writes to his friend, Mr. Sumners:—

"December, 1796.

"I rejoice that you have been supported under, and brought through your late trials. I do not wonder at it; for it is no more than God has promised; and though we may well wonder that he promises any thing, yet his

performance is no just ground of surprise ; and when we find ourselves so employed, we had better turn our wonder to our own unbelief, that for one moment suspected God would not be as good as his word.

" I have been lately more than ever delighted with the thought that God has engaged to do any thing for such worms as we. I never studied the deistical controversy so much, nor ever rejoiced in revelation more. Alas ! what should we know, if God had not condescended to teach us ? Paul very justly remarks, that no one knoweth any thing of God, but the Spirit of God, and he to whom the Spirit revealeth him. Now the Spirit hath revealed God in the Bible ; but to an unbeliever the Bible is a sealed book. He can know nothing from a book that he looks upon as an imposture, and yet there is no other book in which God is revealed ; so that to reject the Bible is to immerse ourselves in darkness, and whilst professing to be wise, actually to become fools : whereas, no sooner do we believe what the Spirit saith, than God is revealed to us, and ' in his light do we see light.'

" S. P."

To the above may be added a few extracts of letters, which he addressed to his friends in 1797 and 1798.

' To Dr. Ryland.

" March, 1797.

" During the last three weeks, I have at times been very poorly, with colds, &c. Am better now, and have been all along assisted in going through my public duties. Let us continue to pray for each other till death makes it a needless service. How uncertain is life, and what a blessing is death to a saint ! I seem lately to feel a kind of affection for death. Methinks, if it were visible, I could embrace it. ' Welcome herald, that bids the prisoner be free ; that announces the dawn of everlasting day ; that bids the redeemed come to Zion with everlasting joy, to be beyond the reach of an erroneous judgment, and a depraved heart.' To believe, to feel, to speak, to act exactly as God will have me ; to be wholly absorbed and taken up with him ; this, nothing short of this, can make my bliss complete. But all this is mine. O the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of redeeming love ! It conquers my

heart, and constrains me to yield myself a living sacrifice, acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ.—My dear brother, we have had many happy meetings on earth: the best is in reserve.

‘ No heart upon earth can conceive
The bliss that in heaven they share;
Then who this dark world would not leave,
And cheerfully die to be there !’

“ O how full of love and joy and praise shall we be when that happy state is ours ! Well, yet a little while, and he that shall come will come. Even so, come Lord Jesus ! My dear brother, forgive the hasty effusions of a heart that loves you in the bowels of Jesus, and is always happy in testifying itself to be

“ Affectionately yours,

“ S. P.”

To Mr. Cave,

On the falling away of some who had promised fair in religion.

1797.

“ I thank you, my dear brother, for the confidence you repose in me, the affection you have for me, and the freedom with which you write to me. Assure yourself that I sincerely sympathize in the cutting events which you have lately experienced. Trying indeed ! Your heart must bleed. Yet be not discouraged in your work. The more Satan opposes Christ, the more let us oppose him. He comes with great violence, because his time is short. His kingdom is on the decline, his strong holds are besieged, and he knows they must soon be taken. Whilst it lasts, he is making desperate sallies on the armies of the Lamb. It is no great wonder that he fights and wounds a raw recruit now and then, who strays from the camp, and, thoughtless of the danger, keeps not close by the Captain’s tent. I hope our glorious leader will heal the wounded, and rescue the captive. He is sure to make reprisals. Christ will have ten to one. You will yet see his arm made bare. He shall go forth like a man of war. The prisoners shall be redeemed, and the old tyrant shall be cast into the bottomless pit. Be of good cheer, my fellow-soldier. The

cause is not ours, but God's. Let us endure hardness; and still fight the good fight of faith. At last we shall come off conquerors, through him who hath loved us.

"I hope you have some causes for joy, as well as grief. I trust, though one, or two, or three fall, the tens and the twenties stand their ground. O do what you can to cheer them under the common trial. Let them not see a faint heart in you. Fight manfully still. Tell them to watch the more; to pray the harder; to walk the closer with God. So out of the eater shall come forth meat, and sweetness out of the strong.

S. P."

To Mr. Bates and Mrs. Barnes, who had been burnt out of their residence.

"The many expressions of Christian friendship which I received from you, and your affectionate families, during my late visit to London, will often excite grateful recollection in future, as they have almost daily, since I parted from you; and though I do not write this avowedly as a mere letter of acknowledgment, yet I wish it to assure you, that I am not forgetful of my friends, nor unthankful for their kindness. May all the favour you show to the servants of our common Lord for his sake, be amply recompensed in present peace, and future felicity, when the promise of him who cannot lie shall be fulfilled: 'A cup of cold water given to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward:'

"But, whilst you, my dear friends, live 'in hope of the glory' that remains 'to be revealed,' I am persuaded that you expect all as the fruit of sovereign mercy, which first forms us to the mind of Christ, then accepts, and then rewards. Truly, if sinners be rewarded, it must be 'of grace, and not of debt.' Yet it is a mercy of unspeakable magnitude, that grace should establish a connection between obedience and enjoyment, such a connection as at once ensures joy to the believer and glory to Christ.

"O that our thoughts, our affections, our desires, may be much in heaven! Here, you have been taught, is 'no continuing city,' no certain place of abode; and though you have been taught it awfully in flames, yet if

you learn it effectually, the terror of the means will be conquered by the excellency and glory of the consequences. Yes, my friends, 'in heaven we have a better and enduring substance : ' the apartments there are more spacious ; the society more sweet : the enjoyments more perfect ; and all to last for ever. Well may Christians ' rejoice in hope of the glory of God ! ' S. P."

" To Mr. and Mrs. Bowyer, Pall Mall.

" November 17, 1797.

" Blessed be ' the preserver of men,' for all his goodness to dear Mr. and Mrs. B. With theirs shall my gratitude also ascend, whilst separated from their society ; and with theirs shall it more warmly and permanently ascend, when we meet to form a part of the ' general assembly, and church of the first-born.'

" I do not return to London this autumn, but I mean to visit Portsmouth. I must be indebted to you for my directions. We shall be very happy to see you at Luke Street : but Wales I suppose will be the vortex that will swallow up much of your time. Well, so you are happy, we must be disinterested enough to be satisfied, although we be denied a personal participation.

" Let us not forget that we are Christians ; and Christians profess a hope of a better country than Cambria contains. There we all belong. Already citizens by privilege, we shall be so by possession soon.

' Roll swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day !'

" In hope of greeting you both in that good land, I remain,

" Most affectionately yours, .

" S. P."

To Dr. Ryland.

" November 17, 1797.

" I feel much for you in relation both to the duties and trials of your present situation : at the same time I bless God who fixed you in it, because I am persuaded that it will be for his glory in the churches of Christ. And though none but those whose hands are full of reli-

gious concerns can guess at your difficulties, yet our blessed Redeemer knows them all. O, my brother, you are travelling for him who redeemed you by his blood; who sympathizes with you, and who will graciously crown you at last. Small as my trials are, I would turn smith, and work at the anvil and the forge, rather than bear them for any other master than Christ. Yet were they ten thousand times as many as they are, the thought of their being for him, I trust, would sweeten them all.

"I have reason to be very thankful for much pleasure of late, both as a Christian, and a minister. I have never felt so deeply my need of a divine Redeemer, and seldom possessed such solid confidence that he is mine. I want more and more to become a little child, to dwindle into nothing in my own esteem, to renounce my own wisdom, power, and goodness, and simply look to, and live upon Jesus for all. I am ashamed that I have so much pride, so much self-will. O my Saviour! Make me 'meek and lowly in heart;' in this alone I find 'rest to my soul.'

"I could say much of what Immanuel has done for my soul; but I fear lest even this should savour of vanity. When shall I be like my Lord? O welcome death, when I have nothing more to do for Christ. To him, till then, may I live every day and every hour. Rather may I be annihilated than not live to him.

"You will rejoice with me to hear that we have a pleasing prospect as a church. Several very hopeful, and some very valuable characters are about to join us. Lord, carry on thy work. S. P."

*To Mrs. Pearce, on the dangerous Illness
of one of the Children.*

Portsmouth, Jan. 29, 1798.

"Ignorant of the circumstances of our dear child, how shall I address myself to her dearer mother. With a fluttering heart, and a trembling hand, I, in this uncertainty, resume my pen. One consideration tranquillizes my mind, I and mine are in the hands of God; the wise, the good, the indulgent parent of mankind. Whatever he does is best. I am prepared for all his will, and hope that I shall never have a feeling, whose language is not, 'Thy will be done.'

"I am most kindly entertained here by Mr. and Mrs. Shoveller; and, except my dear Sarah's presence, feel myself at home. They have had greater trials than we can at present know. They have attended seven children to the gloomy tomb: they have been supported beneath their loss, by him who hath said, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' Mrs. S. tells me, she 'blessed God for all.' May my dear Sarah be enabled to do the same, whatever the result may prove. To-morrow I expect another letter from you; yet, lest you should too much feel my absence, I will not delay forwarding this a single post. O that it may prove in some degree a messenger of consolation.

"Yesterday I preached three times: God was very good. I received your letter before the first service: you may be assured that I bore you on my heart in the presence of my Lord and yours; nor shall I pray in vain: He will either restore the child, or support you under the loss of it. I dare not pray with importunity for any earthly good; for 'who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow?' But strength to bear the loss of earthly comforts, he has promised: for that I importune; and that, I doubt not, will be granted.

"In a house directly opposite to the window before which I now write, a wife, a mother, is just departed! Why am I not a bereaved husband? Why are not my children motherless? When we compare our condition with our wishes, we often complain: but if we compare it with that of many around us, our complaints will be exchanged for gratitude and praise. S. P."

To R. Bowyer, Esq.

February 14, 1798.

"Not a day has hurried by, since I parted with my dear friends in Pall Mall, but they have been in my affectionate remembrance; but not being able to speak with any satisfaction respecting our dear child, I have withheld myself from imparting new anxieties to bosoms already alive to painful sensibility.

"At length, however, a gracious God puts it in my power to say that there is hope. After languishing between life and death for many days she now seems to amend. We flatter ourselves that she has passed the crisis, and will yet be restored to our arms; but parental

fears forbid too strong a confidence. It may be that our most merciful God saw that the shock of a sudden removal would be too strong for the tender feelings of a mother; and so by degrees prepares for the stroke which must fall at last. However, she is in the best hands, and we are, I hope, preparing for submission to whatever may be the blessed will of God.

"I was brought home in safety, and feel myself in much better health in consequence of my journey. O that it may be all consecrated to my Redeemer's praise.

"Happy should I be, if I could oftener enjoy your friendly society; but we must wait for the full accomplishment of our social wishes till we come to that better world, for which divine grace is preparing us. There our best, our brightest hopes, and there our warmest affections must be found. Could we have all we want below, we should be reluctant to ascend, when Jesus calls us home. No, this is not our rest; it is polluted with sin, and dashed with sorrow: but though our pains in themselves are evil, yet our God turns the curse into a blessing, and makes all that we meet with accomplish our good.

"What better can I wish my friends, than the humble place of Mary, or the happy rest of John. Faith can enjoy them both, till actually we fall at the Saviour's feet, and lean upon his bosom, when we see him as he is.

'O the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.'

CHAP. IV.

An account of his last Affliction, and the holy and happy exercises of his mind under it.

EARLY in October, 1798, Mr. Pearce attended at the Kettering ministers' meeting, and preached from **Psalm xc, 16, 17.** "Let thy work appear unto thy servants,

and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us : and establish thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." He was observed to be singularly solemn and affectionate in that discourse. If he had known it to be the last time that he should address his brethren in that part of the country, he could scarcely have felt or spoken in a more interesting manner. It was a discourse full of instruction, full of a holy unction, and that seemed to breathe an apostolical ardour. On his return, he preached at Market-Harborough ; and riding home the next day in company with his friend, Mr. Summers of London, they were overtaken with rain. Mr. Pearce was wet through his clothes, and towards evening complained of a chilness. A slight hoarseness followed. He preached several times after this, which brought on an inflammation, and issued in a consumption. It is probable, that if his constitution had not been previously impaired, such effects might not have followed in this instance. His own ideas on this subject are expressed in a letter to Dr. Ryland, dated Dec. 4, 1798 ; and in another to Mr. King, dated from Bristol, on his way to Plymouth, March 30, 1799. In the former, he says : — " Ever since my Christmas journey last year to Sheepshead, Nottingham, and Leicester, on the mission business, I have found my constitution greatly debilitated, in consequence of a cold caught after the unusual exertions which circumstances then demanded ; so that from a frame that could endure any weather, I have since been too tender to encounter a single shower without danger ; and the duties of the Lord's-day, which, as far as bodily strength went, I could perform with little fatigue, have since frequently overcome me. But the severe cold I caught in my return from the last Kettering Ministers'-meeting, has affected me so much, that I have sometimes concluded I must give up preaching entirely ; for though my head and spirits are better than for two years past, yet my stomach is so very weak, that I cannot pray in my family without frequent pauses for breath, and in the pulpit it is labour and agony, which must be felt to be conceived of. I have however made shift to preach sometimes thrice, but mostly only twice on a Lord's-day, till the last ; when the morning sermon only, though I delivered it with great pleasure of mind, and with as much caution as to my voice as possible,

yet cost me so much labour as threw me into a fever till the next day, and prevented my sleeping all night." In the latter, he thus writes:—"Should my life be spared, I, and my family, and all my connections will stand indebted, under God, to you. Unsuspecting of danger myself, I believe I should have gone on with my own exertions, till the grave had received me. Your attention sent Mr. B. (the apothecary) to me, and then I first learned what I have since been increasingly convinced of—that I was rapidly destroying the vital principle. And the kind interest you have taken in my welfare ever since has often drawn the grateful tear from my eye. May the God of heaven and earth reward your kindness to his unworthy servant, and save you from all the evils from which your distinguished friendship would have saved me!" S. P."

Such were his ideas. His labours were certainly abundant; perhaps too great for his constitution: but it is probable that nothing was more injurious to his health than a frequent exposure to night air, and an inattention to the necessity of changing damp clothes.

Hitherto we have seen in Mr. Pearce the active, assiduous, and laborious servant of Jesus Christ: but now we see him laid from his work, wasting away by slow degrees, patiently enduring the will of God, and cheerfully waiting for his dissolution. And as here is but little to narrate, I shall content myself with copying his letters, or extracts from them, to his friends, in the order of time in which they were written, only now and then dropping a few hints to furnish the reader with the occasions of some of them.

To Dr. Ryland.

"Birmingham, October 8, 1796.

"O, my dear brother, your letter of the 5th, which I received this morning, has made me thankful for all my pulpit agonies, as they enabled me to weep with a weeping brother. They have been of use to me in other respects: particularly, in teaching me the importance of attaining and maintaining that spirituality and pious ardour in which I have found the most effectual relief; so that on the whole I must try to 'glory in tribulations also.' I trust I often can when the conflict is past; but

to glory 'in' them, especially in mental distress — *hic labor, hoc opus est.*

"But how often has it been found, that when ministers have felt themselves most embarrassed, the most effectual good has been done to the people. O for hearts entirely resigned to the will of God!

"How happy should I be, could I always enjoy the sympathies of a brother who is tried in these points as I of late have been. S. P."

To Mr. Fuller.

"Birmingham, Oct. 29, 1796.

"I caught a violent cold in returning from our last committee-meeting, from which I have not yet recovered. A little thing now affects my constitution, which I once judged would be weather and labour-proof for at least thirty years, if I lived so long. I thank God that I am not debilitated by iniquity. I have lately met with an occurrence, which occasioned me much pain and perplexity. Trials soften our hearts, and make us more fully prize the dear few, into whose faithful sympathizing bosoms we can with confidence pour our sorrows. I think I should bless God for my afflictions, if they produced no other fruit than these — the tenderness they inspire, and the friendships they capacitate us to enjoy. Pray, my dear brother, for

"Yours affectionately,
"S. P."

To a young man, who had applied to him for advice, how he should best improve his time, previous to his going to the Bristol Academy:

"Birmingham, Nov. 18, 1798.

"My dear M.;

"I CAN only confess my regret at not replying to yours at a much earlier period, and assure you that the delay has been accidental, and not designed. I feel the importance of your request for advice. I was sensible it deserved some consideration before it was answered. I was full of business at the moment. I put it by, and it was forgotten; and now it is too late. The time of your going to Bristol draws nigh. If, instead of an opinion respecting the best way of occupying your time

before you go, you will accept a little counsel during your continuance there, I shall be happy at any time to contribute such a mite as my experience and observation have put in my power.

“ At present, the following rules appear of so much moment, that, were I to resume a place in any literary establishment, I would religiously adopt them as the standard of my conduct: First, I would cultivate a spirit of habitual devotion. Warm piety, connected with my studies, and especially at my entrance upon them, would not only assist me in forming a judgment on their respective importance, and secure the blessing of God upon them; but would so cement the religious feeling with the literary pursuit, as might abide with me for life. The habit of uniting these, being once formed, would, I hope, be never lost; and I am sure, that, without this, I shall both pursue trivial and unworthy objects, and those that are worthy I shall pursue for a wrong end.— Secondly, I would determine on a uniform submission to the instructions of my preceptor, and study those things which would give him pleasure. If he be not wiser than I am, for what purpose do I come under his care? I accepted the pecuniary help of the Society on condition of conforming to its will; and it is the Society's will that my tutor should govern me. My example will have influence: let me not, by a single act of disobedience, or by a word that implicates dissatisfaction, sow the seeds of discord in the bosom of my companions.— Thirdly, I would pray and strive for the power of self-government, to form no plan, to utter not a word, to take no step, under the mere influence of passion. Let my judgment be often asked, and let me always give it time to answer. Let me always guard against a light or trifling spirit; and particularly as I shall be amongst a number of youths, whose years will incline them all to the same frailty.— Fourthly, I would in all my weekly and daily pursuits observe the strictest order. Always let me act by a plan. Let every hour have its proper pursuits; from which let nothing, but a settled conviction that I can employ it to better advantage, ever cause me to deviate. Let me have fixed time for prayer, meditation, reading, languages, correspondence, recreation, sleep, &c.— Fifthly, I would not only assign to every hour its proper pursuit; but what I did, I would try to do it with all my might. The hours at such a

place are precious beyond conception, till the student enters on life's busy scenes. Let me set the best of my class ever before me, and strive to be better than they. In humility and diligence, let me aim to be the first.—Sixthly, I would particularly avoid a versatile habit. In all things I would persevere. Without this, I may be a gaudy butterfly; but never, like the bee, will my hive bear examining. Whatever I take in hand, let me first be sure I understand it, then duly consider it, and, if it be good, let me adopt and use it.

“To these, my dear brother, let me add three or four things more minute, but which I am persuaded will help you much. Guard against a large acquaintance while you are a student. Bristol friendship, while you sustain that character, will prove a vile thief, and rob you of many an invaluable hour. Get two or three of the students, whose piety you most approve, to meet for one hour in a week for experimental conversation, and mutual prayer. I found this highly beneficial; though, strange to tell, by some we were persecuted for our practice! Keep a diary. Once a week at farthest, call yourself to an account: what advances you have made in your different studies; in divinity, history, languages, natural philosophy, style, arrangement; and, amidst all, do not forget to inquire, Am I more fit to serve and to enjoy God than I was last week? S. P.”

ON Dec. 2, 1798, he delivered his last sermon. The subject was taken from Dan. x, 19. “O man, greatly beloved, fear not, peace be unto thee; be strong, yea, be strong. And when he had spoken unto me, I was strengthened, and said, Let my lord speak; for thou hast strengthened me.” “Amongst all the Old Testament saints,” said he, in his introduction to that discourse, “there is not one whose virtues were more, and whose imperfections were fewer, than those of Daniel. By the history given of him in this book, which yet seems not to be complete, he appears to have excelled among the excellent.” Doubtless, no one was farther from his thoughts than himself: several of his friends, however, could not help applying it to him, and that with a painful apprehension of what followed soon after.

To Mr. Cave, Leicester.

" Birmingham, Dec. 4th, 1798.

" Blessed be God, my mind is calm ; and, though my body be weakness itself, my spirits are good, and I can write as well as ever, though I can hardly speak two sentences without a pause. All is well, brother ! all is well, for time and eternity. My soul rejoices in the everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure. Peace from our dear Lord Jesus be with your spirit, as it is (yea, more also) with

" Your affectionate brother,

" S. P."

To Mr. Nicholls, Nottingham.

" Birmingham, Dec. 10, 1798.

" I am now quite laid by from preaching, and am so reduced in my internal strength, that I can hardly converse with a friend for five minutes without losing my breath. Indeed, I have been so ill, that I thought the next ascent would be, not to a pulpit, but to a throne—the throne of glory. Yes, indeed, my friend, the religion of Jesus will support when flesh and heart fail ; and in my worst state of body, my soul was filled with joy. I am now getting a little better, though but very slowly. But fast or slow, or as it may, the Lord doth all things well.

S. P."

To R. Bowyer, Esq.

" I have overdone myself in preaching. I am now ordered to lie by, and not even to converse, without great care ; nor indeed, till to-day, have I for some time been able to utter a sentence, without a painful effort. Blessed be God ! I have been filled all through my affliction with peace and joy in believing ; and at one time, when I thought I was entering the valley of death, the prospect beyond was so full of glory, that but for the sorrow it would have occasioned to some who would be left behind, I should have longed that moment to have mounted the skies. O, my friend, what a mercy that I am not receiving the wages of sin ; that my health has

not been impaired by vice ; but that, on the contrary, I am 'bearing in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.' To him be all the praise ! Truly, I have proved that God is faithful ; and most cheerfully would I take double the affliction for one half of the joy and sweetness which have attended it. Accept a sermon, which is this day published*.

S. P."

To Mr. Bates and Mrs. Barnes, Minories.

" Birmingham, Dec. 14, 1798.

"..... I could tell you much of the Lord's goodness during my affliction. Truly 'his left hand hath been under my head, and his right embraced me.' And when I was at the worst especially, and expected ere long to have done with time, even then, such holy joy, such ineffable sweetness filled my soul, that I would not have exchanged that situation for any besides heaven itself.

"O, my dear friends, let us live to Christ, and lay ourselves wholly out for him whilst we live ; and then, when health and life forsake us, he will be the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever.

S. P."

About this time, the congregation at Cannon Street was supplied for several months by Mr. Ward, who has since gone as a missionary to India. Here that amiable young man became intimately acquainted with Mr. Pearce, and conceived a most affectionate esteem for him. In a letter to a friend, dated January 5, 1799, he writes as follows :—

"I am happy in the company of dear brother Pearce. I have seen more of God in him, than in any other person I ever knew. O how happy should I be to live and die with him ! When well, he preaches three times on a Lord's-day, and two or three times in the week besides. He instructs the young people in the principles of religion, natural philosophy, astronomy, &c. They have a benevolent society, from the funds of which they distribute forty or fifty pounds a year to the poor of the congregation. They have a sick society for visiting

* The last but one he ever preached, entitled, "Motives to Gratitude." It was delivered on the day of National Thanksgiving, and printed at the request of his own congregation.

the afflicted in general ; a book society at chapel ; a Lord's-day school, at which more than two hundred children are instructed. Add to this, missionary business, visiting the people, an extensive correspondence, two volumes of mission history preparing for the press, &c. and then you will see something of the soul of Pearce. He is everywhere venerated, though but a young man ; and all the kind, tender, gentle affections, make him as a little child at the feet of his Saviour.

“ W. W.”

In February, he rode to the opening of a Baptist meeting-house at Bedworth ; but did not engage in any of the services. Here several of his brethren saw him for the last time. Soon afterwards, writing to the Compiler of these Memoirs, he says :—“ The Lord's-day after I came home I tried to speak a little after sermon. It inflamed my lungs afresh, produced phlegm, coughing, and spitting of blood. Perhaps I may never preach more. Well, the Lord's will be done. I thank him that he ever took me into his service ; and now, if he see fit to give me a discharge, I submit.”

During the above meeting, a word was dropped by one of his brethren, which he took as a reflection, though nothing was farther from the intention of the speaker. It wrought upon his mind ; and in a few days after he wrote as follows :—“ Do you remember what passed at B——— ? Had I not been accustomed to receive plain, friendly remarks from you, I should have thought you meant to insinuate a reproof. If you did, tell me plainly. If you did not, it is all at an end. You will not take my naming it unkind, although I should be mistaken ; since affectionate explanations are necessary when suspicions arise, to the preservation of friendship ; and I need not say that I hold the preservation of your friendship in no small account.

“ S. P.”

The above is copied, not only to set forth the spirit and conduct of Mr. Pearce in a case wherein he felt himself aggrieved ; but to show in how easy and amiable a manner thousands of mistakes might be rectified, and differences prevented by a frank and timely explanation.

To Mr. Comfield, Northampton.

"Birmingham, March 4, 1799.

"I could wish my sympathies to be as extensive as human—I was going to say! (and why not?) as animal misery. The very limited comprehension of the human intelligence forbids this indeed, and whilst I am attempting to participate as far as the news of affliction reaches me, I find the same events do not often produce equal feelings. We measure our sympathies, not by the causes of sorrow, but by the sensibilities of the sorrowful: hence I abound in feeling on your account. The situation of your family must have given distress to a president of any character; but in you it must have produced agonies. I know the tenderness of your heart: your feelings are delicately strong. You must feel much, or nothing; and he that knows you, and does not feel much when you feel, must be a brute.

"May the fountain of mercy supply you with the cheering stream! May your sorrow be turned into joy!

"I am sure that I ought to value more than ever your friendship for me. You have remembered me, not merely in my affliction, but in your own. Our friendship, our benevolence must never be compared with that of Jesus: but it is truly delightful to see the disciple treading, though at a humble distance, in the footsteps of a Master; who, amidst the tortures of crucifixion, exercised forgiveness to his murderers, and the tenderness of filial piety to a disconsolate mother! When we realize the scene, how much do our imaginations embrace—the persons—the circumstances—the words—

'Woman, behold thy son! John, behold thy mother!'

"S. P."

By the above letter, the reader will perceive, that while deeply afflicted himself, he felt in the tenderest manner for the afflictions of others.

To Mr. Fuller.

March 23, 1799.

He was now setting out for Plymouth; and after observing the great danger he was supposed to be in, with respect to a consumption, he adds:—"But thanks be to God, who giveth my heart the victory, let my poor

body be consumed, or preserved. In the thought of leaving, I feel a momentary gloom ; but in the thought of going a heavenly triumph.

‘ O to grace how great a debtor.’

“ Praise God with me and for me, my dear brother ; and let us not mind dying any more than sleeping. No, no ; let every Christian sing the loudest as he gets the nearest to the presence of his God.

“ Eternally yours,

“ In him who hath washed us both in his blood,
“ S. P.”

To Mr. Medley, London.

“ March 23, 1799.

“ My affliction has been rendered sweet, by the supports and smiles of him whom I have served in the Gospel of his Son. He hath delivered, he doth deliver, and I trust that he will yet deliver. Living or dying, all is well for ever. O what shall I render to the Lord !”

It seems, that, in order to avoid wounding Mrs. P.’s feelings, he deferred the settlement of his affairs till he arrived at Bristol ; from whence he wrote to his friend, Mr. King, requesting him to become an executor. On his receiving a favourable answer, he replied as follows :—

“ Bristol, April 6, 1799.

“ Your letter, just received, affected me too much, with feelings of sympathy and gratitude, to remain unanswered a single post. Most heartily do I thank you for accepting a service, which friendship alone can render agreeable in the most simple cases. Should that service demand your activities at an early period, may no unforeseen occurrence increase the necessary care. But may the father of the fatherless, and judge of the widows, send you a recompence into your own bosom, equal to all that friendship, to which, under God, I have been so much indebted in life, and reposing on whose bosom, even death itself loses a part of its gloom. In you, my children will find another father—in you, my wife another husband. Your tenderness will sympathize with the one, under the most distressing sensibilities ; and your prudent counsels be a guide to the others,

through the unknown mazes of inexperienced youth.
 Enough blessed God ! My soul prostrates, and
 adores thee for such a friend. S. P."

To Mr. Fuller.

" Plymouth, April 18, 1799.

" The last time that I wrote to you was at the close of a letter sent to you by Brother Ryland. I did not like that postscript form ; it looked so card-like, as to make me fear that you would deem it unbrotherly. After all, perhaps, you thought nothing about it ; and my anxieties might arise only from my weakness, which seems to be constantly increasing my sensibilities. If ever I felt love in its tenderness for my friends, it has been since my affliction. This, in great measure, is no more than the love of publicans and harlots, who love those that love them. I never conceived myself by a hundred degrees so interested in the regards of my friends as this season of affliction has manifested I was ; and therefore, so far from claiming any reward for loving them in return, I should account myself a monster of ingratitude were it otherwise. Yet there is something in affliction itself, which, by increasing the delicacy of our feelings, and detaching our thoughts from the usual round of objects, which present themselves to the mind when in a state of health, may be easily conceived to make us susceptible of stronger and more permanent impressions of an affectionate nature.

" I heard at Bristol, that you and your friends had remembered me in your prayers at Kettering: Whether the Lord whom we serve may see fit to answer your petitions on my account or not, may they at least be returned into your own bosoms !

" For the sake of others, I should be happy, could I assure you that my health was improving. As to myself, I thank God, that I am not without a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. I find that neither in sickness, nor in health, I can be so much as I wish like him whom I love. 'To die is gain.' O to gain that state, those feelings, that character, which perfectly accord with the mind of Christ, and are attended with the full persuasion of his complete and everlasting approbation ! I want no heaven but this ; and to gain this most gladly would I this moment expire.

But if to abide in the flesh be more needful for an individual of my fellow-men, Lord let thy will be done; only let Christ be magnified by me, whether in life or death!

"The weather has been so wet and windy since I have been at Plymouth, that I could not reasonably expect to be much better; and I cannot say that I am much worse. All the future is uncertain. Professional men encourage me; but frequent returns appear, and occasional discharges of blood check my expectations. If I speak but for two minutes, my breast feels as sore as though it were scraped with a rough-edged razor: so that I am mute all the day long, and have actually learned to converse with my sister by means of our fingers.

"I thank you for yours of April 4th, which I did not receive till the 12th, the day that I arrived at Plymouth. On the 16th, a copy of yours to Brother Ryland came to hand, to which I should have replied yesterday, but had not leisure. I am happy and thankful for your success. May the Lord himself pilot the *Criterion* safely to Calcutta river!

"Unless the Lord work a miracle for me, I am sure that I shall not be able to attend the Olney meeting. It is to my feelings a severe anticipation; but how can I be a Christian, and not submit to God? S. P."

To Mr. Ward.

"Plymouth, April 23, 1790.

"Most affectionately do I thank you for your letter, so full of information and of friendship. To our common friend, who is gone into heaven, where he ever sitteth at the right hand of God for us, I commend you. Whether I die, or live, God will take care of you till he has ripened you for the common salvation. Then shall I meet my dear Brother Ward again; and who can tell how much more interesting our intercourse in heaven will be made by the scenes that most distress our poor spirits here. O had I none to live for, I had rather die than live, that I may be at once like Him whom I love. But while he ensures me grace, why should I regret the delay of glory! No: I will wait his will, who performeth all things for me.

"My dear Brother, had I strength, I should rejoice to

acquaint you with the wrestlings and the victories, the hopes and the fears, the pleasures and the pangs, which I have lately experienced. But I must forbear. All I can now say is, that God hath done me much good by all, and made me very thankful for all he has done.

"Alas! I shall see you no more. I cannot be at Olney on the 7th of May. The journey would be my death. But the Lord whom you serve will be with you then, and for ever. My love to all the dear assembled saints, who will give your benedictions at that solemn season.

"Ever yours, &c.

"S. P."

To Dr. Ryland.

"Plymouth, April 24, 1799.

"Very dear Brother ;

"My health is in much the same state as when I wrote last, excepting that my muscular strength rather increases, and my powers of speaking seem less and less every week. I have, for the most part, spoken only in whispers for several days past ; and even these seem too much for my irritable lungs. My father asked me a question to-day ; he did not understand me when I whispered ; so I was obliged to utter one word, and one word only, a little louder, and that brought on a soreness which I expect to feel till bed-time.

"I am still looking out for fine weather ; all here is cold and rainy. We have had but two or three fair and warm days since I have been here ; then I felt better. I am perfectly at a loss even to guess what the Lord means to do with me ; but I desire to commit my ways to him, and be at peace. I am going to-day about five miles into the country (to Tamerton) where I shall await the will of God concerning me.

"I knew not of any Committee-meeting of our Society to be held respecting Mr. Marshman and his wife. I have therefore sent no vote, and, indeed, it is my happiness that I have full confidence in my brethren, at this important crisis, since close thinking, or much writing, always increases my fever, and promotes my complaint.

"My dear Brother, I hope you will correspond much with Kettering. I used to be a medium ; but God has

put me out of the way. I could weep that I can serve him no more; and yet I fear some would be tears of pride. O for perfect likeness to my humble Lord!

"S. P."

To Mr. King.

"Tamerton, May 2, 1799.

"..... Give my love to all the dear people at Cannon Street. O pray that He who afflicts, would give me patience to endure. Indeed, the state of suspense in which I have been kept so long requires much of it; and I often exclaim, ere I am aware, 'Oh, my dear people! Oh, my dear family! when shall I be restored to you again?' The Lord forgive all the sin of my desires! At times I feel a sweet and perfect calm, and wish ever to live under the influence of a belief in the goodness of God, and of all his plans, and all his works.

"S. P."

The reader has seen how much he regretted being absent from the solemn designation of the Missionaries at Olney. He, however, addressed the following lines to Mr. Fuller, which were read at the close of that meeting, to the dissolving of nearly the whole assembly in tears:—

"Tamerton, May 2, 1799.

"..... O that the Lord, who is unconfined by place or condition, may copiously pour out upon you all the rich effusions of his Holy Spirit on the approaching day! My most hearty love to each Missionary, who may then encircle the throne of grace. Happy men! Happy women! You are going to be fellow-labourers with Christ himself! I congratulate—I almost envy you; yet I love you, and can scarcely now forbear dropping a tear of love as each of your names passes across my mind. O what promises are yours; and what a reward! Surely heaven is filled with double joy, and resounds with unusual acclamations at the arrival of each Missionary there. O be faithful, my dear Brethren, my dear Sisters, be faithful unto death, and all this joy is yours! Long as I live, my imagination will be hovering over you in Bengal; and should I die, if separate spirits be allowed a visit to the world they have left, methinks mine would

soon be at Mudnabatty, watching your labours, your conflicts, and your pleasures, whilst you are 'always abounding in the work of the Lord.' S. P."

To Dr. Ryland.

" Plymouth, May 14, 1799.

" My dear Brother ;

" Yours of the 11th instant I have just received, and thank you for your continued concern for your poor unworthy Brother.

" I have suffered much in my health since I wrote to you last, by the increase of my feverish complaint, which filled me with heat and horror all night, and in the day sometimes almost suffocated me with the violence of its paroxysms. I am extremely weak ; and now, 'that warm weather which I came into Devon to seek, I dread as much as the cold, because it excites the fever. I am happy however in the Lord. I have not a wish to live or die, but as he pleases. I truly enjoy the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and would not be without his divine atonement, whereon to rest my soul, for ten thousand worlds. I feel quite weaned from earth, and all things in it. Death has lost his sting, the grave his horrors, and the attractions of heaven, I had almost said, are sometimes violent.

" O to grace how great a debtor !"

" But I am wearied. May all grace abound towards my dear Brother, and his affectionate, S. P."

To the Church in Cannon Street.

" Plymouth, May 31, 1799.

" To the dear people of my charge, the flock of Christ, assembling in Cannon Street, Birmingham ; their afflicted, but affectionate Pastor, presents his love in Christ Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep.

" My dearest, dearest friends and brethren ;

" Separated as I have been a long time from you, and during that time of separation having suffered much both in body and mind, yet my heart has still been with you, participating in your sorrows, uniting in your pray-

ers, and rejoicing with you in the hope of that glory to which divine faithfulness has engaged to bring us, and for which our heavenly Father, by all his providences, and by every operation of his Holy Spirit, is daily preparing us.

“Never, my dear Brethren, did I so much rejoice in our being made ‘partakers of the heavenly calling,’ as during my late afflictions. The sweet thoughts of glory, where I shall meet my dear Lord Jesus, with all his redeemed ones, perfectly freed from all that sin which now burthens us, and makes us groan from day to day, this transports my soul, whilst out of weakness I am made strong, and at times am enabled to glory even in my bodily infirmities, that the power of Christ, in supporting when flesh and heart fail, may the more evidently rest upon me. O my dear brethren and sisters! Let me, as one alive almost from the dead, let me exhort you to stand fast in that blessed Gospel, which for ten years I have now preached among you: the gospel of the grace of God: the gospel of free, full, everlasting salvation, founded on the sufferings and death of God manifest in the flesh. Look much at this all-amazing scene!

‘Behold! a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell;’

And then say, whether any poor broken-hearted sinner need be afraid to venture his hopes of salvation on such a sacrifice; especially, since he who is thus ‘mighty to save,’ hath said, that ‘whosoever cometh to him he will in no wise cast out.’ You, beloved, who have found the peace-speaking virtue of this blood of atonement, must not be satisfied with what you have already known or enjoyed. The only way to be constantly happy, and constantly prepared for the most awful changes which we must all experience, is to be constantly looking and coming to a dying Saviour; renouncing all our own worthiness; cleaving to the loving Jesus as our all in all; giving up every thing, however valuable to our worldly interests, that clashes with our fidelity to Christ; begging that of his fulness we may receive ‘grace upon grace,’ whilst our faith actually relies on his power and faithfulness, for the full accomplishment of every promise in his word that we plead with him, and guarding against every thing that might for a moment bring distance and darkness between your souls, and your precious Lord. If

you thus live (and O that you may daily receive fresh life from Christ so to do) 'the peace of God will keep your hearts and minds,' and you will be filled with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

"As a Church, you cannot conceive what pleasure I have enjoyed in hearing that you are in peace; that you attend prayer-meetings; that you seem to be stirred up of late for the honour and prosperity of religion. Go on in these good ways, my beloved friends, and assuredly the God of peace will be with you. Yea, if after all I should be taken entirely from you, yet God will surely visit you, and never leave you, nor forsake you.

"As to my health, I seem on the whole to be still mending, though but very slowly. The fever troubles me often, both by day and night; but my strength increases. I long to see your faces in the flesh; yea, when I thought myself near the gates of the grave, I wished, if it were the Lord's will, to depart among those whom I so much loved. But I am in good hands: and all must be right.

"I thank both you and the congregation most affectionately, for all the kindness you have shown, respecting me and my family, during my absence. The Lord return it a thousand fold! My love to every one, both old and young, rich and poor, as though named. The Lord bless to your edification the occasional ministry which you enjoy. I hope you regularly attend upon it, and keep together, as 'the horses in Pharaoh's chariot.' I pray much for you: pray, still pray for your very affectionate, though unworthy pastor,
S. P."

In a postscript to Mr. King, he says, "I have made an effort to write this letter: my affections would take no denial; but it has brought on the fever."

Towards the latter end of May, when Mr. Ward and his companions were just ready to set sail, a consultation concerning Mr. Pearce was held on board the *Criterion*, in which all the Missionaries, and some of the members of the Baptist Missionary Society were present. It was well known that he had for several years been engaged in preparing materials for a History of Missions, to be comprised in two volumes octavo: and as the sending of the Gospel among the heathen had so deeply occupied his heart, considerable expectations had been formed by religious people, of his producing an interesting work on

the subject. The question now was, Could not this performance be finished by other hands, and the profits of it be appropriated to the benefit of Mr. Pearce's family? It was admitted by all, that this work would, partly from his own merits, and partly from the great interest which the author justly possessed in the public esteem, be very productive; and that it would be a delicate and proper method of enabling the religious public, by subscribing liberally to it, to afford substantial assistance to the family of this excellent man. The result was, that one of the members of the Society addressed a letter to Mr. Pearce's relations at Plymouth, requesting them to consult him as he should be able to bear it, respecting the state of his manuscripts; and to inquire whether they were in a condition to admit of being finished by another hand: desiring them also to assure him, for his present relief concerning his dear family, that whatever the hand of friendship could effect on their behalf, should be accomplished. The answer, though it left no manner of hope as to the accomplishment of the object, yet is so expressive of the reigning dispositions of the writer's heart, as an affectionate husband, a tender father, a grateful friend, and a sincere Christian, that it cannot be uninteresting to the reader:—

“Tamerton, June 24, 1799.

“To use the common introduction of ‘dear brother,’ would fall far short of my feelings towards a friend, whose uniform conduct has ever laid so great a claim to my affection and gratitude; but whose recent kindness, kindness in adversity, kindness to my wife, kindness to my children, kindness that would go far to ‘smooth the bed of death,’ has overwhelmed my whole soul in tender thankfulness, and engaged my everlasting esteem. I know not how to begin ‘Thought is poor, and poor expression.’ The only thing that lay heavy on my heart, when in the nearest prospect of eternity, was the future situation of my family. I had but a comparatively small portion to leave behind me, and yet that little was the all that an amiable woman, delicately brought up, and, through mercy, for the most part comfortably provided for since she entered on domestic life, with five babes to feed, clothe, and educate, had to subsist on. Ah, what a prospect! Hard and long I strove to realize the promises made to the widows and the fatherless; but these alone I could not fully rest on and enjoy. For

my own part, God was indeed very gracious. I was willing, I hope, to linger in suffering, if I might thereby most glorify him, and death was an angel whom I longed to come and embrace me, 'cold' as his embraces are. But how could I leave those who were dearest to my heart in the midst of a world, in which, although thousands now professed friendship for me, and, on my account, for mine; yet, after my decease, would, with few exceptions, soon forget my widow and my children, among the crowds of the needy and distressed. It was at this moment of painful sensibility that your heart meditated a plan to remove my anxieties; a plan too that would involve much personal labour before it could be accomplished. 'Blessed be God who put it into thy heart, and blessed be thou.' May the blessing of the widow and the fatherless rest on you and yours for ever. Amen and amen!

"You will regret perhaps that I have taken up so much room respecting yourself; but I have scarcely gratified the shadow of my wishes. Excuse then, on the one hand, that I have said so much; and accept, on the other, what remains unexpressed.

"My affections and desires are among my dear people at Birmingham; and unless I find my strength increase here, I purpose to set out for that place in the course of a fortnight, or at most a month. The journey performed by short stages may do me good: if not, I expect when the winter comes to sleep in peace; and it will delight my soul to see them once more before I die. Besides, I have many little arrangements to make among my books and papers, to prevent confusion after my decease. Indeed, till I get home, I cannot fully answer your kind letter; but I fear that my materials consist so much in references, which none but myself would understand, that a second person could not take it up, and prosecute it. I am still equally indebted to you for a proposal so generous, so laborious.

"Rejoice with me, that the blessed Gospel still 'bears my spirits up.' I am become familiar with the thoughts of dying. I have taken my leave often of the world; and, thanks be to God, I do it always with tranquillity, and often with rapture. Oh, what grace, what grace it was that ever called me to be a Christian! What would have been my present feelings, if I were going to meet God with all the filth and load of my sin about me! But

God in my nature hath put my sin away, taught me to love him, and long for his appearing. Oh, my dear brother, how consonant is everlasting praise with such a great salvation !
S. P."

After this, another letter was addressed to Mr. Pearce, informing him more particularly, that the above proposal did not originate with an individual, but with several of the brethren who dearly loved him, and had consulted on the business ; and that it was no more than an act of justice to one who had spent his life in serving the public ; also requesting him to give directions by which his manuscripts might be found and examined, lest he should be taken away before his arrival at Birmingham. To this he answered as follows : —

" Plymouth, July 6, 1799.

" I need not repeat the growing sense I have of your kindness, and yet I know not how to forbear.

" I cannot direct Mr. K ——— to all my papers, as many of them are in books from which I was making extracts ; and if I could, I am persuaded that they are in a state too confused, incorrect, and unfinished, to suffer you or any other friend to realize your kind intentions.

" I have possessed a tenacious memory. I have begun one part of the history ; read the necessary books ; reflected ; arranged ; written, perhaps, the introduction ; and then, trusting to my recollection, with the revision of the books as I should want them, have employed myself in getting materials for another part, &c. Thus, till my illness, the volumes existed in my head, my books were at hand, and I was on the eve of writing them out, when it pleased God to make me pause : and as close thinking has been strongly forbidden me, I dare say, that were I again restored to health, I should find it necessary to go over much of my former reading to refresh my memory.

" It is now Saturday. On Monday next we propose setting out on our return. May the Lord prosper our way ! Accept the sincere affection, and the ten thousand thanks of

" Your brother in the Lord,

" S. P."

As the manuscripts were found to be in such a state,

that no person, except the author himself, could finish them, the design was necessarily dropped. The public mind, however, was deeply impressed with Mr. Pearce's worth, and that which the friendship of a few could not effect, has since been amply accomplished by the liberal exertions of many.

To Mr. Birt.

" Birmingham, July 26, 1799.

" It is not with common feelings that I begin a letter to you. Your name brings so many interesting circumstances of my life before me, in which your friendship has been so uniformly and eminently displayed, that now, amidst the imbecilities of sickness, and the serious prospect of another world, my heart is overwhelmed with gratitude, whilst it glows with affection—an affection which eternity shall not annihilate, but improve.

" We reached Bristol on the Friday after we parted from you, having suited our progress to my strength and spirits. We staid with Bristol friends till Monday, when we pursued our journey, and went comfortably on till the uncommonly rough road from Tewksbury to Evesham quite jaded me; and I have not yet recovered from the excessive fatigue of that miserable ride. At Alcester we rested a day and a half; and, through the abundant goodness of God, we safely arrived at Birmingham on Friday evening, the 19th of July.

" I feel an undisturbed tranquillity of soul, and am cheerfully waiting the will of God. My voice is gone, so that I cannot whisper without pain; and of this circumstance I am at times most ready to complain. For, to see my dear and amiable Sarah look at me, and then at the children, and at length bathe her face in tears, without my being able to say one kind word of comfort,—Oh!!..... Yet the Lord supports me under this also; and I trust will support me to the end. S. P."

To Mr. Rock.

" July 28, 1799.

" I am now to all appearance within a few steps of eternity. In Christ I am safe. In him I am happy. I trust we shall meet in heaven. S. P."

To R. Bowyer, Esq.

" Birmingham, Aug. 1, 1799.

" Much disappointed that I am not released from this world of sin, and put in possession of the pleasures enjoyed by the spirits of just men made perfect, I once more address my dear fellow-heirs of that glory, which, ere long, shall be revealed to us all.

" We returned from Devon last Friday week. I was exceedingly weak, and for several days afterwards got rapidly worse. My friends compelled me to try another physician. I am still told that I shall recover. Be that as it may, I wish to have my own will annihilated, that the will of the Lord may be done. Through his abundant grace, I have been, and still am, happy in my soul; and I trust my prevailing desire is, that, living or dying, I may be the Lord's. S. P."

To R. Bowyer, Esq. on his having sent him a print of Mr. Schwartz, the Missionary on the Malabar coast.

" Birmingham, Aug. 16, 1799.

" On three accounts was your last parcel highly acceptable. It represented a man whom I have long been in the habit of loving and revering; and whose character and labours I intended, if the Lord had not laid his hand upon me by my present illness, to have presented to the public in Europe, as he himself presented them to the millions of Asia. The execution, bearing so strong a likeness to the original, heightened its value. And then, the hand from whence it came, and the friendship it was intended to express, add to its worth. S. P."

To Mr. Fuller.

" Birmingham, Aug. 19, 1799.

" The doctor has been making me worse and weaker for three weeks. In the middle of the last week he spoke confidently of my recovery; but to-day he has seen fit to alter his plans: and if I do not find a speedy alteration for the better, I must have done with all physicians, but him who 'healeth the broken in heart.'

" For some time after I came home, I was led to

believe my case to be consumptive ; and then, thinking myself of a certainty near the kingdom of heaven, I rejoiced hourly in the delightful prospect.

" Since then I have been told that I am not in a dangerous way ; and though I give very little credit to such assertions in this case, yet I have found my mind so taken up with earth again, that I seem as though I had another soul. My spiritual pleasures are greatly interrupted, and some of the most plaintive parts of the most plaintive Psalms seem the only true language of my heart. Yet, ' Thy will be done,' I trust, prevails ; and if it be the Lord's will that I linger long, and suffer much, Oh, let him give me the patience of hope ; and still, his will be done. I can write no more. This is a whole day's work ; for it is only after tea, that, for a few minutes, I can sit up, and attend to any thing.

S. P."

From the latter end of August, and all through the month of September to the tenth of October, the day on which he died, he seems to have been unable to write. He did not, however, lose the exercise of his mental powers ; and though in the last of the above letters he complains of darkness, it appears that he soon recovered that peace and joy in God, by which his affliction, and even his life, were distinguished.

A little before he died he was visited by Mr. Medley of London, with whom he had been particularly intimate on his first coming to Birmingham. Mr. Pearce was much affected at the sight of his friend ; and continued silently weeping for nearly ten minutes, holding and pressing his hand. After this, he spoke, or rather whispered, as follows :—" ' This sick bed is a Bethel to me : it is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven. I can scarcely express the pleasures that I have enjoyed in this affliction. The nearer I draw to my dissolution, the happier I am. It scarcely can be called an affliction, it is so counterbalanced with joy. You have lost your pious father ; tell me how it was.' " Here Mr. Medley informed him of particulars. He wept much at the recital, and especially at hearing of his last words, ' Home, Home ! ' Mr. Medley telling him of some temptations he had lately met with, he charged him to keep near to God.

"Keep close to God (said he) and nothing will hurt you!"

The following Letters and Narrative were read by Dr. Ryland at the close of his Funeral Sermon; and being printed at the end of it, were omitted in some of the former editions of the Memoirs.

To Dr. Ryland.

"Birmingham, Dec. 9, 1798.
Lord's-day Evening.

"My dear Brother;

"After a sabbath—such a one I never knew before—spent in an entire seclusion from the house and ordinances of my God, I seek Christian converse with you, in a way in which I am yet permitted to have intercourse with my brethren. The day after I wrote to you last, my medical attendant laid me under the strictest injunctions not to speak again in public for one month at least. He says that my stomach is become so irritable, through repeated inflammations, that conversation, unless managed with great caution, would be dangerous;—that he does not think my present condition alarming, provided I take rest; but without that, he intimated my life was in great danger. He forbids my exposing myself to the evening air, on any account, and going out of doors, or to the door, unless when the air is dry and clear, so that I am, during the weather we now have in Birmingham (very foggy), a complete prisoner; and the repeated cautions from my dear and affectionate friends, whose solicitude, I conceive, far exceeds the danger, compels me to a rigid observance of the doctor's rules.

"This morning Brother Pope took my place; and in the afternoon, Mr. Brewer (who has discovered uncommon tenderness and respect for me and the people, since he knew my state) preached a very affectionate sermon from 1 Sam. iii, 18. 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' By what I hear, his sympathizing observations, in relation to the event which occasioned his being then in my pulpit, drew more tears from the people's eyes than a dozen such poor creatures as their pastor could deserve. But I have . . . blessed be God, long had the satisfaction of finding myself embosomed in friendship . . . the friendship of the people of my

charge : though I lament their love should occasion them a pang . . . but thus it is our heavenly Father sees, that, for our mixed characters, a mixed state is best.

"I anticipated a day of gloom : but I had unexpected reason to rejoice, that the shadow of death was turned into the joy of the morning ; and though I said, with perhaps before unequalled feeling, 'How amiable are thy tabernacles !' Yet I found the God of Zion does not neglect the dwellings of Jacob. My poor wife was much affected, at so novel a thing as leaving me behind her, and so it was a dewy morning ; but the Sun of Righteousness soon arose, and shed such ineffable delight throughout my soul, that I could say, 'It is good to be here.' Motive to resignation and gratitude also crowded upon motive, till my judgment was convinced that I ought to rejoice in the Lord exceedingly, and so my whole soul took its fill of joy. May I, if it be my Saviour's will, feel as happy when I come to die ! When my poor Sarah lay at the point of death, for some days after her first lying in, toward the latter days, I enjoyed such support, and felt my will so entirely bowed down to that of God, that I said in my heart, 'I shall never fear another trial He that sustained me amidst this flame, will defend me from every spark !' And this confidence I long enjoyed. But that was nearly six years ago, and I had almost forgotten the land of the Hermonites and the hill Mizar. But the Lord has prepared me to receive a fresh display of his Fatherly care, and his (shall I call it) punctilious veracity. If I should be raised up again, I shall be able to preach on the faithfulness of God more experimentally than ever. Perhaps some trial is coming on, and I am to be instrumental in preparing them for it ; or if not, if I am to depart hence to be no more seen, I know the Lord can carry on his work as well without me as with me. He who redeemed the sheep with his blood will never suffer them to perish for want of shepherding, especially since he himself is the chief Shepherd of souls. But my family ! Ah, there I find my faith but still imperfect. However I do not think the Lord will ever take me away, till he helps me to leave my fatherless children in his hands, and trust my widow also with him. 'His love in times past,' and I may add in times present too, 'forbids me to think, he will leave me at last, in trouble to sink.'

" Whilst my weakness was gaining ground, I used to ask myself how I could like to be laid by? I have dreamed that this was the case; and both awake and asleep, I felt as though it were an evil that could not be borne: but now, I find the Lord can fit the back to the burthen; and though I think I love the thought of serving Christ at this moment better than ever, yet he has made me willing to be . . . nothing, if he please to have it so; and now my happy heart 'could sing itself away to everlasting bliss.'

" O what a mercy that I have not brought on my affliction by serving the devil! What a mercy that I have so many dear sympathizing friends! What a mercy that I have so much dear domestic comfort! What a mercy that I am in no violent bodily pain! What a mercy that I can read and write without doing myself an injury! What a mercy that my animal spirits have all the time this has been coming on (ever since the last Kettering meeting of ministers) been vigorous—free from dejection! And, which I reckon among the greatest of this day's privileges, what a mercy that I have been able to employ myself for Christ and his dear cause to-day; as I have been almost wholly occupied in the concerns of the (I hope) reviving church at Bromsgrove, and the infant church at Cradley! O, my dear Brother, it is all mercy; is it not? O help me then in his praise, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.

" Ought I to apologize for this experimental chat with you, who have concerns to transact of so much more importance than any that are confined to an individual? Forgive me, if I have intruded too much on your time—but do not forget to praise on my behalf a faithful God. I shall now leave room against I have some business to write about—till then adieu—but let us not forget that this God is our God for ever and ever, and will be our guide even until death. Amen. Amen. We shall soon meet in heaven. S. P."

To Mr. King.

" Plymouth, April 23, 1799.

" My dear friend and brother;

" I have the satisfaction to inform you, that at length my complaint appears to be removed, and that I am by degrees returning to my usual diet, by which, with the

Divine blessing, I hope to be again strengthened for the discharge of the duties, and the enjoyment of the pleasures, which await me among the dear people of my charge.

"I am indeed informed by a medical attendant here, that I shall never be equal to the labours of my past years, and that my return to moderate efforts must be made by slow degrees. As the path of duty, I desire to submit; but, after so long a suspension from serving the Redeemer in his church, my soul pants for usefulness more extensive than ever, and I long to become an apostle to the world. I do not think I ever prized the ministerial work so much as I now do. Two questions have been long before me. The first was, Shall I live or die? The second, If I live, how will my life be spent? With regard to the former, my heart answered, 'It is no matter, all is well; for my own sake, I need not be taught that it is best to be with Christ: but for the sake of others, it may be best to abide in the body; I am in the Lord's hands, let him do by me as seemeth him best for me and mine, and for his cause and honour in the world! But as to the second question, I could hardly reconcile myself to the thoughts of living, unless it were to promote the interest of my Lord; and if my disorder should so far weaken me, as to render me incapable of the ministry, nothing then appeared before me but gloom and darkness. However, I will hope in the Lord, that though he hath chastened me sorely, yet since he hath not given me over unto death, sparing mercy will be followed with strength, that I may show forth his praise in the land of the living.

"I am still exceedingly weak; more so than at any period before I left home, except the first week of my lying by; but I am getting strength, though slowly. It is impossible at present to fix any time for my return. It grieves me that the patience of the dear people should be so long tried; but the trial is as great on my part as it can be on theirs, and we must pity and pray for one another. It is now a task for me to write at all, or this should have been longer. S. P."

To Mr. Pope.

"Plymouth, May 24, 1799.

"I cannot write much, this I believe is the only

letter I have written (except to my wife) since I wrote to you last. My complaint has issued in a confirmed, slow, nervous fever; which has wasted my spirits and strength, and taken a great part of the little flesh I had when in health away from me. The symptoms have been very threatening, and I have repeatedly thought, that let the physician do what he will, he cannot keep me long from those heavenly joys, for which, blessed be God, I have lately been much longing; and were it not for my dear people and family, I should have earnestly prayed for leave to depart, and to be with Christ, which is so much better than to abide in this vain, suffering, sinning world.

"The doctors however now pronounce my case very hopeful, say there is little or no danger, but that all these complaints require a great deal of time to get rid of. I still feel myself on precarious ground, but quite resigned to the will of him, who, unworthy as I am, continues daily to 'fill my soul with joy and peace in believing.' Yes, my dear friend! now my soul feels the value of a free, full, and everlasting salvation, and, what is more, I do enjoy that salvation; while I rest all my hope on the Son of God in human nature, dying on the cross for me. To me now, health or sickness, pain or ease, life or death, are things indifferent. I feel so happy in being in the hands of infinite love, that when the severest strokes are laid upon me, I receive them with pleasure, because they come from my heavenly Father's hands! 'O! to grace how great a debtor, &c.' S. P."

To Dr. Ryland.

"Birmingham, July 20, 1799.

"My very dear brother;

"Your friendly anxieties on my behalf demand the earliest satisfaction. We had a pleasant ride to Newport on the afternoon we left you, and the next day without much fatigue reached Tewksbury; but the road was so rough from Tewksbury to Evesham, that it wearied and injured me more than all the jolting we had had before put together. However, we reached Alcester on Wednesday evening, stopped there a day to rest, and last night (Friday) were brought safely hither, blessed be God!

"I find myself getting weaker and weaker, and so my Lord instructs me in his pleasure to remove me soon. You say well, my dear Brother, that at such a prospect I 'cannot complain.' No, blessed be his dear name, who shed his blood for me, he helps me to rejoice at times with joy unspeakable. Now I see the value of the religion of the cross. It is a religion for a dying sinner. It is all the most guilty, the most wretched can desire. Yes, I taste its sweetness, and enjoy its fulness with all the gloom of a dying bed before me. And far rather would I be the poor emaciated and emaciating creature that I am, than be an Emperor, with every earthly good about him, but without a God!

"I was delighted the other day, in re-perusing the Pilgrim's Progress, to observe, that when Christian came to the top of the hill Difficulty, he was put to sleep in a chamber called Peace. 'Why how good is the Lord of the way to me!' said I. I have not reached the summit of the hill yet, but, notwithstanding, he puts me to sleep in the chamber of Peace every night. . . . True, it is often a chamber of pain; but let pain be as formidable as it may, it has never yet been able to expel that peace, which the great guardian of Israel has appointed to keep my heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

"I have been labouring lately to exercise most love to God when I have been suffering most severely: but, what shall I say? Alas! too often the sense of pain absorbs every other thought. Yet there have been seasons when I have been affected with such a delightful sense of the loveliness of God as to ravish my soul, and give predominance to the sacred passion. It was never till to-day that I got any personal instruction from our Lord's telling Peter by what death he should glorify God. O what a satisfying thought it is, that God appoints those means of dissolution whereby he gets most glory to himself. It was the very thing I needed; for of all the ways of dying, that which I most dreaded was by a consumption (in which it is now highly probable my disorder will issue). But O my dear Lord, if by this death I can most glorify thee, I prefer it to all others, and thank thee that by this mean thou art hastening my fuller enjoyment of thee in a purer world.

"A sinless state! 'O 'tis a heaven worth dying for!' I cannot realize any thing about heaven, but the presence of Christ and his people, and a perfect deliverance

from sin, and I want no more. I am sick of sinning : soon I shall be beyond its power.

' O joyful hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God !'

" I only thought of filling one side, and now have not left room to thank you and dear Mrs. Ryland for the minute, affectionate, and constant attentions you paid us in Bristol. May the Lord reward you. Our hearty love to all around, till we meet in heaven.

" Eternally yours in Christ,
" S. P."

" Birmingham, Aug. 4, 1799.

" My very dear Brother ; Lord's-day Evening.

" Still, I trust, hastening to the land ' where there shall be no more curse,' I take this opportunity of talking a little with you on the road, for we are fellow-travellers ; and a little conversation by the way will not lose me the privilege of getting first to the end of my journey.

" It is seventeen years within about a week since I first actually set out on my pilgrimage ; and when I review the many dangers to which during that time I have been exposed, I am filled with conviction that I have all along been the care of omnipotent love. Ah, how many Pliables, and Timorouses, and Talkatives have I seen, while my quivering heart said, ' Alas ! I shall soon follow these sons of apostacy, prove a disgrace to religion, and have my portion with hypocrites at last.'

" These fears may have had their uses, may have made me more cautious, more distrustful of myself, and kept me more dependent on the Lord. Thus

' All that I've met has work'd for my good.'

" With what intricacy to our view, and yet with what actual skill and goodness, does the Lord draw his plans, and mark out our path ! Here we wonder and complain. Soon we shall all agree, that it was a right path to the city of habitation ; and what we now most deeply regret shall become the subject of our warmest praises.

" I am afraid to come back again to life. O how many dangers await me ! Perhaps I may be overcome of some fleshly lust, perhaps I may get proud and indolent, and be more of the priest than of the evangelist :

surely I rejoice in feeling my outward man decay, and having the sentence of death in myself. O what prospects are before me in the blessed world whither I am going! To be holy as God is holy, to have nothing but holiness in my nature, to be assured, without a doubt, and eternally to carry about this assurance with me, that the pure God looks on me with constant complacency, for ever blesses me, and says, as at the first creation, 'It is very good.' I am happy now in hoping in the Divine purposes towards me; but I know, and the thought is my constant burthen, that the Being I love best always sees something in me which he infinitely hates. 'O wretched, wretched man that I am!' The thought even now makes me weep: and who can help it, that seriously reflects, he never comes to God to pray or praise, but he brings what his God detests along with him, carries it with him wherever he goes, and can never get rid of it as long as he lives! Come, my dear brother, will you not share my joy, and help my praise, that soon I shall leave this body of sin and death behind, to enter on the perfection of my spiritual nature; and patiently to wait till this natural body shall become a spiritual body, and so be a fit vehicle for my immortal and happy spirit!

"But I must forbear, I have been very unwell all day; but this evening God has kindly given me a respite, my fever is low and my spirits are cheerful, so I have indulged myself in unbosoming my feelings to my dear friend.
S. P."

MEMORANDA;

Taken down occasionally by Mrs. Pearce, within four or five weeks of Mr. Pearce's Death.

He once said, "I have been in darkness two or three days, crying, O when wilt thou comfort me! But last night the mist was taken from me, and the Lord shone in upon my soul. O that I could speak! I would tell a world to trust a faithful God. Sweet affliction, now it worketh glory, glory!"

Mrs. P. having told him the various exercises of her mind, he replied, "O trust the Lord: if he lifts up the

light of his countenance upon you, as he has done upon me this day, all your mountains will become molehills. I feel your situation, I feel your sorrows; but he who takes care of sparrows, will care for you and my dear children."

When scorching with burning fever, he said, "Hot and happy." One Lord's-day morning he said, "Cheer up, my dear, think how much will be said to day of the faithfulness of God. Though we are called to separate, he will never separate from you. I wish I could tell the world what a good and gracious God he is. Never need they who trust in him be afraid of trials. He has promised to give strength for the day; that is his promise. O what a lovely God; and he is my God and yours. He will never leave us nor forsake us, no never! I have been thinking that this and that medicine will do me good, but what have I to do with it? It is in my Jesus's hands; he will do it all, and there I leave it. What a mercy is it, I have a good bed to lie upon; you, my dear Sarah, to wait upon me; and friends to pray for me. O how thankful should I be for all my pains: I want for nothing: all my wishes are anticipated. O, I have felt the force of those words of David, 'Unless thy law (my gracious God!) had been my delights, I should have perished in mine affliction.' Though I am too weak to read it, or hear it, I can think upon it, and O how good it is! I am in the best hands I could be in; in the hands of my dear Lord and Saviour, and he will do all things well. Yes, yes, he cannot do wrong."

One morning Mrs. P. asked him, how he felt. "Very ill, but unspeakably happy in the Lord, and my dear Lord Jesus." Once beholding her grieving, he said, "O my dear Sarah, do not be so anxious: but leave me entirely in the hands of Jesus, and think, if you were as wise as he, you would do the same by me. If he takes me, I shall not be lost; I shall only go a little before: we shall meet again never to part."

After a violent fit of coughing he said, "It is all well. O what a good God is he! It is done by him, and it must be well—If I ever recover, I shall pity the sick more than ever; and if I do not, I shall go to sing delivering love; so you see it will be all well. O for more patience! Well, my God is the God of patience, and he

will give me all I need. I rejoice it is in my Jesus's hands to communicate, and it cannot be in better. It is my God who gives me patience to bear all his will."

When after a restless night, Mrs. P. asked him, what she should do for him. "You can do nothing but pray for me, that I may have patience to bear all my Lord's will." After taking a medicine he said, "If it be the Lord's will to bless it, for your sake, and for the sake of the dear children but the Lord's will be done. O I fear I sin, I dishonour God by impatience; but I would not for a thousand worlds sin in a thought if I could avoid it." Mrs. P. replied, she trusted the Lord would still keep him; seeing he had brought him thus far, he would not desert him at last. "No, no (he said), I hope he will not. As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. Why do I complain? My dear Jesus's sufferings were much sorer and more bitter than mine; And did he thus suffer, and shall I repine! No; I will cheerfully suffer my Father's will."

One morning, after being asked how he felt, he replied, "I have but one severe pain about me: what a mercy! O how good a God to afford me some intervals amidst so much pain! He is altogether good. Jesus lives, my dear, and that must be our consolation." After taking a medicine which operated very powerfully, he said, "This will make me so much lower; well, let it be. Multiply my pains, thou good God; so thou art but glorified, I care not what I suffer: all is right."

Being asked how he felt after a restless night, he replied, "I have so much weakness and pain, I have not had much enjoyment; but I have a full persuasion that the Lord is doing all things well. If it were not for strong confidence in a lovely God, I must sink; but all is well. O blessed God, I would not love thee less. O support a sinking worm! O what a mercy to be assured that all things are working together for good."

Mrs. P. saying, If we must part, I trust the separation will not be for ever. "O no," he replied, "we sorrow not as those who have no hope." She said, "Then you can leave me and your dear children with resignation, can you?" He answered, "My heart was pierced through with many sorrows, before I could give you and the dear children up; but the Lord has heard me say, Thy will be done; and I now can say, blessed be his dear name, I have none of my own."

His last day, October 10th, was very happy. Mrs. P. repeated this verse,

' Since all that I meet shall work for my good;
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.'

He repeated, with an inexpressible smile, the last line,
"The conqueror's song."

He said once, "O my dear! What shall I do? But why do I complain; he makes all my bed in my sickness." She then repeated those lines,

' Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

"Yes," he replied, "he can, he does, I feel it."

CHAP. V.

General Outlines of his Character.

To develop the character of any person, it is necessary to determine what was his governing principle. If this can be clearly ascertained, we shall easily account for the tenour of his conduct.

The governing principle in Mr. Pearce, beyond all doubt, was holy love.

To mention this, is sufficient to prove it to all who knew him. His friends have often compared him to that disciple whom Jesus loved. His religion was that of the heart. Almost every thing he saw, or heard, or read, or studied, was converted to the feeding of this divine flame. Every subject that passed through his hands seemed to have been cast into this mould. Things that to a speculative mind would have furnished matter only for curiosity, to him afforded materials for devotion. His sermons were generally the effusions of his heart, and invariably aimed at the hearts of his hearers.

For the justness of the above remarks I might appeal, not only to the letters which he addressed to his friends, but to those which his friends addressed to him. It is

worthy of notice, how much we are influenced in our correspondence by the turn of mind of the persons we address. If we write to a humorous character, we shall generally find that what we write, perhaps without being conscious of it, will be interspersed with pleasantries; or if to one of a very serious cast, our letters will be more serious than usual. On this principle it has been thought we may form some judgment of our own spirit by the spirit in which our friends address us. These remarks will apply with singular propriety to the correspondence of Mr. Pearce. In looking over the first volume of "Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Mission," the reader will easily perceive, the most affectionate letters from the Missionaries are those which are addressed to him.

It is not enough to say of this affectionate spirit, that it formed a prominent feature in his character: it was rather the life-blood that animated the whole system. He seemed, as one of his friends observed, to be baptized in it. It was holy love that gave the tone to his general deportment: as a son, a subject, a neighbour, a Christian, a minister, a pastor, a friend, a husband, and a father, he was manifestly governed by this principle; and this it was that produced in him that lovely uniformity of character, which constitutes the true beauty of holiness.

By the grace of God he was what he was; and to the honour of grace, and not for the glory of a sinful worm, be it recorded. Like all other men, he was the subject of a depraved nature. He felt it, and lamented it, and longed to depart that he might be freed from it: but certainly we have seldom seen a character, taking him altogether, "whose excellencies were so many and so uniform, and whose imperfections were so few." We have seen men rise high in contemplation, who have abounded but little in action. We have seen zeal mingled with bitterness, and candour degenerate into indifference; experimental religion mixed with a large portion of enthusiasm; and what is called rational religion, void of every thing that interests the heart of man. We have seen splendid talents tarnished with insufferable pride; seriousness with melancholy; cheerfulness with levity; and great attainments in religion with uncharitable censoriousness towards men of low degree; but we have not seen these things in our Brother Pearce.

There have been few men in whom has been united a

greater portion of the contemplative and the active: holy zeal and genuine candour; spirituality and rationality; talents that attracted almost universal applause, and yet the most unaffected modesty; faithfulness in bearing testimony against evil, with the tenderest compassion to the soul of the evil doer; fortitude that would encounter any difficulty in the way of duty, without any thing boisterous, noisy, or overbearing; deep seriousness, with habitual cheerfulness; and a constant aim to promote the highest degrees of piety in himself and others, with a readiness to hope the best of the lowest; not "breaking the bruised reed," nor "quenching the smoking flax."

"He loved the Divine character as revealed in the Scriptures." To adore God, to contemplate his glorious perfections, to enjoy his favour, and submit to his disposal, were his highest delight. "I felt (says he, when contemplating the hardships of a missionary life), that were the universe destroyed, and I the only being in it besides God, he is fully adequate to my complete happiness; and had I been in an African wood, surrounded with venomous serpents, devouring beasts, savage men; in such a frame I should be the subject of perfect peace, and exalted joy. Yes, O my God! thou hast taught me that thou alone art worthy of my confidence; and, with this sentiment fixed in my heart, I am freed from all solicitude about my temporal concerns. If thy presence be enjoyed, poverty shall be riches; darkness, light; affliction, prosperity; reproach, my honour: and fatigue, my rest."

"He loved the Gospel." The truths which he believed and taught dwelt richly in him, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. The reader will recollect how he went over the great principles of Christianity, examining the grounds on which he rested, in the first of those days which he devoted to solemn fasting and prayer in reference to his becoming a missionary*; and with what ardent affection he set his seal anew to every part of divine truth as he went along.

If salvation had been of works, few men, according to our way of estimating characters, had a fairer claim: but, as he himself has related, he could not meet the king of terrors in this armour†. So far was he from plac-

* See chap. ii, p. 107.

† Chap. i, p. 87.

ing any dependence on his own works, that the more he did for God, the less he thought of it in such a way. "All the satisfaction I wish for here (says he) is to be doing my heavenly Father's will. I hope I have found it my meat and drink to do his work; and can set to my seal, that the purest pleasures of human life spring from the humble obedience of faith. It is a good saying, 'We cannot do too much for God, nor trust in what we do too little.' I find a growing conviction of the necessity of a free salvation. The more I do for God, the less I think of it; and am progressively ashamed that I do no more."

Christ crucified was his darling theme, from first to last. This was the subject on which he dwelt at the outset of his ministry among the Coldford colliers, when "he could scarcely speak for weeping, nor they hear for interrupting sighs and sobs." This was the burthen of the song, when addressing the more polished and crowded audiences at Birmingham, London, and Dublin; this was the grand motive exhibited in sermons for the promotion of public charities; and this was the rock on which he rested all his hopes, in the prospect of death. It is true, as we have seen, he was shaken for a time by the writings of a Whitby, and of a Priestley; but this transient hesitation, by the over-ruling grace of God, tended only to establish him more firmly in the end. "Blessed be his dear name (says he, under his last affliction) who shed his blood for me. He helps me to rejoice at times with joy unspeakable. Now I see the value of the religion of the cross. It is a religion for a dying sinner. It is all the most guilty and the most wretched can desire. Yes, I taste its sweetness, and enjoy its fulness, with all the gloom of a dying bed before me; and far rather would I be the poor emaciated and emaciating creature that I am, than be an emperor, with every earthly good about him, but without a God."

Notwithstanding this, however, there were those in Birmingham, and other places, who would not allow that he preached the Gospel. And if by the Gospel were meant the doctrine taught by Mr. Huntington, Mr. Bradford, and others who followed hard after them, it must be granted he did not. If the fall and depravity of man operate to destroy his accountableness to his Crea-

tor ; if his inability to obey the law, or comply with the gospel, be of such a nature as to excuse him in the neglect of either ; or, if not, yet if Christ's coming under the law frees believers from all obligations to obey its precepts ; if Gospel invitations are addressed only to the regenerate ; if the illuminating influences of the Holy Spirit consist in revealing to us the secret purposes of God concerning us, or impressing us with the idea that we are the favourites of heaven ; if believing such impressions be Christian faith, and doubting of their validity unbelief ; if there be no such thing as progressive sanctification, or any sanctification inherent, except that of the illumination before described ; if wicked men are not obliged to do any thing beyond what they can find in their hearts to do, nor good men to be holy beyond what they actually are ; and if these things constitute the Gospel, Mr. Pearce certainly did not preach it. But if man, whatever be his depravity, be necessarily a free agent, and accountable for all his dispositions and actions ; if Gospel invitations be addressed to men, not as elect nor as non-elect, but as sinners exposed to the righteous displeasure of God ; if Christ's obedience and death rather increase than diminish our obligations to love God and one another ; if faith in Christ be a falling in with God's way of salvation, and unbelief a falling out with it ; if sanctification be a progressive work, and so essential a branch of our salvation, as that without it no man shall see the Lord ; if the Holy Spirit instruct us in nothing by his illuminating influences but what was already revealed in the Scriptures, and which we should have perceived but for that we loved darkness rather than light ; and if he incline us to nothing but what was antecedently right, or to such a spirit as every intelligent creature ought at all times to have possessed, then Mr. Pearce did preach the Gospel ; and that which his accusers call by this name is another gospel, and not the Gospel of Christ.

Moreover, If the doctrine taught by Mr. Pearce be not the Gospel of Christ, and that which is taught by the above writers and their adherents be, it may be expected that the effects produced will in some degree correspond with this representation. And is it evident to all men, who are acquainted with both, and who judge impartially, that the doctrine taught by Mr. Pearce is produc-

tive of hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, railings, evil surmisings, and perverse disputings; that it renders those who embrace it lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, false accusers, fierce, despisers of those that are good; while that of his adversaries promotes love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance?

"Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?"

..... "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

Mr. Pearce's ideas of preaching human obligation may be seen in the following extract from a letter addressed to a young minister, who was sent out of the church of which he was pastor:—"You request my thoughts how a minister should preach human obligation. I would reply, do it extensively, do it constantly; but withal do it affectionately, and evangelically. I think, considering the general character of our hearers, and the state of their mental improvement, it would be time lost to argue much from the data of natural religion. The best way is, perhaps, to express duties in Scripture language, and enforce them by evangelical motives; as the example of Christ, the end of his sufferings and death, the consciousness of his approbation, the assistance he has promised, the influence of a holy conversation on God's people, and on the people of the world, the small returns we at best can make for the love of Jesus, and the hope of eternal holiness. These form a body of arguments, which the most simple may understand, and the most dull may feel. Yet I would not neglect on some occasions to show the obligations of man to love his Creator, the reasonableness of the Divine law, and the natural tendency of its commands to promote our own comfort, the good of society, and the glory of God. These will serve to illuminate; but, after all, it is the Gospel of the grace of God that will most effectually animate, and impel to action."

Mr. Pearce's affection to the doctrine of the cross was not merely, nor principally, on account of its being a system which secured his own safety. Had this been the case, he might, like others whose religion originates and terminates in self-love, have been delighted with the idea of the grace of the Son; but it would have been at the expense of all complacency in the righteous government of the Father. He might have admired something which he accounted the Gospel, as saving him

from misery ; but he could have discerned no loveliness in the Divine law, as being holy, just, and good, nor in the mediation of Christ, as doing honour to it. That which in his view constituted the glory of the Gospel was, that God is therein revealed as "the just God and the Saviour, just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

"He was a lover of good men." He was never more in his element than when joining with them in spiritual conversation, prayer, and praise. His heart was tenderly attached to the people of his charge ; and it was one of the bitterest ingredients in his cup during his long affliction, to be cut off from their society. When in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, he thus writes to Mr. King, one of the deacons :—"Give my love to all the dear people. O pray that he who afflicts would give me patience to endure. Indeed, the state of suspense in which I have been kept so long requires much of it ; and I often exclaim, ere I am aware, O my dear people ! O my dear family ! when shall I return to you again !" He conscientiously dissented from the Church of England, and from every other national establishment of religion, as inconsistent with what he judged the scriptural account of the nature of Christ's kingdom : nor was he less conscientious in his rejection of infant baptism, considering it as having no foundation in the Holy Scriptures, and as tending to confound the church and the world : yet he embraced with brotherly affection great numbers of godly men both in and out of the establishment. His spirit was truly catholic : he loved all who loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. "Let us pray (said he in a letter to a friend) for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper who love, not this part, or the other, but who love her, that is, the whole body of Christ."

He bore good will to all mankind. It was from this principle that he so ardently desired to go and preach the Gospel among the heathen. And even under his long affliction, when at times he entertained hopes of recovery, he would say, "My soul pants for usefulness more extensive than ever: I long to become an apostle to the world !" The errors and sins of men wrought much in him in a way of pity. He knew that they were culpable in the sight of God : but he knew also that he himself was a sinner, and felt that they were entitled to

his compassion. His zeal for the divinity and atonement of his Saviour never appeared to have operated in a way of unchristian bitterness against those who rejected these important doctrines; and though he was shamefully traduced by professors of another description, as a mere legal preacher, and his ministry held up as affording no food for the souls of believers; and though he could not but feel the injury of such misrepresentations; yet he does not appear to have cherished unchristian resentment; but would at any time have laid himself out for the good of his worst enemies. It was his constant endeavour to promote as good an understanding between the different congregations in the town, as the nature of their different religious sentiments would admit. The cruel bitterness of many people against Dr. Priestley and his friends, at and after the Birmingham riots, was affecting to his mind. Such methods of opposing error he abhorred. His regard to mankind made him lament the consequences of war: but while he wished and prayed for peace to the nations, and especially to his native country, he had no idea of turbulently contending for it. Though friendly to civil and religious liberty, he stood aloof from the fire of political contention. In an excellent circular letter, to the churches of the Midland Association, in 1794, of which he was the writer, he thus expresses himself: "Have as little as possible to do with the world. Meddle not with political controversies. An inordinate pursuit of these, we are sorry to observe, has been as a canker-worm at the root of vital piety; and caused the love of many, formerly zealous professors, to wax cold. The Lord reigneth; it is our place to rejoice in his government, and quietly wait for the salvation of God. The establishment of his kingdom will be the ultimate end of all those national commotions which terrify the earth. The wrath of man shall praise him; and the remainder of wrath he will restrain." From this time, more than ever, he turned his whole attention to the promoting of the kingdom of Christ; cherishing and recommending a spirit of contentment and gratitude for the civil and religious advantages that we enjoyed. Such were the sentiments inculcated in the last sermon that he printed, and the last but one that he preached*. His dear young

* See page 151, note.

friends, who are gone to India, will never forget how earnestly he charged them by letter, when confined at Plymouth, to conduct themselves in all civil matters as peaceable and obedient subjects to the government under which they lived, in whatever country it might be their lot to reside.

It was love that tempered faithfulness with so large a portion of tender concern for the good of those whose conduct he was obliged to censure. He could not bear them that were evil; but would set himself against them with the greatest firmness; yet it was easy to discover the pain of mind with which this necessary part of duty was discharged. It is well remembered how he conducted himself towards certain preachers in the neighbourhood, who, wandering from place to place, corrupted and embroiled the churches; whose conduct he knew to be as dishonourable as their principles were loose and unscriptural: and when requested to recite particulars in his own defence, his fear and tenderness for character, his modest reluctance to accuse persons older than himself, and his deep concern that men engaged in the Christian ministry should render such accusations necessary, were each conspicuous, and proved to all present, that the work of an accuser was to him a strange work.

It was love that expanded his heart, and prompted him to labour in season and out of season for the salvation of sinners. This was the spring of that constant stream of activity by which his life was distinguished. His conscience would not suffer him to decline what appeared to be right. "I dare not refuse," he would say, "lest I should shrink from duty. Unjustifiable ease is worse than the most difficult labours to which duty calls." To persons who never entered into his views and feelings, some parts of his conduct, especially those which relate to his desire of quitting his country that he might preach the Gospel to the Heathen, will appear extravagant: but no man could with greater propriety have adopted the language of the apostle, "Whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God; or whether we be sober, it is for your cause; for the love of Christ constraineth us."

He was frequently told that his exercises were too great for his strength; but such was the ardour of his mind, "He could not die in a better work." When he

went up into the pulpit to deliver his last sermon, he thought he should not have been able to get through; but when he got a little warm, he felt relieved, and forgot his indisposition, preaching with equal fervour and freedom as when in perfect health. While he was laid aside he could not forbear hoping, that he should some time resume his delightful work; and knowing the strength of his feelings to be such, that it would be unsafe to trust himself, he proposed for a time to write his discourses, that his mind might not be at liberty to overdo his debilitated frame.

All his counsels, cautions, and reproofs, appear to have been the effect of love. It was a rule dictated by his heart, no less than by his judgment, to discourage all evil speaking: nor would he approve of just censure unless some good and necessary end were to be answered by it. Two of his distant friends being at his house together, one of them, during the absence of the other, suggested something to his disadvantage. He put a stop to the conversation by answering, "He is here, take him aside, and tell him of it by himself: you may do him good."

If he perceived any of his acquaintance bewildered in fruitless speculations, he would in an affectionate manner endeavour to draw off their attention from these mazes of confusion to the simple doctrine of the cross. A specimen of this kind of treatment will be seen in the letter, No. I, towards the close of this chapter.

He was affectionate to all, but especially towards the rising generation. The youth of his own congregation, of London, and of Dublin, have not forgot his melting discourses, which were particularly addressed to them. He took much delight in speaking to the children, and would adapt himself to their capacities, and expostulate with them on the things which belonged to their everlasting peace. While at Plymouth, he wrote thus to one of his friends: "O how should I rejoice, were there a speedy prospect of my returning to my great and little congregations!" Nor was it by preaching only that he sought their eternal welfare: several of his letters are addressed to young persons. See No. II and III, towards the close of this chapter.

With what joy did he congratulate one of his most intimate friends, on hearing that three of the younger branches of his family had apparently been brought to

take the Redeemer's yoke upon them. "Thanks, thanks, thanks be to God," said he, "for the enrapturing prospects before you as a father, as a Christian father especially. What, three of a family! and these three at once! O the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of his unfathomable grace! My soul feels joy unspeakable at the blessed news. Three immortal souls secured for eternal life! Three rational spirits preparing to grace Immanuel's triumphs, and sing his praise! Three examples of virtue and goodness, exhibiting the genuine influences of the true religion of Jesus before the world! Perhaps three mothers training up to lead three future families in the way to heaven. O what a train of blessings do I see in this event! Most sincerely do I participate with my dear friend, in his pleasures, and in his gratitude."

Towards the close of life, writing to the same friend, he thus concludes his letter:—"Present our love to dear Mrs. — and the family, especially those whose hearts are engaged to seek the Lord and his goodness. O tell them they will find him good all their lives, supremely good on dying beds, but best of all in glory."

In his visits to the sick he was singularly useful. His sympathetic conversation, affectionate prayers, and endearing manner of recommending to them a compassionate Saviour, frequently operated as a cordial to their troubled hearts. A young man of his congregation was dangerously ill. His father living at a distance was anxious to hear from him; and Mr. Pearce, in a letter to the minister on whose preaching the father attended, wrote as follows:—"I feel for the anxiety of Mr. V—, and am happy in being at this time a Barnabas to him. I was not seriously alarmed for his son till last Tuesday, when I expected from every symptom, and the language of his apothecary, that he was nigh unto death. But to our astonishment and joy, a surprising change has since taken place. I saw him yesterday apparently in a fair way of recovery. His mind for the first part of his illness was sometimes joyful, and almost constantly calm; but when at the worst, suspicions crowded his mind; he feared he had been an hypocrite. I talked, and prayed, and wept with him. One scene was very affecting: both he and his wife appeared like persons newly awakened. They never felt so strongly the importance of religion before. He con-

versed about the tenderness of Jesus to broken-hearted sinners ; and whilst we spoke, it seemed as though he came and began to heal the wound. It did me good, and I trust was not unavailing to them. They have since been for the most part happy ; and a very pleasant interview I had with them on the past day."

Every man must have his seasons of relaxation. In his earlier years he would take strong bodily exercise. Of late he occasionally employed himself with the microscope, and in making a few philosophical experiments. " We will amuse ourselves with philosophy (said he to a philosophical friend), but Jesus shall be our teacher." In all these exercises he seems never to have lost sight of God ; but would be discovering something in his works that should furnish matter for praise and admiration. His mind did not appear to have been unfitted, but rather assisted by such pursuits, for the discharge of the more spiritual exercises, into which he would fall at a proper season, as into his native element. If in company with his friends, and the conversation turned upon the works of nature, or art, or any other subject of science, he would cheerfully take a part in it ; and when occasion required, by some easy and pleasant transition, direct it into another channel. An ingenious friend once showed him a model of a machine which he thought of constructing, and by which he hoped to be able to produce a perpetual motion. Mr. Pearce having patiently inspected it, discovered where the operation would stop, and pointed it out. His friend was convinced, and felt, as may be supposed, rather unpleasant at his disappointment. He consoled him ; and a prayer-meeting being at hand, said to this effect, " We may learn from hence our own insufficiency, and the glory of that Being, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working : let us go and worship him."

His mild and gentle disposition, not apt to give or take offence, often won upon persons in matters wherein at first they have shown themselves averse. When collecting for the Baptist Mission, a gentleman, who had no knowledge of him, or of the conductors of that undertaking, made some objections, on the ground that the Baptists had little or nothing to say to the unconverted. This objection Mr. Pearce attempted to remove, by alleging, that the parties concerned in this

business were entirely of another mind. "I am glad to hear it," said the gentleman, "but I have my fears." "Then pray, Sir," said Mr. Pearce, "do not give till you are satisfied." "Why, I assure you," replied the other, "I think the Methodists more likely to succeed than you; and should feel more pleasure in giving them ten guineas, than you one." "If you give them twenty guineas, Sir," said Mr. Pearce, "we shall rejoice in their success: and if you give us one, I hope it will not be misapplied." The gentleman smiled, and gave him four.

His figure, to a superficial observer, would, at first sight, convey nothing very interesting; but, on close inspection, his countenance would be acknowledged to be a faithful index to his soul. Calm, placid, and, when in the pulpit especially, full of animation, his appearance was not a little expressive of the interest he felt in the eternal welfare of his audience; his eyes beaming benignity, and speaking in the most impressive language his willingness to impart not only the Gospel of God but his own soul also.

His imagination was vivid, and his judgment clear. He relished the elegancies of science, and felt alive to the most delicate and refined sentiments: yet these were things on account of which he does not appear to have valued himself. They were rather his amusements than his employment.

His address was easy and insinuating; his voice pleasant, but sometimes overstrained in the course of his sermon; his language chaste, flowing, and inclining to the florid: this last, however, abated as his judgment ripened. His delivery was rather slow than rapid; his attitude graceful; and his countenance, in almost all his discourses, approaching to an affectionate smile. He never appears, however, to have studied what are called the graces of pulpit-action; and, whatever he had read concerning them, it was manifest that he thought nothing of them, or of any other of the ornaments of speech, at the time. Both his action and language were the genuine expressions of an ardent mind, affected, and sometimes deeply, with his subject. Being rather below the common stature, and disregarding, or rather, I might say, disapproving every thing pompous in his appearance, he has upon some occasions been prejudged to his disadvantage: but the song of the nightingale is

not the less melodious for his not appearing in a gaudy plumage. His manner of preparing for the pulpit may be seen in a letter addressed to Mr. C——, of L——, who was sent out of his church : and which may be of use to others in a similar situation. See No. IV, towards the close of this chapter.

His minisury was highly acceptable to persons of education : but he appears to have been most in his element when preaching to the poor. The feelings which he himself expresses, when instructing the colliers, appear to have continued with him through life. It was his delight to carry the glad tidings of salvation into the villages, wherever he could find access and opportunity. And as he sought the good of their souls, so he both laboured and suffered to relieve their temporal wants ; living himself in a style of frugality and self-denial, that he might have whereof to give to them that needed.

Finally, He possessed a large portion of real happiness. There are few characters, whose enjoyments, both natural and spiritual, have risen to so great a height. He dwelt in love : “ and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.” Such a life must needs be happy. If his religion had originated and terminated in self-love, as some contend the whole of religion does, his joys had been not only of a different nature, but far less extensive than they were. His interest was bound up with that of his Lord and Saviour. Its afflictions were his affliction, and its joys his joy. The grand object of his desire was to see the good of God’s chosen, to rejoice in the gladness of his nation, and to glory with his inheritance. “ What pleasures do those lose,” says he, “ who have no interest in God’s gracious and holy cause*.”

If an object of joy presented itself to his mind, he would delight in multiplying it by its probable or possible consequences. Thus it was, as we have seen, in his congratulating his friend on the conversion of three of his children ; and thus it was when speaking of a people who divided into two congregations, not from discord, but from an increase of numbers ; and who generously united in erecting a new and additional place of worship :—“ These liberal souls are subscrib-

* See the letter to Dr. Ryland, May 30, 1796, p. 121.

ing," said he, "in order to support a religion, which, as far as it truly prevails, will render others as liberal as themselves."

His heart was so much formed for social enjoyment, that he seems to have contemplated the heavenly state under this idea with peculiar advantage. This was the leading theme of a discourse from Rev. v, 9 — 12, which he delivered at a meeting of ministers at Arnsby, April 18, 1797; and of which his brethren retain a lively remembrance. On this pleasing subject he dwells also in a letter to his dear friend Birt:—"I had much pleasure, a few days since, in meditating on the affectionate language of our Lord to his sorrowful disciples: —'I go to prepare a place for you.' What a plenitude of consolation do these words contain! What a sweet view of heaven as a place of society! It is one place for us all; that place where his glorified body is, there all his followers shall assemble, to part no more. Where he is, there we shall be also. O, blessed anticipation! There shall be Abel, and all the martyrs; Abraham, and all the patriarchs; Isaiah, and all the prophets; Paul, and all the apostles; Gabriel, and all the angels; and above all, Jesus, and all his ransomed people! O, to be amongst the number! My dear Brother, let us be strong in the Lord. Let us realize the bliss before us. Let our faith bring heaven itself near, and feast, and live upon the scene. O what a commanding influence would it have upon our thoughts, passions, comforts, sorrows, words, ministry, prayers, praises, and conduct. What manner of persons should we be in all holy conversation and godliness!"

In many persons the pleasures imparted by religion are counteracted by a gloomy constitution: but it was not so in him. In his disposition they met with a friendly soil. Cheerfulness was as natural to him as breathing; and this spirit, sanctified by the grace of God, gave a tincture to all his thoughts, conversation, and preaching. He was seldom heard without tears; but they were frequently tears of pleasure. No levity, no attempts at wit, no aiming to excite the risibility of an audience, ever disgraced his sermons. Religion in him was habitual seriousness, mingled with sacred pleasure, frequently rising into sublime delight, and occasionally overflowing with transporting joy.

LETTERS REFERRED TO IN THIS CHAPTER.

No. I.

*To a young Man, whose Mind he perceived was bewildered
with fruitless Speculations.*

“The conversation we had on our way to ———, so far interested me in your religious feelings, that I find it impossible to satisfy my mind till I have expressed my ardent wishes for the happy termination of your late exercises, and contributed my mite to the promotion of your joy in the Lord. A disposition more or less to ‘scepticism,’ I believe, is common to our nature, in proportion as opposite systems and jarring opinions, each supported by a plausibility of argument, are presented to our minds: and with some qualification I admit Robinson’s remark, ‘That he who never doubted never believed.’ While examining the grounds of persuasion, it is right for the mind to hesitate. Opinions ought not to be prejudged any more than criminals. Every objection ought to have its weight; and the more numerous and forcible objections are, the more cause shall we finally have for the triumph, ‘*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*’; but there are two or three considerations which have no small weight with me in relation to religious controversies.

“The first is, The importance of truth. It would be endless to write on truth in general. I confine my views to what I deem the leading truth in the New Testament, The atonement made on behalf of sinners by the Son of God; the doctrine of the cross; Jesus Christ and him crucified. It surely cannot be a matter of small concern whether the Creator of all things, out of mere love to rebellious men, exchanged a throne for a cross, and thereby reconciled a ruined world to God. If this be not true, how can we respect the Bible as an inspired book, which so plainly attributes our salvation to the grace of God, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus? And if we discard the Bible, what can we do with prophecies, miracles, and all the power of evidence on
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which, as on adamantine pillars, its authority abides? Surely the infidel has more to reject than the believer to embrace. That book, then, which we receive, not as the word of man, but as the word of God, not as the religion of our ancestors, but on the invincible conviction which attends an impartial investigation of its evidences; that book reveals a truth of the highest importance to man, consonant to the opinions of the earliest ages, and the most enlightened nations; perfectly consistent with the Jewish economy, as to its spirit and design; altogether adapted to unite the equitable and merciful perfections of the Deity in the sinner's salvation; and, above all things, calculated to beget the most established peace, to inspire with the liveliest hope, and to engage the heart and life in habitual devotedness to the interest of morality and piety. Such a doctrine I cannot but venerate; and to the author of such a doctrine, my whole soul labours to exhaust itself in praise.

' O the sweet wonders of the cross,
Where God my Saviour lov'd and dy'd !'

" Forgive, my friend, forgive the transport of a soul compelled to feel where it attempts only to explore. I cannot on this subject control my passions by the laws of logic. ' God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ Jesus my Lord.'

" Secondly, I consider man as a depraved creature; so depraved, that his judgment is as dark as his appetites are sensual; wholly dependent on God, therefore, for religious light, as well as true devotion: yet, such a dupe to pride, as to reject every thing which the narrow limits of his comprehension cannot embrace: and such a slave to his passions, as to admit no law but self-interest for his government. With these views of human nature, I am persuaded we ought to suspect our own decisions, whenever they oppose truths too sublime for our understandings, or too pure for our lusts. To err on this side, indeed, 'is human;' wherefore the Wise Man saith, ' He that trusteth to his own heart is a fool.' Should therefore the evidence be only equal on the side of the Gospel of Christ, I should think, with this allowance, we should do well to admit it.

" Thirdly, If the Gospel of Christ be true, it should be heartily embraced. We should yield ourselves to its

influence without reserve. We must come to a point, and resolve to be either Infidels or Christians. To know the power of the sun, we should expose ourselves to his rays: to know the sweetness of honey, we must bring it to our palates. Speculations will not do in either of these cases; much less will it in matters of religion. My son, saith God, give me thine heart!

“Fourthly, a humble admission of the light we already have, is the most effectual way to a full conviction of the truth of the doctrine of Christ. ‘If any man will do his will, he shall know of his doctrine whether it be of God. ‘If we honour God as far as we know his will, he will honour us with farther discoveries of it. Thus shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord; thus, thus shall you, my dear friend, become assured, that there is salvation in no other name than that of Jesus Christ; and thus, from an inward experience of the quickening influences of his Holy Spirit, you will join the admiring church, and say of Jesus, ‘This is my beloved, this is my friend; he is the chiefest among ten thousand, he is altogether lovely.’ Yes, I yet hope, I expect to see you rejoicing in Christ Jesus; and appearing as a living witness that he is faithful who hath said—‘Seek, and ye shall find; ask, and receive, that your joy may be full.’ S. P.”

In another letter to the same correspondent, after congratulating himself that he had discovered such a mode of killing noxious insects as should put them to the least pain, and which was characteristic of the tenderness of his heart, he proceeds as follows:—“But enough of nature. How is my brother as a Christian? We have had some interesting moments in conversation on the methods of grace, that grace whose influence reaches to the day of adversity, and the hour of death; seasons when of every thing else it may be said, Miserable comforters are they all! My dear friend, we will amuse ourselves with philosophy, but Christ shall be our teacher; Christ shall be our glory; Christ shall be our portion. O that we may be enabled ‘to comprehend the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge!’

“Affectionately yours,
“S. P.”

No. II.

To a young Gentleman of his acquaintance, who was then studying Physic at Edinburgh.

“ Did my dear friend P—— know with what sincere affection, and serious concern, I almost daily think of him, he would need no other evidence of the effect which his last visit, and his subsequent letters have produced. Indeed, there is not a young man in the world, in earlier life than myself, for whose universal prosperity I am so deeply interested. Many circumstances I can trace, on a review of the past fourteen years, which have contributed to beget and augment affection and esteem; and I can assure you that every interview, and every letter, still tend to consolidate my regard.

“ Happy should I be, if my ability to serve you at this important crisis of human life were equal to your wishes, or my own. Your situation demands all the aids which the wisdom and prudence of your friends can afford, that you may be directed not only to the most worthy objects of pursuit, but also to the most effectual means for obtaining them. In your professional character it is impossible for me to give you any assistance. If any general observations I can make should prove at all useful, I shall be richly rewarded for the time I employ in their communication.

“ I thank you sincerely for the freedom wherewith you have disclosed the peculiarities of your situation, and the views and resolutions wherewith they have inspired you. I can recommend nothing better, my dear friend, than a determined adherence to the purposes you have already formed, respecting the intimacies you contract, and the associates you choose. In such a place as Edinburgh, it may be supposed, no description of persons will be wanting. Some so notoriously vicious, that their atrocity of character will have no small tendency to confirm your morals, from the odious contrast which their practices present to your view. Against these, therefore, I need not caution you. You will flee them as so many serpents, in whose breath is venom and destruction. More danger may be apprehended from those mixed characters, who blend the profession of philosophical refinement with the secret indulgence of those sensual gratifications, which at once

exhaust the pocket, destroy the health, and debase the character.

“That morality is friendly to individual happiness, and to social order, no man who respects his own conscience, or character, will have the effrontery to deny. Its avenues cannot, therefore, be too sacredly guarded, nor those principles, which support a virtuous practice, be too seriously maintained. But morality derives, it is true, its best, its only support, from the principles of religion. ‘The fear of the Lord,’ said the Wise Man, ‘is to hate evil.’ He, therefore, who endeavours to weaken the sanctions of religion, to induce a sceptical habit, to detach my thoughts from an ever-present God, and my hopes from a futurity of holy enjoyment, he is a worse enemy than the man who meets me with the pistol and the dagger. Should my dear friend then fall into the company of those, whose friendship cannot be purchased, but by the sacrifice of Revelation, I hope he will ever think such a price too great for the good opinion of men, who blaspheme piety, and dishonour God. Deism is indeed the fashion of the day; and to be in the mode, you must quit the good old path of devotion, as too antiquated for any but monks and hermits: so as you laugh at religion, that is enough to secure to you the company, and the applause, of the sons of politeness. O that God may be a buckler and a shield to defend you from their assaults! Let but their private morals be inquired into, and if they may have a hearing, I dare engage they will not bear a favourable testimony to the good tendency of scepticism; and it may be regarded as an indisputable axiom, that what is unfriendly to virtue is unfriendly to man.

“Were I to argue *a posteriori*, in favour of truth, I should contend, that those principles must be true, which, first, corresponded with general observation—secondly, tended to general happiness—thirdly, preserved a uniform connection between cause and effect, evil and remedy, in all situations.

“I would then apply these *data* to the principles held, on the one side, by the Deists; and, on the other, by the believers in Revelation. In the application of the first, I would refer to the state of human nature. The Deist contends for its purity and powers. Revelation declares its depravity and weakness. I compare these opposite declarations with the facts that fall under constant

observation. Do I not see that there is a larger portion of vice in the world than of virtue ; that no man needs solicitation to evil, but every man a guard against it ; and that thousands bewail their subjection to lusts, which they have not power to subdue, whilst they live in moral slavery, and cannot burst the chain ? Which principle then shall I admit ? Will observation countenance the Deistical ? I am convinced to the contrary ; and must say, I cannot be a Deist without becoming a fool ; and to exalt my reason I must deny my senses.

“ I take the second datum, and inquire which tends most to general happiness ? To secure happiness, three things are necessary :—object, means, and motives. The question is, Which points out the true source of happiness ; which directs to the best means for attaining it ; and which furnishes me with the most powerful motives to induce my pursuit of it ? If I take a Deist for my tutor, he tells me that fame is the object ; universal accommodation of manners to interest, the means ; and self-love, the spring of action. Sordid teacher ! From him I turn to Jesus. His better voice informs me, that the source of felicity is the friendship of my God ; that love to my Maker, and love to man, expressed in all the noble and amiable effusions of devotion and benevolence, are the means ; and that the glory of God, and the happiness of the universe, must be my motives. Blessed instructor ; thy dictates approve themselves to every illuminated conscience, to every pious heart ! Do they not, my dear P——, approve themselves to yours ?

“ But I will not tire your patience by pursuing these remarks. Little did I think of such amplification when I first took up my pen. O that I may have the joy of finding that these (at least well meant) endeavours to establish your piety have not been ungraciously received, nor wholly unprofitable to your mind ! I am encouraged to these effusions of friendship by that amiable self-distrust which your letter expresses ; a temper not only becoming the earlier stages of life, but graceful in all its advancing periods.

“ Unspeakable satisfaction does it afford me to find that you are conscious of the necessity of ‘ first ’ seeking assistance from heaven. Retain, my dear friend, this honourable, this equitable sentiment. ‘ In all thy ways acknowledge God, and he shall direct thy paths.’

"I hope you will still be cautious in your intimacies. You will gain more by a half-hour's intercourse with God, than the friendship of the whole college can impart. Too much acquaintance would be followed with a waste of that precious time, on the present improvement of which your future usefulness and respectability in your profession depend. Like the bee, you may do best by sipping the sweets of every flower; but remember, the sweetest blossom is not the hive.

"Yours very affectionately,

"S. P."

"P. S. So many books have been published on the same subject, as the manuscript which you helped me to copy, that I have not sent it to the press *."

No. III.

To a Young Lady at School, Miss A. H., a daughter of one of the Members of his Church.

"I cannot deny myself the pleasure which this opportunity affords me of expressing the concern I feel for your happiness, arising from the sincerest friendship; a friendship, which the many amiable qualities you possess, together with the innumerable opportunities I have had of seeing them displayed, have taught me to form and perpetuate.

"It affords me inexpressible pleasure to hear that you are so happy in your present situation; a situation in which I rejoice to see you placed, because it is not merely calculated to embellish the manners, but to profit the soul. I hope that my dear Ann, amidst the various pursuits of an ornamental or scientific nature which she may adopt, will not omit that first, that great concern, the dedication of her heart to God. To this, my dear girl, every thing invites you that is worthy of your attention. The dignity of a rational and immortal soul, the condition of human nature, the gracious truths

* The compiler believes this was an answer to Mr. Peter Edward's *Candid Reasons*, &c. He knows Mr. Pearce did write an answer to that performance. By the imposing air of the writer he has acknowledged he was at first a little stunned; but, upon examining his arguments, found it no very difficult undertaking to point out their fallacy.

and promises of God, the sweetness and usefulness of religion, the comfort it yields in affliction, the security it affords in temptation, the support it gives in death, and the prospects it opens of life everlasting; all these considerations, backed with the uncertainty of life, the solemnity of judgment, the terrors of hell, and the calls of conscience and of God, all demand your heart for the blessed Jehovah. This, and nothing short of this, is true religion. You have often heard, and often written on religion: it is time you should feel it now. O what a blessedness will attend your hearty surrender of yourself to the God and Father of men! Methinks I see all the angels of God rejoicing at the sight, all the saints in heaven partaking of their joy; Jesus himself, who died for sinners, gazing on you with delight; your own heart filled with peace and joy in believing; and a thousand streams of goodness flowing from your renovated soul to refresh the aged saint, and to encourage your fellow youth to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and press on to God. But O, should I be mistaken! Alas, alas! I cannot bear the thought. O thou Saviour of sinners, and God of love! Take captive the heart of my dear young friend, and make her truly willing to be wholly thine!

"If you can find freedom, do oblige me with a letter on the state of religion in your own soul, and be assured of every sympathy or advice, that I am capable of feeling or giving.

S. P."

No. IV.

To a Young Minister, Mr. C..... of L....., on preparation for the pulpit.

"My dear Brother;

"Your first letter gave me much pleasure. I hoped you would learn some useful lesson from the first sabbath's disappointment. Every thing is good that leads us to depend more simply on the Lord. Could I choose my frames, I would say, respecting industry in preparation for public work, as is frequently said respecting Christian obedience; I would apply as close as though I expected no help from the Lord, whilst I would depend upon the Lord for assistance, as though I had never made any preparation at all.

" I rejoice much in every thing that affords you ground for solid pleasure. The account of the affection borne you by the people of God was therefore a matter of joy to my heart, especially as I learn from the person who brought your letter, that the friendship seemed pretty general.

" Your last has occasioned me some pain on your account, because it informs me, that you have been ' exceedingly tried in the pulpit : ' but I receive satisfaction again from considering, that the gloom of midnight precedes the rising day, not only in the natural world, but frequently also in the Christian minister's experience. Do not be discouraged, my dear brother ; those whose labours God has been pleased most eminently to bless, have generally had their days of prosperity ushered in with clouds and storms. You are in the sieve ; but the sieve is in our Saviour's hands ; and he will not suffer any thing but the chaff to fall through, let him winnow us as often as he may. No one at times, I think I may say, has been worse tried than myself, in the same manner as you express ; though I must be thankful it has not been often.

" You ask direction of me, my dear brother. I am too inexperienced myself to be capable of directing others ; yet if the little time I have been employed for God has furnished me with any thing worthy of communication, it will be imparted to no one with more readiness than to you.

" I should advise you, when you have been distressed by hesitation, to reflect, whether it arose from an inability to recollect your ideas, or to obtain words suited to convey them. If the former, I think these two directions may be serviceable :—First, endeavour to think in a train. Let one idea depend upon another in your discourses, as one link does upon another in a chain. For this end I have found it necessary to arrange my subjects in the order of time. Thus, for instance, if speaking of the promises, I would begin with those which were suited to the earliest inquiries of a convinced soul ; as pardon, assistance in prayer, wisdom, &c. ; then go to those parts of Christian experience which are usually subsequent to the former ; as promises of support in afflictions, deliverance from temptations, and perseverance in grace ; closing with a review of those which speak of support in death, and final glory. Then all the

and promises of God, the sweetness and usefulness of religion, the comfort it yields in affliction, the security it affords in temptation, the support it gives in death, and the prospects it opens of life everlasting; all these considerations, backed with the uncertainty of life, the solemnity of judgment, the terrors of hell, and the calls of conscience and of God, all demand your heart for the blessed Jehovah. This, and nothing short of this, is true religion. You have often heard, and often written on religion: it is time you should feel it now. O what a blessedness will attend your hearty surrender of yourself to the God and Father of men! Methinks I see all the angels of God rejoicing at the sight, all the saints in heaven partaking of their joy; Jesus himself, who died for sinners, gazing on you with delight; your own heart filled with peace and joy in believing; and a thousand streams of goodness flowing from your renovated soul to refresh the aged saint, and to encourage your fellow youth to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and press on to God. But O, should I be mistaken! Alas, alas! I cannot bear the thought. O thou Saviour of sinners, and God of love! Take captive the heart of my dear young friend, and make her truly willing to be wholly thine!

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“ I rejoice much in every thing that affords you ground for solid pleasure. The account of the affection borne you by the people of God was therefore a matter of joy to my heart, especially as I learn from the person who brought your letter, that the friendship seemed pretty general.

“ Your last has occasioned me some pain on your account, because it informs me, that you have been ‘ exceedingly tried in the pulpit:’ but I receive satisfaction again from considering, that the gloom of midnight precedes the rising day, not only in the natural world, but frequently also in the Christian minister’s experience. Do not be discouraged, my dear brother; those whose labours God has been pleased most eminently to bless, have generally had their days of prosperity ushered in with clouds and storms. You are in the sieve; but the sieve is in our Saviour’s hands; and he will not suffer any thing but the chaff to fall through, let him winnow us as often as he may. No one at times, I think I may say, has been worse tried than myself, in the same manner as you express; though I must be thankful it has not been often.

“ You ask direction of me, my dear brother. I am too inexperienced myself to be capable of directing others; yet if the little time I have been employed for God has furnished me with any thing worthy of communication, it will be imparted to no one with more readiness than to you.

“ I should advise you, when you have been distressed by hesitation, to reflect, whether it arose from an inability to recollect your ideas, or to obtain words suited to convey them. If the former, I think these two directions may be serviceable:—First, endeavour to think in a train. Let one idea depend upon another in your discourses, as one link does upon another in a chain. For this end I have found it necessary to arrange my subjects in the order of time. Thus, for instance, if speaking of the promises, I would begin with those which were suited to the earliest inquiries of a convinced soul; as pardon, assistance in prayer, wisdom, &c.; then go to those parts of Christian experience which are usually subsequent to the former; as promises of support in afflictions, deliverance from temptations, and perseverance in grace; closing with a review of those which speak of support in death, and final glory. Then all the

and promises of God, the sweetness and usefulness of religion, the comfort it yields in affliction, the security it affords in temptation, the support it gives in death, and the prospects it opens of life everlasting; all these considerations, backed with the uncertainty of life, the solemnity of judgment, the terrors of hell, and the calls of conscience and of God, all demand your heart for the blessed Jehovah. This, and nothing short of this, is true religion. You have often heard, and often written on religion: it is time you should feel it now. O what a blessedness will attend your hearty surrender of yourself to the God and Father of men! Methinks I see all the angels of God rejoicing at the sight, all the saints in heaven partaking of their joy; Jesus himself, who died for sinners, gazing on you with delight; your own heart filled with peace and joy in believing; and a thousand streams of goodness flowing from your renovated soul to refresh the aged saint, and to encourage your fellow youth to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and press on to God. But O, should I be mistaken! Alas, alas! I cannot bear the thought. O thou Saviour of sinners, and God of love! Take captive the heart of my dear young friend, and make her truly willing to be wholly thine!

"If you can find freedom, do oblige me with a letter on the state of religion in your own soul, and be assured of every sympathy or advice, that I am capable of feeling or giving.

S. P."

No. IV.

To a Young Minister, Mr. C..... of L....., on preparation for the pulpit.

"My dear Brother;

"Your first letter gave me much pleasure. I hoped you would learn some useful lesson from the first sabbath's disappointment. Every thing is good that leads us to depend more simply on the Lord. Could I choose my frames, I would say, respecting industry in preparation for public work, as is frequently said respecting Christian obedience; I would apply as close as though I expected no help from the Lord, whilst I would depend upon the Lord for assistance, as though I had never made any preparation at all.

" I rejoice much in every thing that affords you ground for solid pleasure. The account of the affection borne you by the people of God was therefore a matter of joy to my heart, especially as I learn from the person who brought your letter, that the friendship seemed pretty general.

" Your last has occasioned me some pain on your account, because it informs me, that you have been ' exceedingly tried in the pulpit : ' but I receive satisfaction again from considering, that the gloom of midnight precedes the rising day, not only in the natural world, but frequently also in the Christian minister's experience. Do not be discouraged, my dear brother ; those whose labours God has been pleased most eminently to bless, have generally had their days of prosperity ushered in with clouds and storms. You are in the sieve ; but the sieve is in our Saviour's hands ; and he will not suffer any thing but the chaff to fall through, let him winnow us as often as he may. No one at times, I think I may say, has been worse tried than myself, in the same manner as you express ; though I must be thankful it has not been often.

" You ask direction of me, my dear brother. I am too inexperienced myself to be capable of directing others ; yet if the little time I have been employed for God has furnished me with any thing worthy of communication, it will be imparted to no one with more readiness than to you.

" I should advise you, when you have been distressed by hesitation, to reflect, whether it arose from an inability to recollect your ideas, or to obtain words suited to convey them. If the former, I think these two directions may be serviceable : — First, endeavour to think in a train. Let one idea depend upon another in your discourses, as one link does upon another in a chain. For this end I have found it necessary to arrange my subjects in the order of time. Thus, for instance, if speaking of the promises, I would begin with those which were suited to the earliest inquiries of a convinced soul ; as pardon, assistance in prayer, wisdom, &c. ; then go to those parts of Christian experience which are usually subsequent to the former ; as promises of support in afflictions, deliverance from temptations, and perseverance in grace ; closing with a review of those which speak of support in death, and final glory. Then all the

varieties of description respecting the glory of heaven, will follow in natural order ; as the enlargement of the understanding, purification of the affections, intercourse with saints, angels, and even Christ himself, which will be eternal. Thus beginning with the lowest marks of grace, and ascending step by step, you arrive at last in the fruition of faith. This mode is most natural and most pleasing to the hearers, as well as assisting to the preacher : for one idea gives birth to another, and he can hardly help going forward regularly and easily."

"Secondly, labour to render your ideas transparent to yourself. Never offer to introduce a thought which you cannot see through before you enter the pulpit. You have read in Claude, that the best preparative to preach from a subject is to understand it : and I think Bishop Burnet says, No man properly understands any thing, who cannot at any time represent it to others.

"If your hesitation proceeds from a want of words, I should advise you — (1.) To read good and easy authors ; Dr. Watts especially. (2.) To write a great part of your sermons, and for a while get at least the leading ideas of every head of discourse by heart, enlarging only at the close of every thought. (3.) Sometimes, as in the end of sermons, or when you preach in villages, start off in preaching beyond all you have premeditated. Fasten on some leading ideas ; as, the solemnity of death, the awfulness of judgment, the necessity of a change of heart, the willingness of Christ to save, &c. : never mind how far you ramble from the point, so as you do not lose sight of it ; and if your heart be any way warm, you will find some expressions then fall from your lips, which your imagination could not produce in an age of studious application. (4.) Divest yourself of all fear. If you should break the rules of grammar, or put in, or leave out a word, and recollect at the end of the sentence the impropriety ; unless it makes nonsense, or bad divinity, never try to mend it, but let it pass. If so, perhaps only a few would notice it ; but if you stammer in trying to mend it, you will expose yourself to all the congregation.

"In addition to all I have said, you know where to look, and from whom to seek that wisdom and strength which only God can give. To him I recommend you, my dear brother, assuring you of my real esteem for you,

and requesting you will not fail to pray for the least of saints, but

“Yours affectionately,

“S. P.”

Concluding Reflections.

The great ends of Christian biography are instruction and example. By faithfully describing the lives of men eminent for godliness, we not only embalm their memory, but furnish ourselves with fresh materials and motives for a holy life. It is abundantly more impressive to view the religion of Jesus as operating in a living character than to contemplate it abstractedly. For this reason we may suppose the Lord the Spirit has condescended to exhibit first and principally the life of Christ; and after his, that of many of his eminent followers. And for this reason he, by his holy influences, still furnishes the church with now and then a singular example of godliness, which it is our duty to notice and record. There can be no reasonable doubt, that the life of Mr. Pearce ought to be considered as one of these examples. May that same Divine Spirit, who had manifestly so great a hand in forming his character, teach us to derive from it both instruction and edification!

First, In him we may see the holy efficacy, and, by consequence, the truth of the Christian religion. It was long since asked, “Who is he that overcometh the world, but he who believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?” This question contained a challenge to men of all religions who were then upon the earth. Idolatry had a great diversity of species: every nation worshipping its own gods, and in modes peculiar to itself: philosophers also were divided into numerous sects, each flattering itself that it had found the truth; even the Jews had their divisions; their Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes: but great as many of them were in deeds of divers kinds, an apostle could look them all in the face, and ask, “Who is he that overcometh the world?” The same question might be safely asked in every succeeding age. The various kinds of religions that still prevail: the Pagan,

Mahometan, Jewish, Papal, or Protestant, may form the exteriors of man according to their respective models: but where is the man amongst them, save the true believer in Jesus, that overcometh the world? Men may cease from particular evils, and assume a very different character; may lay aside their drunkenness, blasphemies, or debaucheries, and take up with a kind of monkish austerity, and yet all amount to nothing more than an exchange of vices. The lusts of the flesh will on many occasions give place to those of the mind; but to overcome the world is another thing. By embracing the doctrine of the cross, to feel not merely a dread of the consequences of sin, but a holy abhorrence of its nature; and by conversing with invisible realities, to become regardless of the best, and fearless of the worst that this world has to dispense; this is the effect of genuine Christianity, and this is a standing proof of its divine original. Let the most inveterate enemy of revelation have witnessed the disinterested benevolence of a Paul, a Peter, or a John, and whether he would own it or not, his conscience must have borne testimony that this is true religion. The same may be said of Samuel Pearce: whether the doctrine he preached found a place in the hearts of his hearers or not, his spirit and life must have approved themselves to their consciences.

Secondly, In him we see how much may be done for God in a little time. If his death had been foreknown by his friends, some might have hesitated whether it was worth while for him to engage in the work of the ministry for so short a period: yet if we take a view of his labours, perhaps there are few lives productive of a greater portion of good. That life is not always the longest which is spun out to the greatest extent of days. The best of all lives amounted but to thirty-three years; and the most important works pertaining to that were wrought in the last three. There is undoubtedly a way of rendering a short life a long one, and a long life a short one, by filling or not filling it with proper materials. That time which is squandered away in sloth, or trifling pursuits, forms a kind of blank in human life: in looking it over there is nothing for the mind to rest upon; and a whole life so spent, whatever number of years it may contain, must appear upon reflection short and vacant,

in comparison of one filled up with valuable acquisitions and holy actions. It is like the space between us and the sun, which, though immensely greater than that which is traversed in a profitable journey, yet being all empty space, the mind goes over it in much less time, and without any satisfaction. If 'that life be long which answers life's great end,' Mr. Pearce may assuredly be said to have come to his grave in a good old age. And might we not all do much more than we do, if our hearts were more in our work? Where this is wanting, or operates but in a small degree, difficulties are magnified into impossibilities; a lion is in the way of extraordinary exertion; or, if we be induced to engage in something of this kind, it will be at the expense of a uniform attention to ordinary duties. But some will ask, How are our hearts to be in our work? Mr. Pearce's heart was habitually in his; and that which kept alive the sacred flame in him appears to have been—The constant habit of conversing with divine truth, and walking with God in private.

Thirdly, In him we see, in clear and strong colours, to what a degree of solid peace and joy true religion will raise us, even in the present world. A little religion, it has been justly said, will make us miserable; but a great deal will make us happy. The one will do little more than keep the conscience alive, while our numerous defects and inconsistencies are perpetually furnishing it with materials to scourge us; the other keeps the heart alive, and leads us to drink deep at the fountain of joy. Hence it is, in a great degree, that so much of the spirit of bondage, and so little of the spirit of adoption, prevails among Christians. Religious enjoyments with us are rather occasional than habitual; or if in some instances it be otherwise, we are ready to suspect that it is supported in part by the strange fire of enthusiasm, and not by the pure flame of Scriptural devotion. But, in Mr. Pearce, we saw a devotion ardent, steady, pure, and persevering; kindled, as we may say, at the altar of God; like the fire of the temple, it went not out by night nor by day. He seemed to have learnt that heavenly art, so conspicuous among the primitive Christians, of converting every thing he met with into materials for love, and joy, and praise. Hence he laboured (as he expresses it) "to exercise

most love to God when suffering most severely ;" and hence he so affectingly encountered the billows that overwhelmed his feeble frame, crying,

" Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Slugging as I wade to heaven."

The constant happiness that he enjoyed in God was apparent in the effects of his sermons upon others. Whatever we feel ourselves, we shall ordinarily communicate to our hearers ; and it has been already noticed, that one of the most distinguishing properties of his discourses was, that they inspired the serious mind with the liveliest sensations of happiness. They descended upon the audience, not indeed like a transporting flood, but like a shower of dew, gently insinuating itself into the heart, insensibly dissipating its gloom, and gradually drawing forth the graces of faith, hope, love, and joy : while the countenance was brightened almost into a smile, tears of pleasure would rise, and glisten, and fall from the admiring eye.

What a practical confutation did his life afford of the slander so generally cast upon the religion of Jesus, that it fills the mind with gloom and misery ! No : leaving futurity out of the question, the whole world of unbelievers might be challenged to produce a character from among them who possessed half his enjoyments.

Fourthly, From his example we are furnished with the greatest encouragement, while pursuing the path of duty, to place our trust in God. The situation in which he left his family, we have seen already, was not owing to an indifference to their interest, or an improvident disposition, or the want of opportunity to have provided for them ; but to a steady and determined obedience to do what he accounted the will of God. He felt deeply for them, and we all felt with him, and longed to be able to assure him before his departure, that they would be amply provided for : but, owing to circumstances which have already been mentioned, this was more than we could do. This was a point in which he was called to die in faith : and indeed so he did. He appears to have had no idea of that flood of kindness, which, immediately after his decease, flowed from the religious public : but he believed in God, and cheerfully left all with him. "O that I could speak," said he to Mrs. Pearce,

a little before his death, "I would tell a world to trust a faithful God. Sweet affliction; now it worketh glory, glory!" And when she told him the workings of her mind, he answered, "O trust the Lord! If he lift up the light of his countenance upon you, as he has done upon me this day, all your mountains will become mole-hills. I feel your situation: I feel your sorrows: but he who takes care of sparrows, will care for you and my dear children."

The liberal contributions which have since been made, though they do not warrant ministers in general to expect the same, and much less to neglect providing for their own families on such a presumption; yet they must needs be considered as a singular encouragement, when we are satisfied that we are in the path of duty, to be inordinately "careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let our requests be made known unto God."

Finally, In him we see, that the way to true excellence is not to affect eccentricity, nor to aspire after the performance of a few splendid actions; but to fill up our lives with a sober, modest, sincere, affectionate, assiduous, and uniform conduct. Real greatness attaches to character, and character arises from a course of action. The solid reputation of a merchant arises, not from his having made his fortune by a few successful adventures; but from a course of wise economy and honourable industry, which, gradually accumulated, advances by pence to shillings, and by shillings to pounds. The most excellent philosophers are not those who have dealt chiefly in splendid speculation, and looked down upon the ordinary concerns of men as things beneath their notice; but those who have felt their interests united with the interests of mankind, and bent their principal attention to things of real and public utility. It is much the same in religion. We do not esteem a man for one, or two, or three good deeds, any farther than as these deeds are indications of the real state of his mind. We do not estimate the character of Christ himself so much from his having given sight to the blind, or restored Lazarus from the grave, as from his going about continually doing good.

These single attempts at great things are frequently the efforts of a vain mind, which pants for fame, and

has not patience to wait for it, nor discernment to know the way in which it is obtained. One pursues the shade, and it flies from him ; while another turns his back upon it, and it follows him. The one aims to climb the rock, but falls ere he reaches the summit ; the other, in pursuit of a different object, ere he is aware, possesses it : seeking the approbation of his God, he finds with it that of his fellow-christians.

HYMNS

BY MR. PEARCE.

The following was written soon after his Conversion.

O how sweet it is to me,
'Fore my gracious Lord to fall,
Talk with him continually,
Make my blessed Jesus all.

Other pleasures I have sought,
Tried the world a thousand times,
Peace pursu'd, but found it not,
For I still retained my crimes.

Never could my heart be bless'd,
Till from guilt I found it freed,
Jesus now has me releas'd,
I in him am free indeed.

Saviour, bind me to thy cross,
Let thy love possess my heart;
All besides I count but dross,
Christ and I will never part.

In his blood such peace I find,
In his love such joy is given,
He, who is to Jesus join'd,
Finds on earth a little heav'n.

The following lines appear to have been written soon after, if not before, his entrance on the work of the ministry : —

EXCITEMENT TO EARLY DUTY,

OR

The Lord's-day Morning.

Whene'er I look into thy word,
And read about my dearest Lord,
The Friend of sinful man,
And trace my Saviour's footsteps there;
What humble love, what holy fear,
Through all his conduct ran!

If I regard the matchless grace
He show'd unto the human race,
How he for them became
A poor sojourner here below,
Oppress'd by pain and sorrow too,
I can't but love his name.

And when I view his love to God,
Those steps in which the Saviour trod,
I long to read them too;
I long to be inspir'd with zeal,
To execute my Father's will,
As Jesus us'd to do.

I read, that he, on duty bent,
To lonely places often went,
To seek his Father there:
The early morn and dewy ground,
Can witness they the Saviour found
Engag'd in fervent prayer.

And did my Saviour use to pray,
Before the light unveil'd the day;
And shall I backward be?
No, dearest Lord, forbid the thought,
Help me to fight as Jesus fought,
Each foe that hinders me.

And you, my friends, who love his name,
Who love to imitate the Lamb,
And more of Jesus know ;
Come, let us all surround his throne,
And see what blessings on his own
Our Saviour will bestow.

Though fears be great, temptations strong,
And though we oft have waited long,
Perhaps he may design
This morn to give each soul to see,
And say with Paul, " he died for me,"
And my Redeemer's mine.

Now cheerful we'll begin to pray,
That he will wash our sins away
In his atoning blood ;
That he his blessing may bestow,
And give each sinner here to know
That he's a child of God.

ON THE SCRIPTURES.

Stupendous love in Christ doth dwell,
Love which no mortal tongue can tell ?
But yet so gracious is the Lord,
He tells his people in his word.

Here, in those lines of love, I see,
What Christ my Saviour did for me ;
Here I behold the wond'rous plan
By which he saves rebellious man.

Here we may view the Saviour, God,
Oppress'd by pain, o'erwhelm'd with blood ;
And if we ask the reason, why ;
He kindly says, " For you I die ?"

Here love and mercy, truth and grace,
Conspicuous shine in Jesus' face ;
Here we may trace the wond'rous road,
By which a sinner comes to God.

O boundless grace ! O matchless love ?
That brought the Saviour from above,
That caus'd the God for man to die,
Expiring in an agony.

Then say, my soul, canst thou engage
In tracing o'er the sacred page,
And there his love and mercy see,
And not love him who died for thee ?

O stupid heart ! O wretched soul !
So cold, so languid, and so dull ;
Angels desire this love to know,
O may I feel those longings too !

Descend, thou Spirit of the Lord,
Thy light, and help, and grace afford ;
And while I read these pages o'er,
Constrain my soul to love thee more.

LINES

*Written on the words of Ignatius * —*

"MY LOVE IS CRUCIFIED."

Meum Desiderium Crucifirum Est.

Warm was his heart, his faith was strong,
Who thus in rapture cried
When on his way to martyrdom,
My love is crucified.

* When Ignatius, pastor of the church at Antioch, was condemned by the Emperor Trajan to suffer death at Rome, he was apprehensive that the Christians there, out of their affection for him, might endeavour to prevent his martyrdom ; and therefore wrote a letter from Smyrna to the Roman Christians, which he sent on before him, wherein he earnestly beseeches them to take no measures for the continuance of his life ; and amongst other things says, " I long for death," adding as a reason why he was desirous of thus testifying his affection to Christ, " My love is crucified," meaning that his beloved had suffered before him.

Warm also be my love for him,
Who thus for sinners died ;
Long as I live be this my theme,
My love is crucified.

Come, O my soul, behold him pierc'd,
In hands, and feet, and side ;
And say, while he's in blood immers'd
My love is crucified.

What lover ere to win my heart,
So much has done beside ?
To him I'll cleave, and never part ;
My love is crucified.

O that in Jesus' wounds, my soul,
Secure, may ever hide,
And sing, as changing seasons roll,
My love is crucified.

In seasons oft, when bow'd with fear,
My trembling heart has sigh'd ;
This thought again brings comfort near,
My love is crucified.

To what a test his love was put,
When by his sufferings tried ;
But faithful to the end endured ;
My love is crucified.

His garments white as wintry snows,
In crimson floods were dyed ;
Hence spring the blessings he bestows ;
My love is crucified.

Down from his wounded body flow'd,
The all-atoning tide,
Which peace restor'd 'twixt me and God ;
My love is crucified.

Now, by the cross, is hell subdu'd
And all its powers defied ;
It yields to Jesus' conqu'ring blood ;
My love is crucified.

Ne'er may my dear despised Lord,
By me be once denied ;
My joy, my crown, my boast be this,
My love is crucified.

Dead be my heart to all below,
In Christ may I abide ;
Why should I love the creature so ?
My love is crucified.

Shameful his death, O let it slay,
In me all cursed pride ;
Lowly in Jesus, may I say,
My love is crucified.

When first my soul by living faith,
My bleeding Lord espied,
My lips declar'd at every breath,
My love is crucified.

And since my happy heart has known
His sacred blood applied,
This still has been my sweetest song,
My love is crucified.

And whilst upon this world I stay,
Whate'er may me betide,
To all around I'll ever say,
My love is crucified.

When through death's gloomy vale I walk,
My Lord shall be my guide ;
To him I'll sing, of him I'll talk :
My love is crucified.

Could I, his praise e'en now I'd sound,
As vast creation wide ;
But I shall sing on heav'nly ground,
My love is crucified.

Yes, when to that blest land I mount,
On places high to ride,
Through all eternity I'll shout,
My love is crucified.

Jan. 19, 1795.

S. P.

THE GARDENER AND ROSE-TREE :

A FABLE,

*Affectionately addressed to Mrs. J. H——, on the Death of
her Child, by her truly sympathizing friend,* S. P.

March 12, 1798.

In a sweet spot which wisdom chose,
Grew an unique and lovely Rose ;
A flow'r so fair was seldom borne —
A Rose almost without a Thorn.
Each passing stranger stopp'd to view,
A plant possessing charms so new.

“ Sweet Flow'r ! ” each lip was heard to say —
Nor less the Owner pleas'd than they :
Rear'd by his hand with constant care,
And planted in his choice parterre,
Of all his garden this the pride,
No flow'r so much admir'd beside.

Nor did the Rose unconscious bloom,
Nor feel ungrateful for the boon ;
Oft as her guardian came that way,
Whether at dawn, or eve of day,
Expanded wide — her form unveil'd,
She double fragrance then exhal'd.

As months roll'd on, the spring appear'd,
Its genial rays the Rose matur'd ;
Forth from its root a shoot extends
The parent Rose-tree downward bends,
And with a joy unknown before,
Contemplates the yet embryo flow'r.

“ Offspring most dear,” she fondly said,
“ Part of myself ! beneath my shade
Safe shalt thou rise, whilst happy I,
Transported with maternal joy,
Shall see thy little buds appear,
Unfold, and bloom in beauty here.

What though the Lilly or Jonquil,
Or Hyacinth no longer fill
The space around me — all shall be
Abundantly made up in thee.

“ What though my present charms decay,
And passing strangers no more say
Of me, ‘ Sweet flow’r ! ’ Yet thou shalt raise
Thy blooming head, and gain the praise ;
And this reverberated pleasure,
Shall be to me a world of treasure ;
Cheerful I part with former merit,
That it my darling may inherit.
Haste then the hours which bid thee bloom,
And fill the zephyrs with perfume ! ”

Thus had the Rose-tree scarcely spoken,
Ere the sweet cup of bliss was broken.
The Gard’ner came, and with one stroke
He from the root the offspring took ;
Took from the soil wherein it grew,
And hid it from the parent’s view.

Judge ye, who know a mother’s cares,
For the dear tender babe she bears,
The parent’s anguish, ye alone
Such sad vicissitudes have known.

Deep was the wound, nor slight the pain,
Which made the Rose-tree thus complain :

“ Dear little darling ! art thou gone
Thy charms scarce to thy mother known !
Remov’d so soon ! So suddenly
Snatch’d from my fond maternal eye !
What hast thou done ? dear offspring ! say,
So early to be snatch’d away !
What, gone for ever ! seen no more !
For ever I thy loss deplore !
Ye dews descend, with tears supply
My now for ever tearful eye ;
Or, rather, come some northern blast,
Dislodge my yielding roots in haste.
Whirlwinds arise, my branches tear,
And to some distant region bear,

Far from this spot, a wretched mother,
Whose fruit and joys are gone together !”

As thus the anguish'd Rose-tree cry'd,
Her Owner near her she espy'd ;
Who, in these gentle terms reprov'd
A plant, though murm'ring, still belov'd :

“ Cease, beauteous flow'r, these useless cries,
And let my lessons make thee wise.
Art thou not mine ? Did not my hand
Transplant thee from the barren sand,
Where once, a mean, unsightly plant,
Exposed to injury and want,
Unknown and unadmir'd, I found,
And brought thee to this fertile ground ;
With studious art improv'd thy form,
Secur'd thee from th' inclement storm,
And through the seasons of the year,
Made thee my unabating care ?
Hast thou not blest thy happy lot,
In such an Owner — such a spot ?
But now, because thy shoot I've taken,
Thy best of friends must be forsaken !
Know, flow'r belov'd, e'en this affliction,
Shall prove to thee a benediction ;
Had I not the young plant remov'd,
So fondly by thy heart belov'd,
Of me thy heart would scarce have thought,
With gratitude no more be fraught :
Yea, thy own beauty be at stake,
Surrender'd for thy offspring's sake.
Nor think that, hidden from thine eyes,
The infant plant neglected lies ;
No, I've another garden, where
In richer soil and purer air
It's now transplanted, there to shine
In beauties fairer far than thine.

“ Nor shalt thou always be apart
From the dear darling of thy heart ;
For 'tis my purpose thee to bear
In future time, and plant thee there,
Where thy now absent off-set grows,
And blossoms a celestial Rose.

" Be patient then, till that set hour shall come,
When thou and thine shall in new beauties bloom :
No more its absence shalt thou then deplore,
Together grow, and ne'er be parted more."

These words to silence hush'd the plaintive Rose,
With deeper blushes redd'ning now she glows,
Submissive bows her unrepining head,
Again her wonted, grateful fragrance shed :
Cry'd, " Thou hast taken only what's thy own,
Therefore thy will, my Lord, not mine be done."

*On being prevented by Sickness, from attending on Public
Worship.*

The fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace,
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth
O glorious, beautiful place !

To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of God,
Enraptur'd we enter'd its courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.

The Father of nature we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne ;
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd us and made us his own.

Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky,
We listen'd, extolling that grace,
Which set us, once rebels, on high.

Faith clave to the crucify'd Lamb ;
Hope, smiling, exalted its head ;
Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.

What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of brethren and sisters around !
With transport all seem'd to reflect,
On the blessings in Jesus they'd found.

Sweet moments! If aught upon earth
Resembles the joys of the skies,
'Tis thus, when the hearts of the flock
Conjoin'd to the Shepherd arise.

But ah! these sweet moments are fled,
Pale sickness compels me to stay
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
As the moments are hasting away.

My God! thou art holy and good,
Thy plans are all righteous and wise;
O help me submissive to wait,
Till thou biddest thy servant arise.

If to follow thee here in thy courts,
May it be with all ardour and zeal,
With success and increasing delight,
Performing the whole of thy will.

Or should'st thou in bondage detain,
To visit thy temples no more;
Prepare me for mansions above,
Where nothing exists to deplore!

Where Jesus, the Sun of the place,
Refulgent, incessantly shines,
Eternally blessing his saints,
And pouring delight on their minds.

There, there are no prisons to hold
The captive from tasting delight;
There, there the day never is clos'd
With shadows, or darkness, or night.

There myriads and myriads shall meet,
In our Saviour's high praises to join;
Whilst transported we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.

Enough then, my heart shall no more
Of its present bereavements complain;
Since, ere long, I to glory shall soar,
And ceaseless enjoyments attain!

HYMN IN A STORM.

In the floods of tribulation,
 While the billows o'er me roll,
 Jesus whispers consolation,
 And supports my sinking soul :
 Thus the lion yields me honey,
 From the eater food is given,
 Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,
 Singing, as I wade to heaven
 Sweet affliction ! Sweet affliction !
 That brings Jesus to my soul !

'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings,
 With increased brightness play ;
 'Mid the thornbrake beauteous flow'rets,
 Look more beautiful and gay :
 So in darkest dispensations,
 Doth my faithful Lord appear,
 With his richest consolations,
 To re-animate and cheer.
 Sweet affliction ! Sweet affliction !
 Thus to bring my Saviour near !

Floods of tribulation heighten,
 Billows still around me roar,
 Those who know not Christ ye frighten,
 But my soul defies your pow'r.
 In the sacred page recorded,
 Thus his word securely stands,
 " Fear not, I'm, in trouble, near thee,
 Nought shall pluck thee from my hands."
 Sweet affliction ! Sweet affliction !
 That to such sweet words lays claim !

All I meet I find assist me,
 In my path to heavenly joy,
 Where, though trials now attend me,
 Trials never more annoy ;
 Wearing there a weight of glory,
 Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
 But, reflecting how it led me
 To my blessed Saviour's seat—
 Cry, Affliction ! Sweet affliction !
 Haste ! Bring more to Jesus' feet !

1 COR. I, 2.

"Jesus Christ, our Lord, both theirs and ours."

Sweet are the gifts which gracious heav'n
On true believers pours ;
But the best gift is, grace to know,
That Jesus Christ is *ours*.

Our Jesus ! what rich drops of bliss
Descend in copious show'rs,
When ruined sinners such as we,
By faith can call him *ours*.

Differ we may in age and state,
Learning and mental pow'rs ;
But all the saints may join and shout,
Dear Jesus ! thou art *ours*.

Let those who know our Jesus not,
Delight in earth's gay flow'rs ;
We, glorying in our better lot,
Rejoice that he is *ours*.

When hope, with elevated flight,
Tow'rd heav'n in rapture tow'rs,
'Tis this supports our vent'rous wing—
We know that Christ is *ours*.

Though providence, with dark'ning sky,
On things terrestrial lours,
We rise superior to the gloom,
When singing, Christ is *ours*.

Time, which this world, with all its joys,
With eager haste devours,
May take inferior things away ;
But Jesus still is *ours*.

Haste then, dull time, and terminate
These slow revolving hours ;
We wish, we pray, we long, we pant
In heaven to gail him *ours* !

**PLAIN DEALING WITH A BACKSLIDING
HEART.**

Stupid soul ! to folly cleaving,
Why has God no more thy heart ;
Why art thou thy mercies leaving ;
Why must thou with Jesus part ?

Is there in this world existing,
Aught with Jesus to compare ?
Yea, can heaven itself produce one
Half so lovely, half so fair ?

Ah ! look back upon the season
When thy soul the Saviour chose
For thy portion, and thy spirit
Did with his salvation close.

Ah ! remember thine espousals ;
Didst thou not with Christ agree ;
Leaving all thy former lovers,
His and his alone to be ?

In his love thy pow'rs exulting,
What did all below appear ?
Was there aught seem'd worth possessing,
Worthy of a hope or fear ?

When thy heart, by grace instructed,
Learnt the world to disesteem,
And to Christ for all resorted,
Was there not enough in him ?

Yes ; thou know'st thy joyful spirit
Knew no unfulfill'd desire ;
Longing still, and still receiving
Fuel for the heavenly fire.

Why then, tell me, now so lifeless ;
Why this heav'nly fountain leave ;
Why to broken cisterns seeking,
Cisterns that no water give ?

Doth not disappointment follow
Every step that leads from God ?
Have not piercing thorns and briars
Shown their points through all the road ?

Recollect, 'tis thus the Saviour
Says he will thy soul reclaim,
With weeping and with supplication,
Humbly offer'd through his name.

A MORNING SONG.

God of our lives, our morning songs
To thee we cheerful raise ;
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

Guardian of man, thy wakeful eyes
Nor sleep, nor slumber know.
Thine eyes pierce through the shades of night,
Intent on all below.

Sustain'd by thee, our op'ning eyes
Salute the morning light ;
Secure I stand, unhurt by all
The arrows of the night.

My life renew'd, my strength repair'd,
To thee, my God, is due ;
Teach me thy ways, and give me grace
My duty to pursue.

From ev'ry evil me defend,
But guard me most from sin ;
Direct my going out, O Lord,
And bless my coming in !

O may thy holy fear command
Each action, thought, and word ;
Then shall I sweetly close the day,
Approv'd of thee, my Lord.

AN EVENING SONG.

Author of life, with grateful heart,
My ev'ning song I'll raise ;
But O, thy thousand thousand gifts,
Exceed my highest praise.

What shall I render to thy care,
Which me this day has kept ?
A thankful heart's the least return,
And this thou wilt accept.

Now night has spread her sable wings,
I would the day review ;
My errors nicely mark, and see
What still I have to do.

What sins or follies, holy God,
I may this day have done,
I would confess with grief, and pray
For pardon through thy Son.

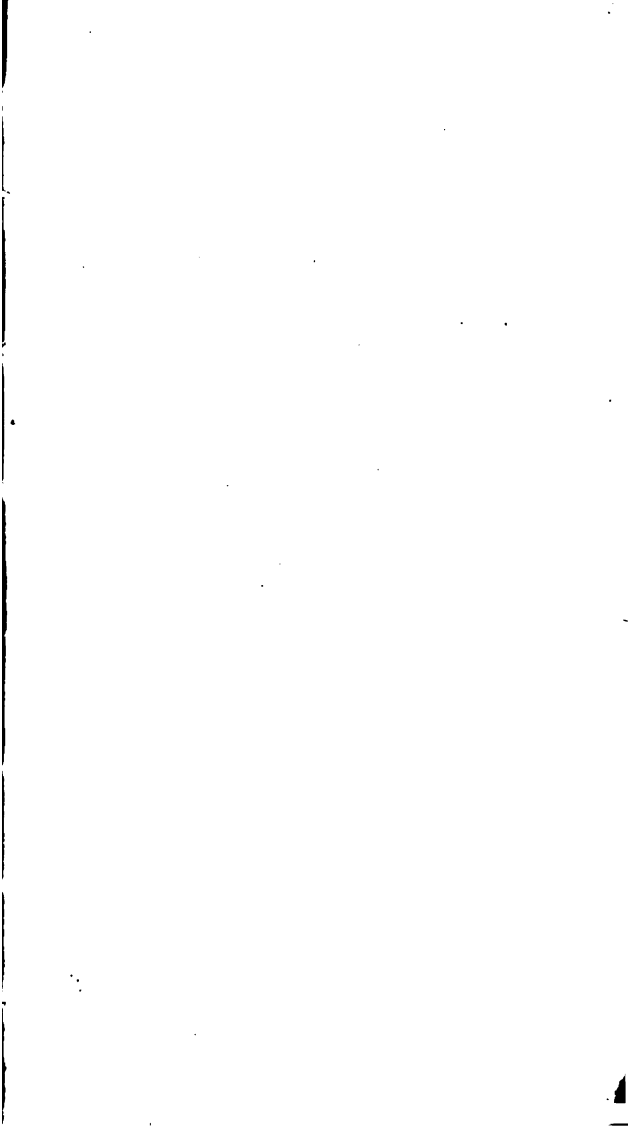
Much of my precious time I've lost ;
This foolish waste forgive :
By one day nearer brought to death,
May I begin to live !

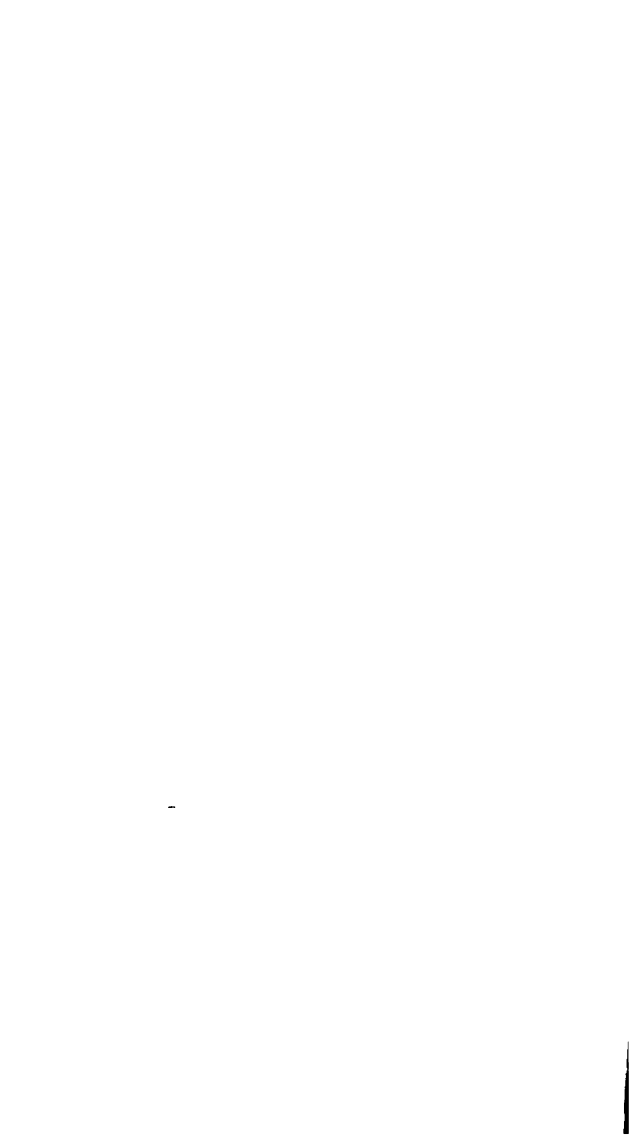
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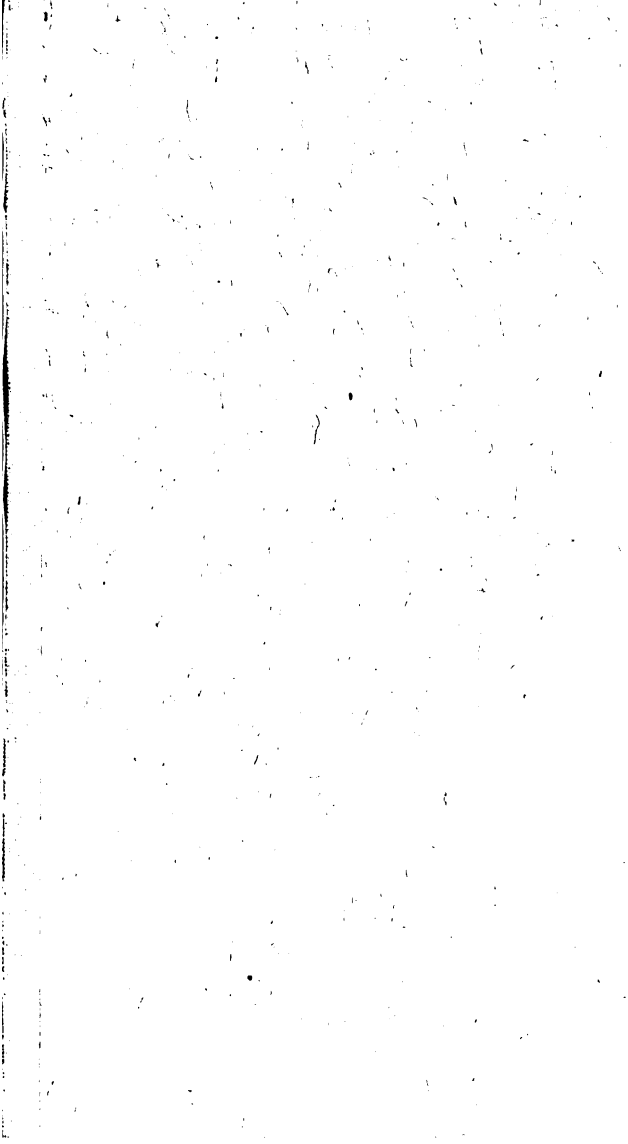
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